HOW TO SPEAK IN PUBLIC

GRENVILLE KLEISER

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HOW TO SPEAK IN PUBLIC

By

GRENVILLE KLEISER

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PREFACE TO SEVENTH EDITION

The demand for this book, exhausting several editions in a comparatively short time, testifies to the wide-spread interest in the subject of speech culture. There has never been a time when convincing and forceful speech exerted so great an influence as now in business, social, and public life. It is not too much to say that to speak well is a certain passport to success.

As many teachers and private students are now using this work, it is deemed desirable to offer some more specific directions for its use. Certain portions of the book have purposely been made suggestive rather than explanatory, thus compelling the pupil to solve some of the problems for himself.

The best procedure is to vary the work of each lesson. Fifteen minutes daily should be given to the practise of exercises in deep breathing, articulation, and voice culture, and forty-five minutes to the study of expression and reading aloud.

Begin the deep breathing with Exercise 1, page 3, and practise it for at least five minutes daily. Continue this for a week. Endeavor to make the abdominal method of breathing an *unconscious habit.* Apply it as you walk along the street, in your conversation, and while lying down at night. Determine to keep your mouth closed. Take a new breathing exercise each week, and practise in moderation at first.

The work in articulation should begin with the set of syllables on page 14. Repeat these various combinations both horizontally and perpendicularly. Aim at accuracy at first, then at great rapidity. They should gradually commit themselves to memory. If you practise this exercise thoroughly, you will find that your lips, tongue, and palate will be rendered surprizingly flexible and responsive.

The pronunciation test on page 17, Exercise 25, is intended to stimulate the student's interest in this subject, and to send him to his dictionary. The list of words on pages 20 to 23 may be augmented from the pupil's reading and observation.

The voice-building exercises begin at page 26. Proceed slowly and thoroughly, taking one exercise each day. About seven weeks will be necessary in which to cover all the exercises to page 33, when they may be reviewed as often as may be necessary.

For study in expression take the various modulations, beginning with Quality at page 34, and practising one at a time until

page 98 is reached. Frequently review the work. Then the student should proceed with the more advanced work in mental aspects, page 113, devoting two or three days to each division.

The study of gesture will be greatly simplified if the student will practise daily for a few minutes, before a looking-glass, the diagram on page 103. The object here is to train the arms to move in curves rather than in straight lines, and all unconsciously. Then proceed with the several sets of exercises, at page 104, taking one set of nine examples at a time. Read the directions very carefully.

For speech preparation begin at page 185 and read attentively all that is said to page 215. Mark with your pencil those parts that most impress you and which you desire particularly to remember. Prepare several original speeches according to the directions set forth on page 196 and following pages.

Commit to memory as many of the short extracts as possible, and later do likewise with the full selections. This is one of the most valuable and important branches of the work. In this way not only will the mind of the student be stored with some of the richest specimens of English, but he will find himself in possession of valuable material for use in public speaking.

Practise daily, at least fifteen minutes, the various preliminary exercises, and give such additional time as may be convenient to the reading aloud of exercises in modulation and the selections.

The selections for practise begin at page 219, but they need not be studied in consecutive order. The student's taste and special requirements will guide him in this matter. It is usually better to begin with a simple reading, like "Simplicity and Greatness," page 330, "The Discontented Pendulum," page 523, or "Oratory," page 224, and proceed slowly to the more difficult numbers, such as "King Henry VIII," page 346, "The Revenge," page 390, and "The Death Penalty," page 246.

These miscellaneous suggestions should be followed very carefully. Proceed slowly and systematically. Make the ground good as you go along. Do not be impatient for results. Check off each exercise as you do it and make it your own. Apply the results to your every-day life. Avoid pedantry. Favor the low keys of your voice. Cultivate and jealously guard the music of your speaking tones, and let no occasion seem so unimportant as to permit of careless or inaccurate speech.

GRENVILLE KLEISER.

New York City,
May, 1910.

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PART I

MECHANICS OF ELOCUTION

CHAPTER I

BREATHING AND VOCAL HYGIENE

Correct management of the breath is of first importance to the student of elocution. When the voice is not in use breathe exclusively through the nose so that the air may be warmed and purified before reaching the lungs. This habit will, in large measure, obviate the disagreeable effects of dry mouth and sore throat, so common to public speakers. Practise as much as possible in the open air. Be enthusiastic and in earnest.

It is now generally conceded that the abdominal method is the natural and correct way to breathe. In inhalation the abdominal wall moves outward, the diaphragm contracts and descends, while the lungs resting upon the latter are expanded to their fullest capacity. In exhalation the reverse movement takes place. To inflate the chest and draw in the abdomen is to breathe wrongly.

The correct position for practising the exercises is as follows: Stand easily erect, chest active, shoulders equal height, chin level, one foot slightly in advance of the other, heels at an angle of forty-five degrees, knees straight, weight of the body on the toes, arms a dead weight at sides.

BREATHING EXERCISES

1. Gentle abdominal breathing. Inhale through the nose gently and slowly, expanding first the abdomen, then the chest, filling the entire breathing capacity. Exhale

quietly and evenly until these parts are wholly contracted. Repeat, inhaling and exhaling through the mouth.

2. **Sipping and packing the air.** Slowly sip the air until the normal capacity is filled, then increase the expansion by firmly packing in more air. Exhale slowly on aspirated *ah* (the sound of *a* in *father*). The exhalation should be deep, smooth and sustained as long as possible.

3. **Nostril breathing.** Gently close the right nostril with the thumb of the right hand. Inhale slowly and deeply through the left nostril until the capacity is filled, then change the thumb to the left nostril and exhale slowly through the right nostril until the breath is exhausted. Then with the thumb still closing the left nostril, inhale and repeat.

4. **Holding the breath.** Inhale deeply. Hold the breath while mentally counting five. Exhale slowly. Increase the count to ten, fifteen, etc. Stop at the first sign of dizziness.

5. **Muscular expansion.** Inhale deeply. Hold the breath and expand the lungs with a muscular effort. Exhale slowly Again inhale and force the air down into the lungs. Also move the chest up and down, keeping the air in the lungs all the time.

6. **Counting in a whisper.** Inhale deeply. Count one to fifty in a loud whisper, in tens.

7. **Whispering continued.** Inhale deeply. Count in a projected whisper to fifty, one at a time, completely exhausting the air upon each figure.

8. **Raising the hands above the head.** Clasp the hands and while inhaling deeply raise them slowly above the head, endeavoring to reach as high as possible without raising the heels from the floor. Exhale while the arms gently fall to the sides.

9. Raising the shoulders. Inhale deeply. Clench the hands at sides and while holding the breath, slowly but firmly raise the shoulders up and down five times. Exhale slowly and smoothly.

10. Instantaneous breathing. Inhale instantaneously, deeply and fully. Exhale instantaneously.

11. Rapid breathing. Inhale fully and deeply. Breathe rapidly through the nostrils as in panting. Exhale slowly through the mouth. Rest and repeat.

12. Lying down. Practise the foregoing exercises lying flat on the back, without the use of a pillow.

RELAXATION EXERCISES

1. The arms. Relax the arms at sides. While inhaling, slowly raise the arms above the head with as little tension as possible. Hold the breath, make the arms tense and reach as high as possible with the hands, hold a few seconds, then relax and exhale as the arms slowly descend.

2. The hands. Repeat, clasping the hands above the head and swaying from side to side.

3. Walking. Relax the entire body and walk in imitation of intoxication.

4. The body. With head and neck thoroughly relaxed, shake the body vigorously.

5. The breath. While inhaling, raise the arms to horizontal position, then hold the breath and stretch as far as possible.

6. The feet. With weight on forward foot, the backward foot lightly touching the floor, slowly raise one arm while inhaling deeply and reach out as far as possible. Relax and reverse.

7. Position. Relax the head and drop the arms down as if reaching to the floor. The knees should be straight. Slowly assume an upright position and inhale deeply. The head should be raised last.

8. The waist. Relax the head and revolve at the waist. Reverse.

9. Yawning. While inhaling, slowly raise the arms as in yawning, then stretch and relax.

The student will find it beneficial to hold some lofty and appropriate thought in mind while practising these exercises.

VOCAL ORGANS

A brief outline of the organs used in speech, or closely related thereto, is all that is necessary in the present volume. Those who wish to make a comprehensive study of this branch of the subject will find numerous books upon the physiology and anatomy of the vocal organs.

1. Chest. The chest is formed by the backbone, ribs, breast-bone and collar-bone. It is lined and covered with membranes supported and worked by muscles. It contains the lungs, heart and principal arteries and veins.

2. Lungs. The lungs are conical, formed of five lobes, honeycombed with hexagonal cells of various sizes to contain air. The duty of the lungs is to supply oxygen to, and take up carbon from, the blood.

3. Heart. The heart is situated between the two lungs under the breast-bone, inclined to the left. The duty of the heart is to regulate the passage of the blood; the blood is passed into the lungs to receive oxygen and deposit carbon; it is then passed through the arteries to the extremities, then returned through the veins to the heart, and again undergoes the same process.

4. **Larynx.** The larynx is formed by the top ring of the windpipe, the two shield cartilages, and epiglottis or lid.

5. **The vocal cords.** These consist of two slight, elastic bands, situated in the larynx, and immediately below its outward projection, known as the "Adam's apple." In the act of voice production, they are thrown forward into the current of air escaping from the lungs, causing them to vibrate rapidly.

6. **The epiglottis.** This is the lid of the glottis, preventing foreign bodies from entering the larynx. The epiglottis is raised during the action of breathing, and closes to allow food to pass over it into the gullet.

7. **The soft palate.** This is the membranous, muscular curtain at the back of the mouth, forming a partition between the mouth below and the nasal passages above it. When it is raised as high as possible, it closes the opening from the back of the mouth to the nostrils, and the vocal current passes out entirely through the mouth. When it is allowed to fall upon the tongue, the passage to the mouth is closed, and the vocal current escapes by the nostrils, producing a nasal tone.

8. **The uvula.** This is the pendent portion of the soft palate.

9. **The hard palate.** The hard portion of the roof of the mouth above the upper teeth.

10. **The pharynx.** This is the cavity into which the mouth and nose open.

11. **The diaphragm.** This consists of two muscles and a central tendon, forming a floor on which the lungs rest and partitioning them from the abdominal organs. To the former it is convex in shape and to the latter concave. This arch contracts in inspiration, pressing the abdominal

organs downward and outward, thus making room for the increased body of the inflated lungs. In expiration, it recovers its former position, thus pushing or pressing against the lungs and drawing the air out. It has been termed the bellows of the vocal organs. It takes a slanting direction from the breastbone to the loins.

12. **The glottis.** This is the mouth of the larynx, and is a membranous or muscular fissure, the edges of which constitute the vocal cords or glottis lips.

13. **The trachea or windpipe.** A cylindrical, cartilaginous and membranous tube, forming the common air passage to the lungs. It is partly situated in the neck and partly in the chest, and measures about four and a half inches in length.

14. **The articulative organs** are the tongue, teeth and lips.

VOCAL HYGIENE

In order to keep the voice in the best condition, strict obedience must be paid to laws for general health. Care should be taken as to daily physical exercise, bathing, fresh air, sleep, food and clothing. A speaker should never expose himself to cold or damp air immediately after exercising the voice. Loud and animated conversation, whispering and immoderate laughter, should be avoided. Cold or iced drinks are not good for the throat, but if used they should be taken slowly and in small quantities. The outside throat should not be muffled, but hardened by exposure. Cultivate the habit of breathing through the nose and keeping the mouth firmly closed.

Lozenges, troches and drugs are not generally recommended. If the mouth becomes uncomfortably dry just

before speaking, the flow of saliva will be quickly promoted by chewing a piece of paper. A gargle for the throat, to be used night and morning, is made of one pint of water, a teaspoonful of salt and ten drops of carbolic acid. The following method of gargling is recommended: 1st. Raise the head slightly. 2d. Open the mouth moderately. 3d. Bring the lower jaw forward by raising the chin. 4th. Sound the vowel *e* as in the word *her*. 5th. Breathe easily and regularly.

CHAPTER II

VOCAL EXPRESSION

ARTICULATION

Essential to good speaking and reading is a distinct and correct enunciation. This may be attained by daily practise upon exercises in articulation. The student will discover combinations of letters difficult for him to produce and these should be practised over and over again until facility is gained and a uniformly good enunciation acquired. Reading slowly, giving full play to the flexibility of the tongue and lips, will aid materially in securing fluency and accuracy.

TABLE OF ELEMENTARY SOUNDS

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY

ā	ale	ŏ	odd	l	level
å	senate	o͞o	food	m	memory
â	care	o͝o	foot	n	nine
ă	am	ou	out	ng	long
ä	arm	oi	oil	p	pipe
ȧ	ask	ū	use	ph	philosophic
a	final	ů	unite	q	queen
a̤	all	û	urn	r	rise
ē	eve	ŭ	up	r	roar

ė	event	b	bib	s	see
ĕ	end	c	accept	sh	sheepish
ẽ	fern	ch	chin	t	tart
e	recent	d	did	th	thin, this
ī	ice	f	fife	v	revive
i̇	idea	g	gig	w	wet
ĭ	ill	gh	ghost	x	box
ō	old	h	hat	y	year
ȯ	obey	j	jug	z	zeal
ô	orb	k	kink	zh	azure

STANDARD DICTIONARY

ɑ	sofa	ō	glory	cw=qu	queen
ɑ̄	arm	ɵ	not	dh	(th) the
ɑ̨	ask	ō̆	nor	f	fancy
a	at	ọ	actor	g	(hard) go
ā	fare	u	full	H	loch
ą	alloy	ū	rule	hw	(wh) why
e	pen	ụ	injure	j	jaw
ę	added	ʊ	but	ng	sing
ę̄	moment	ʊ̄	burn	ṇ	ink
ęr	ever	ɑi	pine	ṅ	bon
ê	fate	ɑu	out	s	sin
ę̂	usage	oi	oil	sh	she
i	tin	iū	few	th	thin
ī	eve	iu	duration	ü	dune
ɨ	retail	ɨ̨ụ	feature	z	zone
o	obey	c=k	cat	zh	azure
		ch	church		

LIST OF WORDS FOR PRACTISE

LONG ITALIAN ä

calm	ah	aunt	half	flaunt
palm	heart	launch	almond	haunt
balm	father	laundry	gape	lava
arm	suave	guard	laughter	promenade

SHORT ITALIAN à

ask	grass	dance	master	surpass
pass	slant	chant	draught	enhance
grasp	after	class	basket	advantage
cast	pastor	advance	staff	command

COALESCENT â

care	share	there	chair	scare
fair	prayer	bear	ne'er	various
spare	rare	swear	parent	ensnare
ere	declare	tear	air	pair

COALESCENT ē

sir	were	earn	bird	serge
mercy	verse	nerve	germ	versatile
pearl	certain	thirsty	earth	learn
first	perch	ermine	mirth	verge

LONG ū

due	tune	suit	stupid	lieu
new	pursue	Tuesday	neuter	tube
institute	tulip	numeral	tumult	lucid
dubious	duet	maturity	duty	tutor

th, THE BREATH SOUND

bath	lath	oath	mouth	sixth
thesis	truths	youths	apathy	thousandth
amethyst	width	thwart	thing	think
throw	thrust	thud	thick	length

th, THE VOICE SOUND

with	booth	paths	laths	hither
these	there	tho	their	this
that	scythe	smooth	thence	breathe
father	northern	wreath	either	them

ld, lm, nd, bld, ngdst

bold	helm	land	troubled	bang'dst
told	film	bend	doubled	wrong'dst
sold	whelm	and	crumbled	hang'dst
cold	elm	send	humbled	throng'dst

SYLLABICATION

peregrination	idiosyncrasy	temporarily
parallelogram	instrumentality	antitrinitarian
atmospherical	indissolubly	valetudinarianism
circumambient	pacificatory	multiplication
plenipotentiary	necessarily	incommensurability
momentarily	disingenuousness	dietetically
ratiocination	lugubrious	monocotyledonous
chronological	coagulation	disciplinarian
unintelligibility	irrefragability	deterioration
consanguinity	colloquially	authoritatively
incomparably	trigonometrical	inexplicable
encyclopediacal	susceptibility	congratulatory

dichlorotetrahydroxybenzene

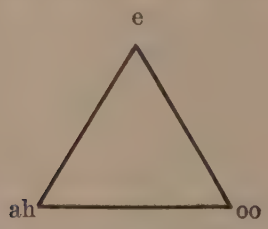
ARTICULATION EXERCISES

Practise slowly at first, then gradually increase until the various combinations can be uttered with great rapidity:

bā-pā	bē-pē	bī-pī	bō-pō	bū-pū	bo͞o-po͞o	boi-poi
bă-pă	bĕ-pĕ	bĭ-pĭ	bŏ-pŏ	bŭ-pŭ	bo͝o-po͝o	bou-pou
dā-tā	dē-tē	dī-tī	dō-tō	dū-tū	do͞o-to͞o	doi-toi
dă-tă	dĕ-tĕ	dĭ-tĭ	dŏ-tŏ	dŭ-tŭ	do͝o-to͝o	dou-tou
gā-kā	gē-kē	gī-kī	gō-kō	gū-kū	go͞o-ko͞o	goi-koi
gă-kă	gĕ-kĕ	gĭ-kĭ	gŏ-kŏ	gŭ-kŭ	go͝o-ko͝o	gou-kou
jā-chā	jē-chē	jī-chī	jō-chō	jū-chū	jo͞o-cho͞o	joi-choi
jă-chă	jĕ-chĕ	jĭ-chĭ	jŏ-chŏ	jŭ-chŭ	jo͝o-co͝o	jou-chou
thā-thā	thē-thē	thī-thī	thō-thō	thū-thū	tho͞o-tho͞o	thoi-thoi
thă-thă	thĕ-thĕ	thĭ-thĭ	thŏ-thŏ	thŭ-thŭ	tho͝o-tho͝o	thou-thou
vā-fā	vē-fē	vī-fī	vō-fō	vū-fū	vo͞o-fo͞o	voi-foi
vă-fă	vĕ-fĕ	vĭ-fĭ	vŏ-fŏ	vŭ-fŭ	vo͝o-fo͝o	vou-fou
zā-sā	zē-sē	zī-sī	zō-sō	zū-sū	zo͞o-so͞o	zoi-soi
ză-să	zĕ-sĕ	zĭ-sĭ	zŏ-sŏ	zŭ-sŭ	zo͝o-so͝o	zou-sou
zhā-shā	zhē-shē	zhī-shī	zhō-shō	zhū-shū	zho͞o-sho͞o	zhoi-shoi
zhă-shă	zhĕ-shĕ	zhĭ-shĭ	zhŏ-shŏ	zhŭ-shŭ	zho͝o-sho͝o	zhou-shou

Also bl, br, dr, fl, fr, gl, gr, kl, kr, pl, pr, sl, sm, sn, sp, spl, st, str, thr, tr.

FOR THE JAWS AND LIPS

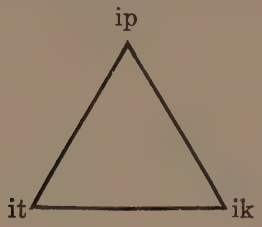


Pronounce *e* with extreme extension of the lips sidewise. Pronounce *ah* with the jaw well dropped.

Pronounce *oo* with the lips projected as much as possible.

Repeat rapidly: *e-ah-oo; oo-ah-e; oo-e-ah; ah-e-oo; ah-oo-e; e-oo-ah.*

FOR THE LIPS, TONGUE AND PALATE



There should be a sudden recoil of the lips in *ip*, of the tip of the tongue in *it*, and of the back of the tongue in *ik*.

Repeat rapidly. Also with *ib*, *id* and *ig*.

For elasticity:

Jaw. Relax jaw. Move from side to side and forward and back. Repeat while singing *ah*.

Throat. Open the mouth as in yawning. Gently raise the soft palate. Practise will enable the pupil to contract the uvula as to make it entirely disappear from sight.

Tongue. Open the mouth, keeping the tongue flat, with tip lightly touching the lower teeth. Without arching the tongue thrust it straight forward and draw it back as far as possible several times.

Again open the mouth wide, and in dotting fashion continue with the tongue along the upper and lower lips. Reverse.

Fold back tip of tongue with the aid of the teeth.

Groove tongue.

Make lapping movement of the tongue.

To depress the base of the tongue, carry the point of the tongue forward between the teeth; then draw the whole tongue vigorously backward, as if trying to swallow it.

Trill aspirate *r*.

Trill vocal *r*.

Repeat running up and down scale.

Larynx. Raise the larynx to its utmost height and lower it to its greatest depth. Swallowing will help it to ascend and gaping to descend.

Lips. Open the mouth and bring the lips together quickly and firmly, aiming at equal pressure.

With lips tightly closed, compress the breath against lips and cheeks, resisting with these muscles and finally forcing the lips open.

MISCELLANEOUS EXERCISES

1. Reading and writing are arts of striking importance.
2. Twanged short and sharp like the shrill swallow's cry.
3. The clumsy kitchen clock click clicked.
4. A big black bug bit a big black bear.
5. Geese cackle, cattle low, crows caw, cocks crow.
6. Good blood, bad blood. (Repeat.)
7. A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
   A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
   A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare.
8. Bring me some ice, not some mice.
9. Make clean our hearts.
10. The old cold scold sold a school coal scuttle.
11. He sawed six long slim sleek slender saplings.
12. Thrice six thick thistle sticks thrust straight through three throbbing thrushes.
13. Goodness centers in the heart.
14. He spoke reasonably, philosophically, disinterestedly, and yet particularly, of the unceremoniousness of their communicabil-

ity, and peremptorily, authoritatively, unhesitatingly declared it to be wholly inexplicable.

15. Pillercatter, tappekiller, kitterpaller, patterkiller, caterpillar.

16. What whim led White Whitney to whittle, whistle, whisper and whimper near the wharf, where a floundering whale might wheel and whirl?

17. I said mixed biscuits, not bixed miscuits.

18. Little ache, little lake.

19. Her age, her rage.

20. Thou bridl'dst thy tongue, wreath'dst thy lips with smiles, imprison'dst thy wrath, and truckl'dst to thine enemy's power.

21. An inalienable eligibility of election which was of indisputable authority, rendered the interposition of his friends altogether supererogatory.

22. A ripe pear, a black cow, a fat turtle.

23. Ceaseth, approacheth, rejoiceth. (Repeat.)

24. A blush is a temporary eletheme and calorific effulgence of the physiognomy ocliologised by the perceptiveness of the sensorium when a predicament of unequilibrity from a sense of shame, anger, or other cause eventuating in a paresis of the vasomotor filaments of the facial capillaries where, being divested of their elasticity, they are suffused with radiant, aerated, compound nutritive circulating liquid emanating from an intimidated proecordia.

25. Not long since a robust, disputative collegian, his clothes of the latest Pall Mall cut, his carmine bifurcated necktie ornamented with a solitaire, his hair dressed with oleomargarine and perfumed with ambergris, his face innocent of hirsute adornment, but his mouth guilty of nicotine, informed a senile, splenetic lawyer that he did not pronounce according to the dictionary.

"For," observed the young man, with an air of research, "in your Tuesday's address you said that the sight of cerements sufficed to enervate an attorney; that a salamander treated for obesity with prussic acid and pomegranate rind was disinclined to serpentine movements; that in an Aldine edition of a legal work you read of a lugubrious man afflicted with virulent varioloid and bronchitis, for which a jocund allopathist injected iodine and

cayenne pepper with a syringe warmed in a caldron of tepid sirup —a malpractise suit being the result. By the way, you have a dictionary?"

"Dictionary?" replied the lawyer; "pugh! It is a granary from which the pronunciation fiend fills his commissariat with orthoëpic romances and vagaries which, to him, grow into a philologic fetish; and this fetishism finds outward expression in a supercilious ostentation of erudite vacuity."

Nothing daunted, the young man continued: "You said, 'According to precedent it was obligatory upon him to plait his hair as his Nomad parents had done, but instead he, precedent to stepping under the mistletoe, indulged in fulsome praise of himself, hoping thereby to induce a favorite girl to join him. But she, being averse to undergo an ordeal so embarrassing, refused; whereupon his features became immobile with chagrin.' This is a verbatim quotation. You sometimes consult a dictionary?"

"Young man," retorted the lawyer, his aquiline nose quivering with derisive disdain, "I have no use for a dictionary."

"Pardon me, your pronunciation indicates the contrary; thus, in your peroration this occurs: 'An incognito communist, being commandant on the frontier, in one of his hunting expeditions came upon an Indian, who, to the accompaniment of the soughing wind, was softly playing a flageolet, for the purpose of quieting a wounded hydrophobic Bengal tiger, which, penned up in a hovel, was making hideous grimaces.

"'The Colonel's companion, a comely but truculent Malay, acting as seneschal or pursuivant, suggested houghing the rampant animal, or giving it some dynamite, morphine, and saline yeast.

"'A noose was adjusted, and the nauseous dose administered, whereupon the combative tiger, thus harassed, coming in premature contact with a dilapidated divan, bade adieu to things sublunary.' You have a dictionary?"

The old man, angered at the raillery of this question, and at the cherubic smile of superiority with which it was asked, launched forth in an objurgatory tirade, insisting that he did not regard himself sacrificable to the juggernaut of orthoëpy.

EXERCISES IN ALLITERATION

1. Amos Ames, the amiable aeronaut, aided in an aerial enterprise at the age of eighty-eight.

2. Benjamin Bramble Blimber, a blundering banker, borrowed the baker's birchen broom to brush the blinding cobwebs from his brain.

3. Caius Cassius contrived concatenating circumstances causing chivalrous Caesar's citation.

4. Deaf doddering Daniel Dunderhead dictated difficult didactic disingenuousness.

5. Extraordinary and excessive irritability was exhibited by these execrable people.

6. Flags fluttered fretfully from foreign fortifications and fleets.

7. Gibeon Gordon Grelglow, the great Greek grammarian, graduated at Grilgrove College.

8. Henry Hingham has hung his harp on the hook where he hitherto hung his hope.

9. Imbecile Irwin indefatigably inculcated inveterate isolation. Incomprehensible incommunicability.

10. Jasper, the jolly juror, justly joked John, the journalist.

11. Kemuel Kirkham Kames cruelly kept the kiss that his cousin Catherine Kennedy cried for.

12. A lily lying all alone along the lane.

13. Morose mariners and magnanimous men make much magnetism.

14. Nine neutral nations negotiated numerous nuptials.

15. Obstructionists and oppressors often opposed operations.

16. Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers. Now if Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers, where are the pickled peppers that Peter Piper picked?

17. Querulous quips were quoted by quiet Queenie Quilp.

18. Round the rough and rugged rocks the ragged rascals rudely ran.

19. She sells sea-shells; shall he sell sea-shells?

20. Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb. Now if Theophilus Thistle, the

successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb, see that thou, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of thy thumb. Success to the successful thistle sifter.

21. Unwise, unjust and unmerciful university usages.

22. Vivian's vernacular gives vividness to every verse.

23. How much wood would a woodchuck chuck, if a woodchuck would chuck wood?

24. Xanthians Xebeced xantic xylographers.

25. Yelled and yelped the yeoman's youngsters in yesterday's yacht and yawl.

26. Zig-zaged zinc zones and zithers.

WORDS FREQUENTLY MISPRONOUNCED

abdomen	adieu	alternate	associate
abject	adult	amenable	athlete
accept	advertisement	aniline	attorney
acclimate	again	apparatus	auxiliary
acumen	aggrandizement	apparent	awry
adamantine	ailment	aquiline	
address	allied	area	
adept	allopathist	asphalt	
bade	betroth	blackguard	brigand
banquet	bicycle	blouse	bronchitis
bayonet	bijou	bounteous	burlesque
because	biography	bouquet	
been	bitumen	bravado	
calisthenics	chasm	combatant	contents
calm	chasten	commandant	contrary
candelabrum	chastisement	comment	contumely
canine	clangor	communist	conversant
carmine	clematis	compeer	coterie
cayenne	clique	composite	courtesy
cello	coadjutor	condolence	
cerement	cognomen	consummate	
chalybeate	column	contemplate	

daguerreotype
data
decade
decadence
defalcate
deficit
demoniacal

depot
depths
designate
desperado
despicable
desuetude
detail

direct
disciplinary
discourse
disputant
divan
docile
dog

dolorous
domain
due
duke
duty

egregious
elongate
encore
enervate
enquiry

envelope
epoch
equitable
escapade
every

examine
excess
exemplary
exigencies
exist

exploit
exponent
exquisite
extant

façade
facet
factory
faucet
fecund

feline
feminine
ferocity
fertile
fetish

fiasco
fidelity
finance
financier
flageolet

forensic
fragmentary
frontier

gape
generic
genial
genuine

gigantic
God
gondola
government

granary
gratis
grievous
grimace

grovel
gymnasium

harass
hearth
height
heinous

hideous
homage
homeopathic
horizon

hostage
hover
humble
humor

hygiene
hypocrisy

illustrate
imbecile
impious
implacable
importune

incentive
incomparable
indefatigable
indisputably
indissoluble

inexplicable
inquiries
integral
interested
interesting

interpolate
intrinsic
iodine
irrefragable

jocose	jocund	juvenile	
kept	kiln	kinetics	
lamentable	legend	listen	lugubrious
larynx	lenient	lithography	lyceum
laugh	lettuce	livelong	
learned	lineament	lozenge	
magazine	mediocre	mobile	mustache
manufactory	mineralogy	molecule	
maritime	mischievous	municipal	
matinee	misconstrue	museum	
nascent	nauseate	nepotism	niche
national	necessarily	neuralgia	nicotine
nature	nephew	new	nomenclature
oasis	obligatory	oleomargarine	orotund
oaths	occult	orchid	orthoepy
obesity	o'er	ordeal	oust
object	office	ordnance	
objurgatory	often	ornate	
palmistry	piquant	premature	protestation
patriotism	placard	prestige	puissance
patron	plagiarism	pretense	pyramidal
patronize	pomegranate	primarily	
peremptory	predecessor	progress	
piano	preface	proscenium	
quadrupedal	quiescent	quinsy	qui vive

radish reconnaissance reptile rhythm
rapine recreant requiem robust
receptivity refutable research romance
recess regime resource route
recluse remonstrate respite

salutatory serpentine sonorous squalor
sapient simultaneous sophistry succinct
satiety sinecure soporific suggest
schedule sirup sovereign suite
secretary sojourn splenetic supererogatory
senile solitaire spontaneity superfluous

tenet toward tribune tyrannic
tepid transact trilobite
testimony tremendous truculent
topography tribunal truth

umbrella untoward usage usurp
uninteresting urbanity

vagary veracity version virulent
vaseline verbatim via visor
vaudeville verbose vicar
vehement versatile victory

which with wrath wreak
whistle wound

xylophone

youth

zenith zodiacal zoology

VOCAL DEFECTS

The defects most commonly found in untrained voices are *breathiness, throatiness,* and *nasality.* The following exercises, if practised persistently, will remedy these defects:

Breathiness. This is caused by allowing breath to escape unvocalized. The remedy lies in applying to the vocal cords just the quantity of breath required to produce a given tone. It should be noted that clear and robust sounds depend upon breathing gently.

1. Inhale deeply. Exhale on singing *ah.* Apply the air very gently to the vocal cords, hold back the unused breath and aim to increase the purity of tone.

2. Count one to ten in a loud whisper, inhaling after each number. Repeat with half breath and half voice. Repeat with pure tone. Project into the distance.

3. Practise the following in pure, clear-cut voice: *hup, he, ha, haw, hah, ho, hoo.*

Throatiness. This defect arises from smallness of throat or rigidity. First, relax the throat muscles and practise exercises for depressing the root of the tongue, raising the soft palate and lowering the larynx. Practise the various tongue exercises, keeping the lips perfectly still. Sing *oo-oh-ah* in well-projected voice. Sing *le, la, law, lah, lo, loo.*

Nasality. When the vocal current is allowed to escape through the nostrils, a nasal tone is produced. To avoid this, the soft palate must be well raised and the tone projected directly towards the lips.

1. With soft palate raised sing *ah* and *oh* in pure projected tone.

2. With the thumb and first finger gently close the nostrils and pronounce several times with the utmost nasality: *"O precious hours."* Keep the nostrils closed and try to repeat with a pure tone. Repeat with nostrils open.

CHAPTER III

VOICE CULTURE

PURITY

To secure purity of voice, no particle of breath must be allowed to escape unvocalized. A persistent effort should be made to produce this quality, at first "feeding" the breath very gently to the vocal cords and increasing the volume only after long practise. "He is the best speaker," says Lennox Browne, "who can control the expiration, that the least possible amount of air sufficient to cause vibration is poured with continuous effect upon the vocal organs."

1. Sing *oo* in gentle, smooth voice, avoiding unnecessary muscular effort.

2. Sing *ah*, with mouth well opened, aiming at purity, depth and smoothness. Sustain and repeat on various pitches.

3. Repeat with *o*.

4. Gradually change singing *o* to *ah*, maintaining a uniform quality throughout.

5. Repeat with *oo-o-ah*.

6. Practise various musical scales.

7. Pronounce *ē*, *ā*, *aw*, *äh*, *ō*, *o͞o*, prolonging each ten or more seconds.

8. Repeat with rising, falling, and circumflex inflection.

9. Practise shock of the glottis in *gup*, *ge*, *ga*, *gaw*, *gah*, *go*, *goo*.

10. Repeat in *hup, he, ha, haw, hah, ho, hoo.*

11. Repeat with rising slide and with falling slide, aiming at great clearness.

12. Count very deliberately one to fifty, inhaling after each number.

13. Count to fifty, ten to each breath.

14. Repeat last two exercises in loud whisper.

15. Project by slight waves of sound *woo-woo-woo-woo.*

16. Toss the sounds *e, a, aw, ah, oh, oo.*

17. With mouth closed hum a mental *maw.* The vibration should be felt on the lips and in the facial resonators.

18. Repeat with bright and with sad vibrations.

19. Repeat in very low pitch.

20. Commence a humming tone as before, allow the lower jaw to drop gently, "focus" the voice on the lips and maintain as much facial resonance as possible.

21. Sing *le, la, law, lah, lo, loo,* singly and in combination.

22. Yawn *e, a, aw, ah, o, oe.*

FLEXIBILITY AND COMPASS

Flexibility means vocal responsiveness, or the ability to produce any tone or variation that may be required.

1. Sing *e, a, aw, ah, o, oo* in chromatic scale, from the lowest to the highest pitch. The use of a piano in these exercises is desirable.

2. Repeat with trill.

3. Repeat with tremolo.

4. Repeat in speaking voice, with short, medium, long and very long rising inflection. Repeat in falling and circumflex inflection.

5. Repeat with gradually increasing force, and with gradually diminishing force.

6. Repeat with swell, one pitch at a time, then combined with change of inflection both rising and falling.

7. Commence the following upon a low pitch, reading each successive line in the next highest pitch:

O thou that roll'st above,
Round as the shield of my fathers!
Whence are thy beams, O sun!
Thy everlasting light?

8. Commence the following at lowest pitch, giving to each word a short rising slide on successively higher pitches; aim at smoothness, and gradually increase length of inflections:

breath?
fleeting
the
call
mansion
its
to
back
bust
animated
or
urn
storied
Can

9. Repeat the following with falling slides:

Can
honor's
voice
provoke
the
silent
dust
or
flattery
soothe
the
dull
cold
ear
of
death?

10.

	stood	early	
	for		
had	fifty	one	
	years		
that	in a	summer's	
	farmer's		
An old clock	kitchen	morning	suddenly stopped.
	without		
	giving	before	
	its		
	owner	the	
	any		
	cause	family	
	of		
	complaint	was	
		stirring	

BRILLIANCY

To secure brilliancy or a musical quality of voice, practise daily upon exercises containing long vowel sounds.

1. Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune!—
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

2. Inhale deeply, force the breath against the closed lips until they burst open on the word "bell," prolonging the "l" as long as possible and allowing the tone to gradually die away in imitation of bell vibrations. Repeat with variations.

3. Laughing exercises will add brilliancy and strength to the voice.

Practise *m-m-m-m-m-m-m-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha.* Aim to produce a hearty, spontaneous laugh. Practise with varied feeling, such as *merry, rippling, polite, silly, angry, appreciative, sad, scornful,* etc.

4. Practise the following with great freedom:

Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah! Hurrah
Hurrah! Hurrah!

RESONANCE

Resonance is the increase of sound by reflection or the co-vibration of other bodies. Exercises should be selected containing a redundance of open vowels.

1. Open the mouth and throat as wide as possible, inhale deeply, close the lips only, and endeavor to keep the throat open. Imagine the body a deep well and commence at its lowest depth a soft rumbling sound. Practise at first on low pitch; force and high pitch are to be added only after some time.

2. Repeat with rising inflection *awe, ah, e,* noting the change in register. The first is a chest-tone, the second a throat-tone and the third a head-tone. Begin at low pitch and aim at smoothness. Repeat with falling and circumflex inflection.

3. Hum *b, l* and *m,* singly and in combination.

4. Pronounce the following words on various pitches, bringing out the head resonance as much as possible: *Bingle, dingle, jingle, mingle, ringle, single, tingle, klingle.*

VOLUME

Volume depends upon the extension and regularity of expiration, energy and resonance combined in a given tone. The voice grows with use, and daily practise is therefore necessary to acquire roundness and volume. The abdom-

inal muscles should be developed by daily respiratory and physical exercises.

1. Inhale deeply, and with an abrupt action of the abdominal muscles explode the voice upon *be, ba, baw, bah, bo, boo.* Avoid using much force at first.

2. The following should be combined with the same vowel sounds, first in loud whisper, then in loud voice, exhausting the breath on each sound: *P, t, d, v, k, bl, br, ch, dr, dw, fl, fr, gl, gr, kl, kr, pl, pr, sl, sm, sn, sp, sq, sk, sh, st, sw, tr, th, tw, wh.*

3. In calling tone repeat:

Ship ahoy!
Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State.
Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge, Chester, charge!
On, Stanley, on!
Katherine, Queen of England, come into the Court.
Stand by the wheel five minutes yet and we will reach the shore.
Oyez! oyez! All-persons-having-business-to-do-with-the-Circuit-Court-of-the-United-States-for-the-Southern-district-of-New-York-draw-near-give-your-attention-and-you-shall-be-heard.
Char-coal. Char-co-al. Char-coooooooo-al.

4. Project the following:

It is the King.	Over, over I say.
Every inch a King.	Up from the south.
At this moment.	The King would speak.
Armor on his back.	Eagle has seen it.
State the State.	The Queen of Cities.
On, ye brave.	Imperial theme.

5. Repeat the following with gradually increasing force:

The war must go on!
We must fight it through.

Independence now and Independence forever!
Now for the fight, now for the cannon peal.
The foe! they come! they come!
Ye guards of liberty, I'm with you once again. I call to you with all my voice.

CHAPTER IV

MODULATION

Modulation has reference to the means of varying the voice so as to express thought with truth and effectiveness. The principal modulations are *quality, pitch, time, inflection* and *force.*

QUALITY

Quality may be described as the character of the speaking voice, and for convenience is divided into two kinds: *Pure* and *Impure.* Pure quality is subdivided into *Simple Pure* and *Orotund,* while Impure quality is divided into *Aspirated, Oral, Falsetto, Guttural* and *Pectoral.*

Simple pure voice is the quality used in conversation. It can be readily cultivated by practising the exercises given under the head of purity in Chapter III. The pure qualities should be acquired before proceeding to the impure.

Orotund is marked by unusual roundness and fulness of tone. Daily practise on the vowel *"O,"* with variety in pitch and force, will materially assist the student in securing this quality. It is used to express sublime and deeply earnest thought.

Aspirated quality is used to express fear, secrecy, surprise, caution and kindred emotions.

Oral quality is that of weakness.

Falsetto is employed in imitating the voices of children, women, old age, etc.

Guttural is used in language of revenge, anger, horror, aversion.

Pectoral quality is a deep hollow chest-tone, used in expressing awe, remorse, deep terror.

The whisper is sometimes used to express secrecy, fear, caution. Exercises in whisper will rapidly develop strength of voice.

SIMPLE PURE

1. Oh young Lochinvar is come out of the West.
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

"Lochinvar's Ride." SIR WALTER SCOTT.

2. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank;
Here will we sit, and let the sound of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

"Merchant of Venice." SHAKESPEARE.

3. The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

"Bugle Song." TENNYSON.

4. I should think myself a criminal, if I said anything to chill the enthusiasm of the young scholar, or to dash with any scepticism his longing and his hope. He has chosen the highest. His beautiful faith, and his aspiration, are the light of life. Without his fresh enthusiasm, and his gallant devotion to learning, to art, to culture, the world would be dreary enough.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

5. We all ride something. It is folly to expect us always to be walking. The cheapest thing to ride is a hobby; it eats no oats; it demands no groom; it breaks no traces; it requires no shoeing. Moreover, it is safest; the boisterous outbreak of the children's fun does not startle it; three babies astride it at once do not make it skittish. If, perchance, on some brisk morning it throws its rider, it will stand still till he climbs the saddle. For eight years we have had one tramping the nursery, and yet no accidents; though, meanwhile, his eye has been knocked out and his tail dislocated. T. De Witt Talmage.

6. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.
"Twenty-third Psalm." The Bible.

7. I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.
"The Brook." Tennyson.

8. Speak the speech I pray you, as I pronounced it to you,—trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters,—to very rags,—to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant: it out-herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame, neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word; the word to the action; with this special observance—that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature;—to show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image; and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone or come tardy off, tho it make the unskilful laugh, can not but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, or man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well,—they imitated humanity so abominably!

"Hamlet." SHAKESPEARE.

9. At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Tho round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

"The Village Preacher." OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

10. Insects generally must lead a jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily. Imagine a palace of ivory and pearl, with pillars of silver and capitals of gold, and exhaling such a perfume as never arose from human censer. Fancy again the fun of tucking one's self up for the night in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of summer air, nothing to do when you awake but to wash yourself in a dewdrop, and fall to eating your bedclothes.

11. We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
Life is but a means unto an end; that end,—
Beginning, mean, and end to all things,—God.

"Festus." BAILEY.

12. I consider a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colors, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

13. Near the city of Sevilla, years and years ago,
Dwelt a lady in a villa, years and years ago;
And her hair was black as night,
And her eyes were starry bright;
Olives on her brow were blooming;
Roses red her lips perfuming;
And her step was light and airy
As the tripping of a fairy.
Ah! that lady of the villa,—and I loved her so,
Near the city of Sevilla, years and years ago.
"The Spanish Duel." WALLER.

14. Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.
Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
"Building of the Ship." LONGFELLOW.

15. Now clear, pure, hard, bright, and one by one, like to hailstones,
Short words fall from his lips fast as the first of a shower,—
Now in twofold column, Spondee, Iamb, and Trochee,
Unbroke, firm-set, advance, retreat, trampling along,—
Now with a sprightlier springiness, bounding in triplicate syllables,
Dance the elastic Dactylics in musical cadences on;
Now, their voluminous coil intertangling like huge anacondas,
Roll overwhelmingly onward the sesquipedalian words.
STACY.

16. The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joy. The lonely pine upon the mountain top waves its somber boughs, and cries, "Thou art my sun." And the

little meadow violet lifts its cup of blue, and whispers with its perfumed breath, "Thou art my sun." And the grain in a thousand fields rustles in the wind, and makes answer, "Thou art my sun." And so God sits effulgent in Heaven, not for a favored few, but for the universe of life; and there is no creature so poor or so low that he may not look up with childlike confidence and say, "My Father. Thou art mine."

BEECHER.

17. External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, nor wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

"A Christmas Carol." DICKENS.

18. Prudence, indeed, will dictate, that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security.

"Declaration of Independence."

19. All in the wild March-morning, I heard the angels call;
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll;
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

"The May Queen." TENNYSON.

20. Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High tho his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown;
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.

"Lay of the Last Minstrel." SCOTT.

21. It was an eve of autumn's holiest mood.
The corn-fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand;
And all the winds slept soundly. Nature seemed
In silent contemplation to adore
Its maker. Now and then the aged leaf
Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground;
And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.
Vesper looked forth
From out her western hermitage, and smiled;
And up the east, unclouded, rose the moon
With all her stars, gazing on earth intense,
As if she saw some wonder working there.

ROBERT POLLOK.

22. She sleeps: her breathings are not heard
In palace chambers far apart.
The fragrant tresses are not stirred
That lie upon her charmed heart.

She sleeps: on either hand upswells
The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest:
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest.

"The Day Dream." TENNYSON

OROTUND

1. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It can not be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it,—they can not reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object,—this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence: it is action,—noble, sublime, God-like action.

"The Eloquence of Adams." DANIEL WEBSTER.

2. O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide:
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight!
Thou only God—there is no God beside!

Being above all beings! Mighty One,
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore,
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone—
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er,—
Being whom we call God, and know no more!

"God." G. R. DERZHAVIN.

3. Suddenly the notes of the deep laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults and breathe their awful harmony through those caves of death and make the silent sepulcher vocal! And now they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound. And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft and warble along the roof, and seem to play about those lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful,—it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls, the ear is stunned, the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee, it is rising from earth to heaven; the very soul seems wrapt away and floating upward on this swelling tide of harmony. WASHINGTON IRVING.

"Westminster Abbey" in "The Sketch Book."

4. O now, forever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troops, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, and ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,

Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

"Othello." SHAKESPEARE.

5. Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is. Behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever. And, Sir, where American Liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it, if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it, if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed in separating it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

"Massachusetts and South Carolina." WEBSTER.

6. It took Rome three hundred years to die; and our death, if we perish, will be as much more terrific as our intelligence and free institutions have given to us more bone and sinew and vitality. May God hide me from the day when the dying agonies of my country shall begin! O thou beloved land, bound together by the ties of brotherhood, and common interest, and perils, live forever—one and undivided!

LYMAN BEECHER.

7. Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power; thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy, and in the greatness of thine excellency thou hast overthrown them that rose up against thee; thou sentest forth thy wrath which consumed them as stubble. And with the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together; the floods stood upright as an heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea.

"Exodus 15; 6, 7, 8." THE BIBLE.

8. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming; cities and states are his pallbearers, and the cannon beats the hours in solemn progression; dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh. Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man that was ever fit to live dead? Disenthralled from flesh, and risen in the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. . . . . .

Your sorrows, O people, are his peace; your bells and bands and muffled drums sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here! Pass on! Ye winds that move over the mighty places of the West, chant his requiem! Ye people, behold a martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty!

"On the Death of Abraham Lincoln." BEECHER.

9. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take

Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage,—what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou,
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole; or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

"Childe Harold." · BYRON.

10. Romans, countrymen and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him: but, as he was ambitious,

I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

"Julius Cæsar." SHAKESPEARE.

11. Father of Earth and Heaven! I call thy name!
Round me the smoke and shout of battle roll;
My eyes are dazzled with the rustling flame;
Father, sustain an untried soldier's soul!
Or life, or death, whatever be the goal
That crowns or closes round the struggling hour,
Thou knowest, if ever from my spirit stole
One deeper prayer, 'twas that no cloud might lower
On my young fame!—O hear! God of eternal power.

Now for the fight—now for the cannon peal—
Forward—through blood and toil and cloud and fire!
Glorious the shout, the shock, the crash of steel,
The volley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire;
They shake,—like broken waves their squares retire,—
On them, hussars!—Now give them rein and heel;
Think of the orphaned child, the murdered sire:—
Earth cries for blood,—in thunder on them wheel!
This hour to Europe's fate shall set the triumph-seal!

"Battle Hymn." KARL THEODOR KÖRNER.

ASPIRATED

1. *Lady Macbeth.* Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss them. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.

(Enter Macbeth)

My husband!

Macbeth. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady Macbeth. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry. Did not you speak?

Macbeth. When?

Lady Macbeth. Now.

Macbeth. As I descended?

Lady Macbeth. Ay.

Macbeth. Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady Macbeth. Donalbain.

Macbeth. This is a sorry sight. (Looking on his hands.)

Lady Macbeth. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macbeth. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried "Murder!"
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

"Macbeth." SHAKESPEARE.

2. Steady, boys, steady!
Keep your arms ready.
God only knows whom we may meet here.
Don't let me be taken—
I'd rather awaken
To-morrow in—no matter where,—
Than lie in that foul prison hole over there.

"The Wounded Soldier." ANON.

3. Hark! they whisper: angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite,—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?—
Tell me, my soul! can this be death?

"The Dying Christian to his Soul." POPE.

4. *Brutus.* How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
(Ghost approaches.)
It comes upon me:—Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

"Julius Cæsar." SHAKESPEARE.

PECTORAL

1. O! I have passed a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though't were to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time.

"Richard III." SHAKESPEARE.

2. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd.
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee! I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father; royal Dane, O! answer me!

"Hamlet." SHAKESPEARE.

3. And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore.

"The Raven." POE.

4. *Ghost.* I am thy father's spirit,
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burned and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul.

"Hamlet." SHAKESPEARE.

GUTTURAL

1. But you, wretch! you could creep through the world unaffected by its various disgraces, its ineffable miseries, its constantly accumulating masses of crime and sorrow;—you could live and enjoy yourself while the noble-minded were betrayed,—while nameless and birthless villains trod on the neck of the brave and long-descended:—you could enjoy yourself, like a butcher's dog in the shambles, battening on garbage, while the slaughter of the brave went on around you! This enjoyment you shall not live to partake of: you shall die, base dog!—and that before yon cloud has passed over the sun! SCOTT.

2. But *now* my sword's my own! Smile on, my lords!
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you! here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face!
Your Consul's merciful;—for this all thanks.
He *dares* not touch a hair of Catiline!

"Catiline's Defiance." GEORGE CROLY.

3. *Gloster.* Stay you that bear the corse and set it down.
Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?
Gloster. Villains, set down the corse; or by Saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys!
Gentleman. My lord, stand back and let the coffin pass.
Gloster. Unmannered dog! stand thou when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee beggar, for thy boldness.

"Richard III." SHAKESPEARE.

4. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond! and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh; and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking. I will have my bond.

"Merchant of Venice." SHAKESPEARE.

5. *Antony.* Villains! you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hacked one another in the sides of Cæsar!
You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like hounds,
And bowed like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck.—O you flatterers!

"Julius Cæsar." SHAKESPEARE.

FALSETTO

1. There was silence for a little while; then an old man replied in a thin, trembling voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why he's been dead and gone these eighteen years."

"Rip Van Winkle." WASHINGTON IRVING.

2. Yes, it is worth talking of: But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then, if I only try to speak, you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have the talk to yourselves: a poor woman isn't allowed to get a word in.

"The Caudle Lectures." DOUGLAS JERROLD.

3. "No," said the wife; "the barn is high,
And if you slip, and fall, and die
How will my living be secured?
Stephen, your life is not insured."

ORAL

1. "Jo, my poor fellow!"

"I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm a gropin'—a gropin'; let me catch hold of your hand."

"Jo, can you say what I say?"

"I'll say anything as you say, sir, for I knows it's good."

"OUR FATHER."

"Our Father.—That's very good, sir."

"WHICH ART IN HEAVEN."

"Art in Heaven.—Is the light a comin', sir?"

"It is close at hand. HALLOWED BE THY NAME."

"Hallowed be—thy—name."

DICKENS.

WHISPER

1. Hark! I hear the bugles of the enemy! They are on their march along the bank of the river. We must retreat instantly, or be cut off from our boats. I see the head of their column already rising over the height. Our only safety is in the screen of this hedge. Keep close to it; be silent; and stoop as you run. For the boats! Forward!

2. All heaven and earth are still,—tho not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—
All heaven and earth are still: from the high host
Of stars to the lulled lake, and mountain coast,
All is concentrated in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and Defence.

BYRON.

3. Soldiers! You are now within a few steps of the enemy's outpost. Our scouts report them as slumbering in parties around their watch-fires, and utterly unprepared for our approach. A swift and noiseless advance around that projecting rock, and we are upon them,—we capture them without the possibility of resistance.—One disorderly noise or motion may leave us at the mercy of their advanced guard. Let every man keep the strictest silence, under pain of instant death.

PITCH

Pitch has reference to the key of the voice, and its degrees run through the entire compass. It is divided into Middle, Low, Very Low, High and Very High.

MIDDLE

1. The very law which molds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

"On a Tear." SAMUEL ROGERS.

2. For rising to eminence in any intellectual pursuit, there is not a rule of more essential importance than that of doing one thing at a time; avoiding distracting and desultory occupations, and keeping a leading object habitually before the mind, as one in which it can at all times find an interesting resource when necessary avocations allow the thoughts to recur to it. If, along with this habit, there be cultivated the practise of constantly writing such views as arise, we perhaps describe that state of mental discipline by which talents of a very moderate order may be applied in a conspicuous and useful manner to any subject to which they are devoted. Such writing need not be made at first with any great attention to method, but merely put aside for future consideration, and in this manner the different departments of a subject will develop and arrange themselves as they advance, in a manner equally pleasing and wonderful.

"Qualities of a Well Regulated Mind." ABERCROMBIE.

3. To live content with small means, to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony.

"My Symphony." WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING.

4. Genius is only the power of making continuous efforts; the line between failure and success is so fine that we are often on the line and do not know it. How many a man has thrown up his hands at a time when a little more effort, a little more patience, would have achieved success. As the tide goes clear out, so it comes clear in. In business, sometimes, prospects may seem darkest when really they are on the turn. A little more patience, a little more effort, and what seemed hopeless failure may turn to glorious success. There is no failure except in no longer trying. There is no defeat except from within, no really insurmountable barrier save our own weakness of purpose.

LOW

1. It thunders! Sons of dust, in reverence bow!
Ancient of days! thou speakest from above:
Thy right hand wields the bolt of terror now;
That hand which scatters peace, and joy, and love.
Almighty! trembling like a timid child,
I hear thy awful voice,—alarmed, afraid,
I see the flashes of thy lightning wild,
And in the very grave would hide my head!

2. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

"Macbeth." SHAKESPEARE.

3. In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face, the hair of my flesh stood up; it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof; an image was before mine eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God! Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?

VERY LOW

1. 'Tis midnight's holy hour,—and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling,—'tis the knell
Of the departed year.

"The Closing Year." GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

2. Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden scepter, o'er a slumbering world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.

"Night Thoughts." YOUNG.

3. Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.

"Macbeth." SHAKESPEARE.

4. It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!—
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought! Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me:
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.

"Cato." ADDISON.

HIGH

1. Cry Holiday! Holiday! let us be gay,
   And share in the rapture of heaven and earth;
   For, see! what a sunshiny joy they display,
   To welcome the Spring on the day of her birth;
   While the elements, gladly outpouring their voice,
   Nature's pæan proclaim, and in chorus rejoice!

2. "Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting;
   "Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
   Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
   Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door!
   Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door."
   Quoth the raven: "Nevermore!"

"The Raven." POE.

3. Freedom calls you! Quick, be ready,—
   Think of what your sires have done;
   Onward, onward! strong and steady,—
   Drive the tyrant to his den;
   On, and let the watchword be,
   Country, home, and liberty!

"Polish War Song." JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

4. I come, I come! ye have called me long,
   I come o'er the mountain with light and song:
   Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
   By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
   By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
   By the green leaves, opening as I pass.

"The Voice of Spring." HEMANS.

5. Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What tho the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Tho nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering:
In the faith that looks through death,
In the years that bring the philosophic mind.

"Intimations of Immortality." WORDSWORTH.

6. O come, let us sing unto Jehovah; let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, let us make a joyful noise unto him with psalms. For Jehovah is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are two deep places of the earth; the heights of the mountains are his also.

The sea is his, and he made it; and his hands formed the dry land. O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before Jehovah our Maker. For he is our God, and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

"Ninety-fifth Psalm." THE BIBLE.

VERY HIGH

1. They strike! hurrah! the fort has surrendered!
Shout! shout! my warrior boy,
And wave your cap, and clap your hands for joy
Cheer answer cheer, and bear the cheer about.
Hurrah! hurrah! for the fiery fort is ours.
"Victory! victory! victory!"
Is the shout.
Shout for the fiery fort is ours, and the field
And the day are ours!

2. Rejoice, you men of Algiers, ring your bells:
King John, your king and England's, doth approach.
. . . . . .
Open your gates and give the victors way.

"King John." SHAKESPEARE.

3. Pull, pull in your lassos, and bridle to steed,
And speed, if ever for life you would speed;
And ride for your lives, for your lives you must ride,
For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire.

NINE DEGREES OF PITCH

9. *Extremely high:*
I repeat it sir, let it come! let it come!
8. *Very high:*
Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty!
7. *High:*
The sounding aisles of the dim woods rang.
6. *Rather high:*
With music I come from my balmy home.
5. *Middle:*
A vision of beauty appeared on the clouds.

4. *Rather low:*

Friends, Romans, Countrymen!

3. *Low:*

And this is in the night, most glorious night!

2. *Very low:*

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!

1. *As low as possible:*

Eternity,—thou pleasing, dreadful thought.

"Voice and Action." J. E. FROBISHER.

CHAPTER V

MODULATION (Continued)

TIME

Time as applied to speech embraces three important elements: *Rate, Quantity, and Pausing.* The rate at which one speaks may be *Medium, Slow, Very Slow, Rapid,* or *Very Rapid.* Quantity is the time given to syllables and individual words. Pausing has reference to time between words and is divided into two kinds: *Grammatical* and *Rhetorical.*

RATE

Medium:

1. Read, not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in less important argument, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

"Essays—Of Studies." BACON.

2. Not eloquence, but truth, is to be sought in the Holy Scriptures, every part of which must be read with the same spirit by which it was written. In these, and all other books, it is improvement in holiness, not pleasure in the subtlety of thought, or the accuracy of expression, that must be principally regarded. We ought to read those parts that are simple and devout, with the same affection and delight as those of high speculation or profound erudition. Whatever book thou readest, suffer not thy mind to be influenced by the character of the writer, whether his literary accomplishments be great or small. Let thy only motive to read be the love of truth; and, instead of inquiring who it is that writes, give all thy attention to the nature of what is written. Man passeth away like the shadows of the morning; but "the word of the Lord endureth forever": and that word, without respect of persons, in ways infinitely various, speaketh unto all.

"Reading the Scriptures." THOMAS A'KEMPIS.

3. Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

"The Christmas Carol." DICKENS.

4. We have demonstrations enough, fortunately, to show that truth alone is not sufficient; for truth is the arrow, but man is the bow that sends it home. There be many men who are the light of the pulpit, whose thought is profound, whose learning is universal, but those offices are unspeakably dull. They do make known the truth; but without favor, without grace, without beauty, without inspiration; and discourse upon discourse would fitly be called the funeral of important subjects.

BEECHER.

Slow:

1. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

2. Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.

"The Bells." POE.

Very Slow:

1. To *be* or *not* to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To *die:* to *sleep;*
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to *dream!* ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,

When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who'd these fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveler returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

"Hamlet." SHAKESPEARE.

2. Sunset and evening star, and one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar when I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep, too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell, and after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell, when I embark;
For tho from out our bourn of time and place the flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face when I have crost the bar.

"Crossing the Bar." TENNYSON.

3. The hours pass slowly by—nine, ten, eleven,—how solemnly the last stroke of the clock floats out upon the still air. It dies gently away, swells out again in the distance, and seems to be caught up by spirit-voices of departed years, until the air is filled with melancholy strains. It is the requiem of the dying year.

Tenderly, mournfully it lingers upon the ear and sinks into the heart; slowly and softly it dies away. The clock strikes twelve; the grave opens and closes, and the old year is buried.

BROOKS.

Rapid:

1. Haste, thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to dwell in dimple sleek;
Come, and trip it as ye go,
On the light fantastic toe.

"L'Allegro." MILTON.

2. We come! we come! and ye feel our might,
As we're hastening on in our boundless flight;
And over the mountains, and over the deep,
Our broad invisible pinions sweep
Like the spirit of liberty, wild and free,
And ye look on our works, and own 'tis we;
Ye call us the Winds; but can ye tell
Whither we go, or where we dwell?

. . . . . .

Our dwelling is in the Almighty's hand;
We come and we go at his command,
Tho joy or sorrow may mark our track,
His will is our guide, and we look not back;
And if in our wrath, ye would turn us away,
Or win us in gentle airs to play,
Then lift up your hearts to him who binds,
Or frees, as he wills, the obedient Winds!

"The Winds." H. F. GOULD.

3. *Pindarus.* Fly further off, my lord, fly further off!
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off!
Cassius. Titinius, if thou lovs't me,
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again, that I may rest assur'd
Whether yon troops are friend or enemy.

"Julius Cæsar." SHAKESPEARE.

4. Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

"Horatius." MACAULAY.

Very Rapid:

1. I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

"How They Brought the Good News from Ghent."
BROWNING.

2. A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark,
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet.

"Paul Revere's Ride." LONGFELLOW.

3. Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives! Pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whip-chords on your brow! Set the mast in its socket! hoist the sail! Ah! ah! it is too late! Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming; over they go!

"Power of Habit." GOUGH.

4. All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music, with shouting and laughter.

"The Pied Piper of Hamelin." BROWNING.

5. A cannon which breaks its moorings becomes abruptly some indescribable, supernatural beast. It is a machine which transforms itself into a monster. This mass runs on its wheels like billiard-balls, inclines with the rolling, plunges with the pitching, goes, comes, stops, seems to meditate, resumes its course, shoots from one end of the ship to the other like an arrow, whirls, steals away, evades, prances, strikes, breaks, kills, exterminates.

"The Cannon." VICTOR HUGO.

6. I just must talk! I must talk all the time! Of course I talk entirely too much—no one knows that better than I do—yet I can't help it! I know that my continual cackling is dreadful, and I know exactly when it begins to bore people, but somehow I can't stop myself. Aunt Patsey says I am simply fearful, and just like a girl she used to know, who lived down East, a Miss Polly Blanton, who talked all the time; told every thing, every thing she knew, every thing she had ever heard; and then when she could think of nothing else, boldly began on the family secrets. Well, I believe I am just like that girl—because I am constantly telling things about our domestic life which is by

no means pleasant. Pa and ma lead an awful kind of existence —live just like cats and dogs. Now I ought never to tell that, yet somehow it will slip out in spite of myself.

"The Buzz-Saw Girl." DOUGLASS SHERLEY.

QUANTITY

Short Quantity:

1. "Quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"

"The Raven." POE.

2. A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

3. Singing through the forest;
Rattling over ridges;
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges;
Whizzing through the mountains;
Buzzing o'er the vale,—
Bless me, this is pleasant,
Riding on the rail.

"Railroad Rhyme." SAXE.

Long Quantity:

1. O the long and dreary Winter!
O the cold and cruel Winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river;
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.

"Hiawatha." LONGFELLOW.

2. O Thou! whose balance does the mountains weigh,
Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
Whose breath can turn those watery worlds to flame,
That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame.

3. The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

"Elegy in a Country Churchyard." GRAY.

PAUSING

Pausing is of two kinds: *Grammatical* and *Rhetorical.* The grammatical pause indicates the synthetical structure of a sentence. The rhetorical pause gives greater clearness and expression to spoken language, by dividing words more particularly into groups.

1. How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh, how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

"The Bridge." LONGFELLOW.

2. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Altho thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Tho thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friend remember'd not.

"As You Like It." SHAKESPEARE.

3. Nothing is more natural than to imitate (by the sound of the voice) the quality of the sound (or noise) which any external object makes, and to form its name accordingly. A certain bird is termed the Cuckoo, from the sound which it emits. When one sort of wind is said to WHISTLE, and another to ROAR; when a serpent is said to HISS, a fly to BUZZ, and falling timber to CRASH; when a stream is said to FLOW, and hail to RATTLE; the analogy between the word and the thing signified is plainly discernible. BLAIR.

4. The atrocious crime of being a young man, which, with so much spirit and decency, the honorable gentleman has charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny. PITT.

5. Forth march'd the chief, and, distant from the crowd,
High on the rampart raised his voice aloud.

. . . . . .

As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far,
With shrilling clangor sounds th' alarm of war;
So high his dreadful voice the hero rear'd;
Hosts dropp'd their arms, and trembled as they heard.

"The Iliad." HOMER.

6. Cæsar entered upon his head—a helmet upon his left arm—a shield upon his brow—a cloud in his right hand—his trusty sword in his eye—fire!

7. There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves
Or lose our ventures.

"Julius Cæsar." SHAKESPEARE.

8. "Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Then ran with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
"Make way for liberty!" he cried;
Their keen points met from side to side;
He bowed amongst them like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

"Arnold Winkelried." MONTGOMERY.

9. And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.

"Aux Italiens." BULWER-LYTTON.

INFLECTION

Inflections are glides of the voice from one pitch to another, and may be *Rising, Falling* or *Circumflex.*

Rising inflection indicates suspension of sense, and is used in contingent and negative clauses, in interrogative clauses answered by "yes" or "no," in statements generally accepted as true, in language of entreaty and in parentheses. It is frequently used in expressions of love, tenderness and kindred feeling.

Falling inflection denotes completion of sense and is used in positive clauses, in interrogative clauses not answered by "yes" or "no," and in emphatic language.

Circumflex inflection is used in language of double meaning, irony, insinuation, etc.

Monotone, a single unvaried sound, may be used very effectively to express awe, reverence, dignity and power. It is particularly useful where a maximum amount of carrying power is desired, as in speaking in large buildings.

RISING INFLECTION

1. When you Athenians become a helpless rabble, without conduct, without property, without arms, without order, without unanimity; when neither general nor any other person hath the least respect for your decrees, when no man dares to inform you of this your condition, to urge the necessary reformation, much less to exert his influence to effect it: then is your constitution subverted. DEMOSTHENES.

2. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them: I would have my bond.
"Merchant of Venice." SHAKESPEARE.

3. Tho he who excels in the graces of writing might have been, with opportunities and application, equally successful in those of conversation; yet, as many please by extemporary talk, tho utterly unacquainted with the more accurate method, and more labored beauties, which composition requires, so it is very possible that men wholly accustomed to works of study, may be without that readiness of conception, and affluence of language, always necessary to colloquial entertainment.

4. If a cool determined courage, that no apparently hopeless struggle could lessen or subdue,—if a dauntless resolution, that shone the brightest in the midst of the greatest difficulties and dangers,—if a heart ever open to the tenderest affections of our nature and the purest pleasures of social intercourse,—if an almost child-like simplicity of character, that, while incapable of craft or dissimulation in itself, yet seemed to have an intuitive power of seeing and defeating the insidious designs and treacheries of others,—if characteristics such as these constitute their possessor a hero, then, I say, foremost in the rank of heroes shines the deathless name of Washington!

5. They tell us, sir, that we are weak,—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemy shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

PATRICK HENRY.

6. Has our Maker furnished us with desires which have no correspondent objects, and raised expectations in our breasts with no other view than to disappoint them? Are we to be forever in search of happiness without arriving at it, either in this world or in the next? Are we formed with a passionate longing for immortality, and yet destined to perish after this short period of existence? Are we prompted to the noblest actions, and supported through life under the severest hardships and most trying temptations, by hopes of a reward which is visionary and chimerical?—by the expectation of praises which we are never to realize and enjoy?

7. Oh, save me, Hubert, save me!
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound.
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb.
Oh, spare mine eyes,
Tho to no use but still to look upon you.

"King John." SHAKESPEARE.

8. If you have wit (which I am not sure that I wish you, unless you have at the same time at least an equal portion of judgment to keep it in good order), wear it like your sword, in the scabbard, and do not brandish it to the terror of the whole company.

CHESTERFIELD.

9. *Touch.*—How old are you, friend?
Will.—Five and twenty, sir.
Touch.—A ripe age. Is thy name William?
Will.—William, sir.
Touch.—A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?
Will.—Ay, sir, I thank God.
Touch.—Thank God! a good answer. Art rich?
Will.—Faith, sir, so so.
Touch.—So so is good, *very* good,—very *excellent* good: and yet it is not; it is but so so. SHAKESPEARE.

10. And now, as I close my task, subduing my desire to linger yet, these faces fade away. But one face, shining on me like a heavenly light, by which I see all other objects, is above them and beyond them all. And that remains. I turn my head and see it in its beautiful serenity beside me. My lamp burns low, and I have written far into the night; but the dear presence without which I were nothing bears me company. Agnes, O my soul, so may thy face be by me when I close my life indeed; so may I, when realities are melting from me, like the shadows which I now dismiss, still find thee near me, pointing upward!

"David Copperfield." DICKENS.

FALLING INFLECTION

1. Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I indeed may rue it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country. DANIEL WEBSTER.

2. The charge is utterly, totally and meanly false!
"Invective against Corry." GRATTAN.

3. How far, O Catiline! wilt thou abuse our patience? How long shalt thou baffle justice in thy mad career? To what extreme wilt thou carry thy audacity? Art thou nothing daunted by the nightly watch posted to secure the Palatium? Nothing, by the city guards? Nothing, by the rally of all good citizens? Nothing, by the assembling of the Senate in this fortified place? Nothing, by the averted looks of all here present? CICERO.

CIRCUMFLEX

1. O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay! thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd-lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe:—to gaze into the glaring eye-balls of the fierce Numidian lion even as a boy upon a laughing girl!

2. And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their color fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its luster.

"Julius Cæsar." SHAKESPEARE.

3. None dared withstand him to his face,
But one sly maiden spake aside:
"The little witch is evil eyed!
Her mother only killed a cow,
Or witched a churn or dairy-pan;
But she, forsooth, must charm a man!"

4. It is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness.

5. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

"Julius Cæsar." SHAKESPEARE.

6. Do *you* think to frighten me? *you!* Do you think to turn me from any purpose that I have, or any course I am resolved upon, by reminding me of the solitude of this place and there being no help near? *Me,* who am here alone designedly? If I had feared you, should I not have avoided you? If I feared you, should I be here in the dead of night, telling you to your face what I am going to tell? But I tell you nothing until you go

back to that chair—except this once again. Do not dare to come near me—not a step nearer. I have something lying here that is no love trinket; and sooner than endure your touch once more, I would use it on you—and you know it while I speak—with less reluctance than I would on any other creeping thing that lives.

MONOTONE

1. Holy! holy! holy! Lord God of Sabaoth!

2. . . . . In all time,
Calm or convulsed,—in breeze, or gale, or storm,—
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime,—
The image of Eternity,—the throne
Of the Invisible;— . . .
. . . thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone

3. Methought I heard a voice cry—"Sleep no more,
Macbeth doth murder sleep—the innocent sleep:
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in Life's feast."
Still it cried "Sleep no more!" to all the house:
"Glamis hath murdered Sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more!—Macbeth shall sleep no more!"
"Macbeth." SHAKESPEARE.

4. *King John.* . . . If the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, Melancholy,
Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,
(Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, Laughter, keep men's eyes,

And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes),
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words,
Then, in despite of brooding, watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.

"King John." SHAKESPEARE.

FORCE

Force has reference to the degree of strength of the voice. It should be carefully distinguished from Pitch. For practising purposes it is divided into *Gentle, Moderate, Loud* and *Very Loud* Force.

GENTLE

1. O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going;
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

"Bugle Song." TENNYSON.

2. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust. As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth: for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

3. O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done,
The voice that now is speaking, may be beyond the sun.
Forever and forever,—all in a blessed home,—
And there to wait a little while, till you and Effie come.
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast,—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

"The May Queen." TENNYSON.

MODERATE

1. Now, a living force that brings to itself all the resources of imagination, all the inspirations of feeling, all that is influential in body, in voice, in eye, in gesture, in posture, in the whole animated man, is in strict analogy with the divine thought and the divine arrangement; and there is no misconstruction more utterly untrue and fatal than this: that oratory is an artificial thing, which deals with baubles and trifles, for the sake of making bubbles of pleasure for transient effect on mercurial audiences. So far from that, it is the consecration of the whole man to the noblest purposes to which one can address himself—the education and inspiration of his fellow men by all that there is in learning, by all that there is in thought, by all that there is in feeling, by all that there is in all of them, sent home through the channels of taste and beauty. And so regarded, oratory should take its place among the highest departments of education.

BEECHER.

2. Once or twice in a lifetime we are permitted to enjoy the charm of noble manners, in the presence of a man or woman who have no bar in their nature, but whose character emanates freely in their word and gesture. A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form: it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures,—it is the finest of the fine arts. A man is but a little thing in the midst of the objects of nature, yet, by the moral quality radiating from his countenance, he may abolish all considerations of magnitude, and in his manners equal the majesty of the world. I have seen an individual, whose manners, tho wholly within the conventions of elegant society, were never learned there, but were original and commanding, and held out protection and prosperity; one who did not need the aid of a court-suit, but carried the holiday in his eye; who exhilarated the fancy by flinging wide the doors of new modes of existence; who shook off the captivity of etiquette, with happy spirited bearing, good-natured and free as Robin Hood; yet with the port of an emperor, if need be, calm, serious, and fit to stand the gaze of millions.

"Manners." EMERSON.

3. Is there not an amusement, having an affinity with the drama, which might be usefully introduced among us? I mean, Recitation.

A work of genius, recited by a man of fine taste, enthusiasm, and powers of elocution, is a very pure and high gratification.

Were this art cultivated and encouraged, great numbers, now insensible to the most beautiful compositions, might be waked up to their excellence and power.

It is not easy to conceive of a more effectual way of spreading a refined taste through a community. The drama undoubtedly appeals more strongly to the passions than recitation; but the latter brings out the meaning of the author more. Shakespeare, worthily recited, would be better understood than on the stage.

Recitation, sufficiently varied, so as to include pieces of chaste wit, as well as of pathos, beauty, and sublimity, is adapted to our present intellectual progress. CHANNING.

LOUD

1. Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they are still free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again! O sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine,—whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again! I call to you
With all my voice! I hold my hands to you,
To show they still are free. I rush to you,
As tho I could embrace you.

"Tell on His Native Hills." J. S. KNOWLES.

2. *King Henry.* Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favor'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon . . . . . .
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height!—On, on, ye noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument. . . .
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!

"Henry V." SHAKESPEARE.

3. Our fathers raised their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared,—a power which has dotted the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts; whose morning drumbeat, following the sun in its course and keeping pace with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England. WEBSTER.

VERY LOUD

1. From every hill, by every sea,
In shouts proclaim the great decree,
"All chains are burst, all men are free!"
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

2. "Victoria!" sounds the trumpet,
"Victoria!" all around;
"Victoria!" like loud thunder
It runs along the ground.

3. "Forward, the light brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"The Charge of the Light Brigade." TENNYSON.

CHAPTER VI

MODULATION (Continued)

STRESS

Force applied to syllables or words is called *Stress*, and may be *Initial, Median, Terminal, Compound, Thorough* or *Intermittent.*

INITIAL

1. Go ring the bells and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banners out;
Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle shout.

2. But it can not, shall not be; this great woe to our beloved country, this catastrophe for the cause of national freedom, this grievous calamity for the whole civilized world,—it can not be, it shall not be. No, by the glorious Nineteenth of April, 1775; no, by the precious blood of Bunker Hill, of Princeton, of Saratoga, of King's Mountain, of Yorktown; no, by the dear immortal memory of Washington, that sorrow and shame shall never be.

EVERETT.

3. "Now upon the rebels, charge!" shouts the red-coat officer. They spring forward at the same bound. Look! their bayonets almost touch the muzzles of their rifles. At this moment the voice of the unknown rider was heard: "Now let them have it! Fire!"

CHARLES SHEPPARD.

4. Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote! Sir, before God I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment:—Independence now, and Independence forever. WEBSTER.

MEDIAN

1. How beautiful this night! The balmiest sigh,
That vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear
Were discord to the speaking quietude,
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world.

"Queen Mab." SHELLEY.

2. So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

"Thanatopsis." BRYANT.

3. And you, ye storms, howl out his greatness! Let your thunders roll like drums in the march of the God of armies! Let your lightnings write his name in fire on the midnight darkness; let the illimitable void of space become one mouth for song; and let the unnavigated ether, through its shoreless depths, bear

through the infinite remote the name of him whose goodness endureth forever! SPURGEON.

4. Father, Thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns; Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in Thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven.

"God's First Temples." BRYANT.

TERMINAL

1. But here I stand and scoff you! here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face!
Your Consul's merciful;—for this all thanks.
He dares not touch a hair of Catiline!

"Catiline's Defiance." GEORGE CROLY.

2. It is often said that time is wanted for the duties of religion. The calls of business, the press of occupation, the cares of life, will not suffer me, says one, to give that time to the duties of piety which otherwise I would gladly bestow. Say you this without a blush? You have no time, then, for the special service of that great Being whose goodness alone has drawn out to its present length your cobweb thread of life, whose care alone has continued you in possession of that unseen property which you call your time. BUCKINGHAM.

3. You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry;
It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's story?
Is it amusing? You find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me!
'Twas well she died before—Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below?

"The Vagabonds." TROWBRIDGE.

4. And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And, if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!

"Marmion and Douglas." SIR WALTER SCOTT.

COMPOUND

1. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again.
It cannot be; thou dost but say 't is so.

2. "Arm, warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit this day."

THOROUGH

1. Ho! sound the tocsin from the tower,
And fire the culverin!
Bid each retainer arm with speed,—
Call every vassal in!

"The Baron's Last Banquet." A. G. GREENE.

2. I conjure you, by that which you profess
(Howe'er you come to know it), answer me.
Tho you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; tho the yeasty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Tho bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown down;
Tho castles topple on their warders' heads;

Tho palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; tho the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken,—answer me
To what I ask you.

"Macbeth." SHAKESPEARE.

3. And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive.

BEECHER.

INTERMITTENT

1. Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh! give relief, and Heav'n will bless your store.

"The Beggar." THOMAS MOSS.

2. I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness.
I never gave you kingdom, called you children.
You owe me no subscription. Why, then, let fall
Your horrible pleasure? Here I stand, your slave,—
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man.

3. We buried the old year in silence and sadness. To many it brought misfortune and affliction. The wife hath given her husband and the husband his wife at its stern behest; the father hath consigned to its cold arms the son in whom his life centered, and the mother hath torn from her bosom her tender babe and buried it in her heart in the cold, cold ground.

EDWARD BROOKS.

4. Save me, O God, for the waters are come in unto my soul. I sink in deep mire where there is no standing: I am come into deep water where the floods overflow me. I am weary of my crying; my throat is dried; mine eyes fail while I wait for my God.

RHYTHM

In the reading of both prose and poetry, there is a rhythmic movement that is physiological in its basis. The succession of heavy and light sounds, or accented and unaccented syllables, is in keeping with the action and reaction found in the larynx itself, where an alternate tension and relaxation of the vocal chords takes place. This marking of time is as natural as the beating of the pulse and is essential to musical utterance. Professor Raymond, in "Poetry as a Representative Art," says: "With exceptions, the fewness of which confirms the rule, all of our English words of more than one syllable must necessarily be accented in one way; and all of our articles, prepositions, and conjunctions of one syllable are unaccented, unless the sense very plainly demands a different treatment. These two facts enable us to arrange any number of our words so that accents shall fall on syllables separated by like intervals. The tendency to compare things, and to put like with like, which is in constant operation where there are artistic possibilities, leads men to take satisfaction in this kind of an arrangement; and when they have made it, they have produced rhythm."

1. In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay,
   His hammock swung loose to the sport of the wind:
   But watch-worn and weary his cares flew away,
   And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

"The Sailor Boy's Dream." DIMOND.

2. For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
   Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
   And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
   Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

And so all the night-tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,
In her sepulcher there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

"Annabel Lee." POE.

3. A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

"Paul Revere's Ride." LONGFELLOW.

4. When the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in kisses on the rills,
We may read Love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better
When the mists have rolled away.
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have rolled away.

5. Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
Nor sitteth in the seat of scoffers:
But his delight is in the law of Jehovah;
And on his law doth he meditate day and night.
And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water,
That bringeth forth its fruit in its season,
Whose leaf also doth not wither;
And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The wicked are not so,
But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.
Therefore the wicked shall not stand in the judgment,
Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.
For Jehovah knoweth the way of the righteous;
But the way of the wicked shall perish.

"First Psalm." THE BIBLE.

6. When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girdled up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defense
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometimes declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharged with burthen of mine own love's might.
O, let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

"Sonnets." SHAKESPEARE.

TRANSITION

The abrupt changes and quick contrasts made in the modulations of the voice are called *transitions*. The ability to make these changes promptly and gracefully is an important element in good reading.

1. Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labors, and the words move slow;
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn and skims along the main.

"Essay on Criticism." POPE.

2. O, how our organ can speak with its many and wonderful voices!—

Play on the soft lute of love, blow the loud trumpet of war,
Sing with the high sesquialter, or, drawing its full diapason,
Shake all the air with the grand storm of its pedals and stops.

STORY.

3. Ever, as on they bore, more loud,
And louder rang the pibroch proud.
At first the sound, by distance tame,
Mellowed, along the waters came;
And lingering long by cape and bay,
Wailed every harsher note away;
When bursting bolder on the ear,
The clan's shrill gathering they could hear,—
Those thrilling sounds, that call the might
Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.

4. How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again and louder still,
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on.

COWPER.

5. When you are enacting a part, think of your voice as a color, and, as you paint your picture (the character you are painting, the scene you are portraying), mix your colors. You have on your palate a white voice, *la voix blanche;* a heavenly, ethereal or blue voice, the voice of prayer; a disagreeable, jealous, or yellow voice; a steel-gray voice, for quiet sarcasm; a brown voice of hopelessness; a lurid, red voice of hot rage; a deep, thunderous voice of black; a cheery voice, the color of the green sea, that a brisk breeze is crisping; and then there's a pretty little pink voice—and shades of violet—but the subject is endless.

MANSFIELD.

CLIMAX

Climax is the artistic building up of a dramatic effect by means of increased force and intensity.

1. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves at the foot of the throne.
PATRICK HENRY.

2. I not only did not say this, but did not even write it; I not only did not write it, but took no part in the embassy; I not only took no part in the embassy, but used no persuasion with the Thebans.
"On the Crown." DEMOSTHENES.

3. It is coming fast upon you; already it is near at hand—yet a few short weeks, and we may be in the midst of those unspeakable miseries the recollection of which now rends your souls asunder.
LORD BROUGHAM.

4. They must be repealed. You will repeal them. I pledge myself for it that you will in the end repeal them: I stake my reputation on it. I will consent to be taken for an idiot if they are not finally repealed.
CHATHAM.

5. Ay, is it so?
Then wakes the power which in the age of iron
Bursts forth to curb the great, and raise the low.
Mark, where she stand: around her form I draw
The awful circle of our solemn Church!
Set but a foot within that holy ground,
And on thy head—yea, tho it wore a crown—
I launch the curse of Rome!
"Richelieu." EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON.

6. I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted, whose property he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name, and by virtue, of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation and condition of life.

"Impeachment of Warren Hastings." EDMUND BURKE.

7. Look to your hearths, my lords!
For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus; all shames and crimes;
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,
And massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

"Catiline's Defiance." GEORGE CROLY.

8. Then soon he rose; the prayer was strong;
The Psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might—
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.

The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on the theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

"The Revolutionary Rising." THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

9. *King Henry.* What's he, that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:
If we are marked to die, we are enough
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honor.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honor
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honor,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more.
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called—the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tiptoe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors,
And say,—*"To-morrow is Saint Crispian":*

Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say, *"These wounds I had on Crispian's day."*
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day: then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd:
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And *Crispin Crispian* shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remember'd:
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon SAINT CRISPIN'S DAY.

"Henry V." SHAKESPEARE.

IMITATIVE MODULATION

The melody or sounds of words frequently express their meaning, and this correspondence between sound and sense can be made an effective element in speech. Good taste and a musical ear will best guide the speaker.

1. With sturdy steps came stalking on his sight
A hideous giant, horrible and high.

"Faerie Queene." SPENSER.

2. . . . . There crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves.

3. And her step was light and airy
As the tripping of a fairy;
When she spoke, you thought, each minute,
'Twas the trilling of a linnet;
When she sang, you heard a gush
Of full-voiced sweetness like a thrush.

"The Spanish Duel." J. F. WALLER.

4. Hear the sledges with the bells, silver bells,—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle in the icy air of night,
While the stars that oversprinkle all the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight.

"The Bells." POE.

5. O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going;
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

"Bugle Song." TENNYSON.

6. With klingle, klangle, klingle,
Way down the dusty dingle,
The cows are coming home;
Now sweet and clear, and faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chiming from some far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
That makes the daisies grow—
Ko-kling, ko-klang, koklinglelingle,
Way down the darkening dingle
The cows come slowly home.

"When the Cows Come Home." AGNES E. MITCHELL.

7. The Cataract strong then plunges along,
Striking and raging, as if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among; rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping, swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing, flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing, eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking, turning and twisting,
Around and around with endless rebound!

"The Cataract of Lodore." ROBERT SOUTHEY.

CHAPTER VII

GESTURE

Gesture, embracing movements of the head, body, arms, hands, legs and feet, is a natural and necessary part of expression. The student should study for grace, flexibility, appropriateness, variety and spontaneity. It will be profitable to carefully observe the expression of various classes of people, paintings and sculpture. Practise daily before a looking-glass.

The head should be well-poised and not held on one side as if scrutinizing an audience. When held erect it denotes a normal attitude, courage, joy, pride, or authority; when upward it indicates hope or prayer; when downward, shame, modesty, or reflection; when forward, appeal, listening, sympathy or anticipation; when backward, surprise, terror or independence; when shaking, denial, discontent, or emphasis. Frequent and meaningless movements should be studiously avoided. In bowing, incline the head and upper body together, so as to bring the bend from the waist. It should be done slowly and pleasantly, with the eyes looking down.

The face should be trained to promptly and truthfully reflect the emotions of the speaker. Quintilian says: "The face is the dominant power of expression. With this we supplicate; with this we threaten; with this we soothe; with this we mourn; with this we rejoice; with this we triumph;

with this we make our submissions; upon this the audience hang; upon this they keep their eyes fixed; this they examine and study even before a word is spoken."

The eyes are wide open in joy, fear and surprise; closed in faintness, half-closed in hate and scrutiny; raised in prayer and supplication; drooped in modesty and veneration; look askance in envy, jealousy, and appreciation.

The nostrils are extended in fear and indignation, and elevated in scorn.

The lips are closed in repose; partly open in surprise and wonder; wide open in terror; turn upward in pleasure, courtesy and good humor; turn downward in grief and sorrow; pout in discontent; and compress in anger, defiance and determination.

The body should move in harmony with the other members as required by the thought. In turning from side to side the movement should be from the waist and not from the neck.

The arms move from the shoulder, excepting in conversational gesture. They should rest at the sides without crooking the elbows. Movements may be slow and gentle, slow and intense, swift and light, or swift and strong. The size, length, and velocity of a gesture depend upon the thought. The lines are usually in curves, expressing grace, while straight lines are used when special emphasis is required. The general purpose of gesture is to locate, illustrate, generalize or emphasize.

The hands should be carefully trained for flexibility and expressiveness. The fingers should be slightly apart and curved. A gesture has three divisions: 1. The preparation, made in an opposite direction from that which the gesture is to take. 2. The gesture proper, which must be

precisely upon the word intended. 3. The return, in which the hand should be dropped gently and slowly without slapping the sides of the body.

The supine hand, palm upward, is used to express good-humor, frankness and generalization.

The prone hand, palm downward, shows superposition, or the resting of one thing upon another.

The vertical hand, palm outward, is used in warding off, putting from, and in repugnant and disagreeable thought.

The clenched hand is used in anger, defiance and great emphasis.

The index finger is used to specialize and indicate.

Both hands are used in appeal and to express intensity, expansiveness and greatness. Usually one hand should slightly lead the other. The hands are clasped in prayer and wrung in grief.

The feet. The standing position should be easy, the feet at an angle of forty-five degrees, one foot in advance of the other, the width of the base depending upon the height of the speaker. The knees should be straight, shoulders even and chin level. Avoid rising on the toes and too frequent change of foot position. The most graceful effect is secured when the left foot is forward and the gesture made with the right hand, or vice versa. This combination gives balance, tho it is not always possible to use it. The change of foot position will not be so noticeable if done in the act of making a gesture.

The position may be *Active* or *Passive.* Passive position is that of normal discourse. Active position may be *Advanced* or *Retired.* The Advanced is used in great earnestness, excitement, intensity, or courageousness.

EXAMPLES

1. Freedom calls you! quick, be ready.
Think of what your sires have done;
Onward, onward! strong and steady,—
Drive the tyrant to his den;
On, and let the watchword be,
Country, home, and liberty.

"Polish War Song." JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

2. Therefore, I pray and exhort you not to reject this measure. By all you hold most dear, by all the ties that bind every one of us to our common order and our common country, I solemnly adjure you, I warn you, I implore you,—yea on my bended knees I supplicate you,—reject not this bill!

LORD BROUGHAM.

The Retired is used in fear, defiance, horror and indignation.

1. Thy threats, thy mercies I defy,
And give thee in the teeth the lie!

2. My lords, I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity!—That God and nature have put into our hands! What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. EARL OF CHATHAM.

For Repose practise a strong dramatic passage without making any visible movements.

SUGGESTIONS

Don't make too many gestures with the same hand.
Don't lean.
If possible, avoid using handkerchief.
Don't button and unbutton your coat.
Avoid artificiality, affectation, familiarity and crudeness.
Too few gestures are better than too many.
Don't shrug the shoulders.
Seldom apologize.
Look your audience in the eyes.
When possible, one gesture should glide into the next.
Use only that member of the body actually required.

The hands should not be held behind the back for any length of time, nor be clasped in front, nor should they fumble, twitch or play with each other, rest on the watch chain or in the buttonhole, and should never be kept in the pockets while one is before an audience.

Practise the outline above, first with each hand separately, then with both hands. The movement should begin at the wrist, gradually extend to the elbow, ending with a broad sweeping movement from the shoulder. The aim should be to make the circles alike in size and curve.

There are three Zones in which gestures are made: The *Upper, Middle* and *Lower.* To the first, located about the head and above it, belong such thoughts as are joyous,

highly intellectual, spiritual, imaginative and exalted; to the second, at the middle of the body, belong the unemotional, narrative, didactic and conversational; and to the third, below the middle of the body, belong such thoughts as are emphatic, determined and forceful.

There are four principal directions in which gestures move: *Front, Oblique, Side* and *Back.* The front position denotes future, propinquity, and objects of direct address; the oblique position is used for general and indefinite statements; the side for distance and breadth; the back for that which is remote, past or hidden.

In the following exercises, nine examples are arranged under each heading. The first three are to be made to the front of the speaker, the next three in an oblique direction, and the last three to the side. The gesture should be given precisely on the first word in italics.

EXAMPLES OF GESTURE

ONE HAND SUPINE—MIDDLE ZONE

1. Do you *confess* the bond?
2. What trade art *thou?*
3. That is *your* exclusive province to determine.
4. *Character* is better than reputation.
5. My early life ran quiet *as the brooks* by which I sported.
6. Truth, honor, *justice* were his motives.
7. I must *fly,* but follow quick.
8. The father saw,—and his fury *fled.*
9. Whatever impedes his progress shall be *removed.*

BOTH HANDS SUPINE—MIDDLE ZONE

1. *Forward!* through blood and toil, and cloud and fire!
2. I *appeal* to you by the unity of our race.
3. Do you not *know* me?
4. *Romans,* countrymen and lovers!

5. I hold my *hands* to you to show they still are free!
6. Now let there be the *merry* sound of music and the dance!
7. Farewell, a *long* farewell to all my greatness.
8. Proclaim the tidings to *all* people.
9. On a sudden *open* fly the infernal gates.

ONE HAND SUPINE—ASCENDING

1. The *star of hope* lures on.
2. Aspire to the *highest* and noblest attainments.
3. *Yon* gentle hills, robed in a garment of untrodden snow.
4. *Up* with your ladders! Quick! 'tis but a chance!
5. Soft is the strain when *Zephyr* gently blows.
6. Fix your eye upon *excellence.*
7. *Away, oh away,* soars the fearless and free.
8. Heaving *higher and higher* their accordant notes.
9. Takes shape like bubble *tossing* in the wind.

BOTH HANDS SUPINE—ASCENDING

1. Now glory to the *Lord of Hosts,* from whom all glories are!
2. *Give* your children food, O Father!
3. Hear my *last prayer!*—I ask no mortal wreath.
4. Ye *crags and peaks,* I'm with you once again.
5. The sun bursts *through* the battle-smoke.
6. Too low they build who build beneath the *stars.*
7. *Rouse,* ye Romans! rouse ye slaves!
8. *All the vaulted arches* rang with music.
9. *Joy, joy forever!* my task is done!

ONE HAND SUPINE—DESCENDING

1. I *protest* against such a measure.
2. I cast *in the whirlpool* a goblet of gold.
3. Great men, too, lie where they *fall.*
4. Thus conscience does make *cowards* of us all.
5. The first test of a truly great man is his *humility.*
6. I ne'er will ask for quarter, and I ne'er will be your *slave!*
7. Oh judgment, thou art *fled* to brutish beasts.
8. He has become too *vile* for association.
9. Who steals my purse, steals *trash.*

BOTH HANDS SUPINE—DESCENDING

1. Here I *devote* your senate.
2. I come to *bury* Cæsar, not to praise him.
3. *Down, down* into the fathomless sea.
4. The huge pile *sank down* at once into the opening earth.
5. We have no *concessions* to make, my lord.
6. Here will we *sit down* and let the sound of music creep in our ears.
7. Gentlemen may cry "Peace! Peace!" but there is *no peace!*
8. Nature hears the shock and *hurls* her fabric to the dust.
9. Be ready, Gods! With all your thunderbolts *dash* him to pieces!

ONE HAND PRONE—MIDDLE ZONE

1. *Blaze,* with your serried columns! I will not bend the knee.
2. Once more *unto the breach,* dear friends, once more!
3. *Strode on* and thundered at the palace gate.
4. Go, *get thee from me,* Cromwell.
5. I charge you all, *restrain* such propensities.
6. On stream and wood the *moonbeams* rest.
7. *Along the silent room he stalks.*
8. If ye are men, *follow me!*
9. "Traitor" *I go;* but I return.

BOTH HANDS PRONE—MIDDLE ZONE

1. Lie *lightly* on him earth.
2. That his bones may have a tomb of orphans' tears *wept on 'em!*
3. With our hands *upon the altar,* we swear eternal fealty.
4. I'll *swim* the sea of slaughter till I sink beneath the wave!
5. Look down on what? *A fathomless abyss.*
6. One dead silence *reigned* o'er the spot.
7. *Round me* the smoke and shout of battle roll!
8. Deep stillness *fell* upon them all.
9. Spread wild destruction *everywhere.*

ONE HAND PRONE—ASCENDING

1. Ye gods, *withold* your vengeance.
2. Justice cries: *Forbear!*
3. Boys *flying kites* haul in their white-wing'd birds.
4. *Stay! Speak, speak,* I charge thee, *speak!*
5. They little knew the danger *impending* o'er their city.
6. The flames went leaping *higher, higher, higher!*
7. *Away,* delusive phantom.
8. As some tall cliff that *lifts* its awful form.
9. A midnight gloom *reigned* over the farthest height.

BOTH HANDS PRONE—ASCENDING

1. *Crown his temples* with the silver locks of seventy years.
2. *Sink,* O Night, among the mountains.
3. *Bless the Lord,* O my soul.
4. Now *stretches forth* her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
5. *Hung* be the heavens with black.
6. And you, *ye storms,* howl out his greatness.
7. *Rise! rise!* ye wild tempests and cover his flight!
8. *Around him rose* the bare discolored walls.
9. They cried aloud: *"Huzza!* we are saved!"

ONE HAND PRONE—DESCENDING

1. To thy *knees* and beg for pardon.
2. Pray you *tread* softly.
3. Maintaining she was *false* to him.
4. And he *fell upon their decks* and he died.
5. He shall be likened unto a foolish man who built his house upon the *sand.*
6. Thou, coward, crawl like a *worm.*
7. *Away* with such follies!
8. Thou art too *base* for man to tread upon.
9. It is a great temptation, but *push it aside!*

BOTH HANDS PRONE—DESCENDING

1. *Down, down, down* to death!
2. We are in Thy sight, *worms of the dust.*
3. I saw the bleeding body of my father *flung* amid the blazing rafters of our dwelling.
4. He shall *go down* to the vile dust, from whence he sprung.
5. They shall be *blotted out* from the records of Freedom.
6. Sons of dust, in reverence *bow!*
7. Till pride and worse ambition *threw me down!*
8. The people will *sweep* you from your places with their indignation.
9. I disown them *all!*

ONE HAND VERTICAL—MIDDLE ZONE

1. *Pause, pause!* in heaven's name, pause!
2. *Do not presume* too much upon my love!
3. All that I ask is simply *fair play!*
4. He groped *towards* the door, but it was locked!
5. Now for the *fight!*
6. Be that word our sign of *parting!*
7. *Away* with an idea so absurd.
8. *Begone!* we will not look upon you more.
9. His arm *warded off* the blow.

BOTH HANDS VERTICAL—MIDDLE ZONE

1. *Gone* to be married! Gone to swear a peace!
2. With united hearts let us *drive back* the invaders.
3. She stood as if paralyzed with *fear!*
4. Here I fling *hatred* and full defiance in your face!
5. Their *separation* was final.
6. *Back, back* to thy punishment!
7. *Avaunt,* and quit my sight!
8. The gates of death in *sunder* break.
9. Put *away* such idle dreams!

ONE HAND VERTICAL—ASCENDING

1. We pray Thee, *turn away* Thy displeasure.
2. Oh, *forbid* it, Heaven!
3. An appeal to arms, and to the *God of Hosts* is all that is left us!
4. And he said: *"Fight on! Fight on!"*
5. Sir, before *God,* I believe the hour is come.
6. The wild cataract *leaps* in glory.
7. *Blow on!* This is the land of Liberty!
8. *Get thee back* into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!
9. Unreal mockery, *hence!*

BOTH HANDS VERTICAL—ASCENDING

1. *Advance,* then, ye future generations!
2. O ye loud waves! and O *ye forests high!*
3. *Avert,* O God, the awful calamity!
4. *Angels* and ministers of grace, defend us!
5. *O horror, horror, horror!*
6. And the battle-thunder *broke* from them all!
7. Ye *lightnings,* the dread arrows of the clouds.
8. *Burst* are the prison bars.
9. *Victory! Victory! Victory!* is the shout!

MISCELLANEOUS EXERCISES

1. I *defy* him! let him come!
2. *For Heaven's sake,* Hubert, let me not be bound!
3. By this time to-morrow *thou* shalt have France, or *I, thy head!*
4. My *happy heart* with rapture swells.
5. *Sail forth* into the sea, O ship!
6. Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
   And each separate dying ember *wrought its ghost* upon the floor.
7. I see the silent ocean of the *past.*
8. *Hurrah! hurrah!* a single field hath turned the chance of war,
   Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry and King Henry of Navarre!

9. King Robert *crossed both hands upon his breast*
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best."

10. I feel to-day, as if I would give *all,* provided I through fifty years might *reach* and *kill* and *bury* that half-minute speech.

11. I care not how *high* his station, how *low* his character, how *contemptible* his speech; whether a privy councillor or a parasite, —my answer would be *a blow!*

12. Read this declaration at the *head of the army,*—every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to *maintain* it, or to *perish* on the bed of honor!

13. When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd *awoke from sleep,*
And the water began to *heave* and the weather to *moan,*
And or ever that evening ended *a great gale blew,*
And a *wave* like the *wave* that is *raised* by an earthquake *grew,*
Till it *smote* on their *hulls* and their *sails* and their *masts* and their *flags,*
And the whole sea *plunged* and *fell* on the shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself *went down* by the island crags,
To be lost evermore in the main.

14. I am, sir, sensible—I am, indeed,—that, tho—I should —want—words—I must proceed; and, for the first time in my life, I think—I think—that—no great orator should shrink;—and, therefore, Mr. Speaker, I for one—will speak out freely. Sir,—I've not yet done. Sir, in the name of those enlightened men who sent me here to—speak for them—why then, to do my duty—as I said before—to my constituency—I'll say no more.

15. Yet out of this mixed, and, as *you* say, despicable mass, he *forged a thunderbolt,* and *hurled* it at what?

PART II

MENTAL ASPECTS

CHAPTER VIII

PAUSING

The intelligent use of pausing contributes very materially to artistic and effective speech. It discloses a speaker's method of thinking, and its possibilities are almost as varied as thought itself. Rapid utterance, unless employed specifically to portray hasty action, is usually a sign of shallowness. The speaker fails to weigh or measure his thought, and skims over its surface in undue anxiety to express what is in his mind. The school-boy "speaking his piece" on Friday afternoon furnishes a good illustration of meaningless declamation. He rushes through his lines with breathless haste, oftentimes gabbling the last few words while resuming his seat.

Correct pausing is the result of clear thinking. As a usual thing long pauses indicate importance and depth of thought. Its basis is that used by a good speaker in conversation. In the discussion or expression of the weighty and important truths of a regular discourse, a trained speaker will generally use a slower movement and appropriately longer pauses. Grammatical punctuation shows the construction, but is not always an accurate guide for the speaker or reader. There are numerous shades of pausing, from the slightest spiritual separation of words to very long intervals of time. These must be determined by the thought, the occasion, and the speaker's intelligence. Nor is a pause merely "an interval of time." A speaker is here occupied as fully as when actually expressing words. His

mind is employed in seeking, picturing, and weighing the ensuing thought. His audience will follow his mental process and share with him his search for words, pictures, and lines of reasoning. It is said of Webster that upon one occasion, in a public address, the word he wanted did not readily come. He discarded one after another, until finally he found the word that precisely expressed his meaning, whereupon the audience broke out into spontaneous applause.

Nowhere is the "eloquence of silence" more manifest than in this matter of pausing. Frequently it is during these intervals that speaker and auditor are drawn together into closest relationship, and what is termed "personal magnetism" is most deeply felt.

Pausing is a physiological and psychological manifestation of the principle of action and reaction that underlies all vocal expression. Time must be provided in which to replenish the lungs. The listening ear demands relief from an otherwise incessant flow of sound. Clearness insists upon proper divisions of thought. Pausing gives additional interest by keeping the hearer in a state of expectancy. It is particularly valuable in expressing emphasis, spontaneity, and deep feeling. In short, it gives justness, freshness, clearness, and poise to spoken language.

The following rules should be thoroughly understood before proceeding to the examples for analysis:

RULES FOR PAUSING[1]

Pause after:

1. The nominative phrase.
2. The objective phrase in an inverted sentence.

[1] J. E. Frobisher, *Voice and Action*, p. 102.

3. The emphatic word or clause of force.
4. Each member of a sentence.
5. The noun when followed by an adjective.
6. Words in apposition.

Pause before:

7. The infinitive mood.
8. Prepositions (generally).
9. Relative pronouns.
10. Conjunctions.
11. Adverbs (generally).
12. An ellipsis.

EXAMPLES

1. The passions[8] of mankind[1] frequently[8] blind them.
2. With famine[10] and death[2] the destroying angel came.
3. He exhibits[4] now and then[4] remarkable genius.
4. He was a man[5] contented.
5. The morn[6] was clear,[12] the eve[6] was clouded.
6. It is prudent[8] in every man[7] to make early provision[8] against the wants of age[10] and the chances[8] of accident.
7. Nations[11] like men[6] fail[8] in nothing[9] which they boldly attempt[11] when sustained[8] by virtuous purpose[10] and firm resolution.
8. A people[12] once enslaved[1] may groan[12] ages[8] in bondage.
9. Their diadems[12] crowns[8] of glory.
10. They cried[3] "Death[8] to the traitors!"

GENERAL EXERCISES IN PAUSING

1. The night has a thousand eyes,
   And the day but one;
   Yet the light of the bright world dies
   With the dying sun.

   The mind has a thousand eyes,
   And the heart but one;
   Yet the light of a whole life dies
   When love is done.

"The Night Has a Thousand Eyes." BOURDILLON.

2. However full days or weeks or years have been of annoyance, unrest, trouble, even sin, the miracle may be wrought in any life on any morning, by which all the unrest, the trial, the sorrow shall be lifted, the burden removed, and the soul caught up to ineffable joy and life and light. LILIAN WHITING.

3. Religion, the greatest and most important of the efforts by which the human race has manifested its impulse to perfect itself,—religion, that voice of the deepest human experience,—does not only enjoin and sanction the aim which is the great aim of culture, the aim of setting ourselves to ascertain what perfection is and to make it prevail; but also, in determining generally in what human perfection consists, religion comes to a conclusion identical with that which culture—culture seeking the determination of this question through *all* the voices of human experience which have been heard upon it, of art, science, poetry, philosophy, history, as well as of religion, in order to give a greater fulness and certainty to its solution—likewise reaches. Religion says: *The kingdom of God is within you;* and culture, in like manner, places human perfection in an *internal* condition, in the growth and predominance of our humanity proper, as distinguished from our animality.

"Sweetness and Light." MATTHEW ARNOLD.

4. Mr. Burke, who was no friend to popular excitement,—who was no ready tool of agitation, no hot-headed enemy of existing establishments, no undervaluer of the wisdom of our ancestors, no scoffer against institutions as they are,—has said, and it deserves to be fixed in letters of gold over the hall of every assembly which calls itself a legislative body,—"Where there is abuse, there ought to be clamor; because it is better to have our slumber broken by the fire-bell, than to perish amid the flames in our bed!"

5. Seated one day at the Organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys;

I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

"A Lost Chord." ADELAIDE PROCTER.

6. The storm had long given place to a calm the most profound, and the evening was pretty far advanced—indeed supper was over, and the process of digestion proceeding as favorably as, under the influence of complete tranquillity, cheerful conversation, and a moderate allowance of brandy and water, most wise men conversant with the anatomy and functions of the human frame will consider that it ought to have proceeded, when the three friends, or as one might say, both in a civil and religious sense, and with proper deference and regard to the holy state of matrimony, the two friends (Mr. and Mrs. Browdie counting as no more than one), were startled by the noise of loud and angry threatenings below stairs, which presently attained so high a pitch, and were conveyed besides in language so towering, sanguinary and ferocious, that it could hardly have been surpassed, if there had actually been a Saracen's head then present in the establishment, supported on the shoulders and surmounting the trunk of a real, live, furious, and most unappeasable Saracen.

DICKENS.

7. Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What object are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

"To a Skylark." SHELLEY.

EMPHASIS

Emphasis consists in giving prominence to words or parts of discourse so as best to express their meaning. The principal means of giving emphasis are by *change of force, inflection, pitch, movement, pause,* and *feeling.* Two things are essential to correct emphasis: First, a clear understanding of the thought to be expressed; second, a thorough and practical knowledge of the various modes of emphasis. These modes are usually found in combination, but the best results will be secured by practising them at first separately.

The speaker should thoroughly understand thought "values," the order of their importance and their relation to each other. He should be able to concentrate upon one thought at a time. He must carefully avoid over-emphasis. Too many interpreters of literature try to read into the lines meanings never intended by the writers.

The form of emphasis most frequently used by untrained speakers is that of force. Many people who speak with varied and appropriate emphasis in conversation, change to a loud declamatory style when called upon to address an audience. They endeavor to drive their thought home by force,—mere loudness of voice, accompanied by violent physical movements. The difference between conversational style and that of public speaking is illustrated as follows: A cabinet size photograph, if shown to a few individuals, can be seen in all its details. Hold the same picture up before an audience of a hundred or more people, and the result is unsatisfactory. The picture, however, can be enlarged so that everybody in a large audience can see it, and if the process of enlarging it is naturally and symmetrically done the large picture will be as true a likeness as the small one. If it is otherwise enlarged, the result may be a caricature. In like manner, the public speaker who wishes to be natural and effective should enlarge his conversational style to fit the larger occasion, using all the various modulations and modes of emphasis employed in addressing a single individual.

The most intellectual use of emphasis is that of inflection, wherein graceful glides of the voice are used to give added prominence. This is particularly noticeable in the voices of well-bred children.

To pause immediately before a word gives greater em-

phasis than to pause after it. The hearer is kept waiting, and the mind, being in a state of expectancy, is likely to be more receptive and impressionable. This accounts, in part, for the effectiveness of a deliberate style over a rapid one. The speaker appears to weigh his words, and the hearer is made to appreciate that which is withheld from him even for a moment. It is said that a person who is thoroughly in earnest will emphasize correctly and naturally.

RULES FOR EMPHASIS

Emphasize:

1. The leading idea of a new thought.
2. Important words.
3. Words used to establish a comparison.
4. Conjunctions and introductory words making a sudden turn in the thought.
5. In emphatic repetition.
6. In unexpressed antithesis.
7. Usually both words of an antithesis.

Don't emphasize:

1. Expletives.
2. Words that simply carry the thought forward.
3. When false antithesis will be suggested.

EXAMPLES FOR ANALYSIS AND PRACTISE

1. To do most, we must employ the most we have to do it with, and not set small functions on great tasks. Attempting the great with the great we do the great; so that one should be all at it, and at it all, doing all he can, and at all he has to do.

"How to Succeed." AUSTIN BIERBROWER.

2. Tho I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And tho I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and tho I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And tho I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and tho I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things. Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face: now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity,—these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

"1 Corinthians, 13." THE BIBLE.

3. Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

. . . . . .

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind;
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way.

. . . . . .

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

. . . . . .

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

. . . . . .

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.

. . . . . .

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite;
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age.
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

"Essay on Man." ALEXANDER POPE.

4. From these walls a spirit shall go forth that shall survive, when this edifice shall be like an unsubstantial pageant faded. It shall go forth, exulting in, but not abusing, its strength. It shall go forth, remembering, in the days of its prosperity, the pledges it gave in the time of its depression. It shall go forth, uniting a disposition to correct abuses, to redress grievances. It shall go forth, uniting the disposition to improve, with the resolution to maintain and defend, by that spirit of unbought affection which is the chief defense of nations.

What was it, fellow citizens, which gave to Lafayette his spotless fame? The love of liberty. What has consecrated his memory in the hearts of good men? The love of liberty. What nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him, in the morning of his days, with sagacity and counsel? The living love of liberty. To what did he sacrifice power, and rank, and country, and freedom itself? To the love of liberty protected by law. . . . Listen, Americans, to the lesson which seems borne to us on the very air we breathe while we perform these dutiful rites. Ye winds, that wafted the pilgrims to the land of promise, fan in their children's hearts the love of freedom! Blood which our fathers shed, cry from the ground—echoing arches of this renowned hall, whisper back the voices of other days—glorious Washington! break the long silence of that votive canvas; speak, speak, marble lips; teach us the love of liberty protected by law!

"Eulogy on Lafayette." EDWARD EVERETT.

5. A poor old king, with sorrow for my crown,
Throned upon straw, and mantled with the wind.
For pity my own tears have made me blind,
That I might never see my children's frown;
And maybe madness, like a friend, has thrown
A folded fillet over my dark mind,
So that unkindly speech may sound for kind:
Albeit I know not; I am childish grown,
And have not gold to purchase wit withal.
I, that have once maintained most royal state
A very bankrupt now, that may not call
My child, my child! all beggared, save in tears
Wherewith I daily weep an old man's fate;
Foolish, and blind, and overcome with years.

"King Lear." HOOD.

6. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;

His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this scept'red sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

"The Merchant of Venice." SHAKESPEARE.

7. Any material object which can give us pleasure in the simple contemplation of its outward qualities without any direct and definite exertion of the intellect, I call in some way, or in some degree, beautiful. Why we receive pleasure from some forms and colors, and not from others, is no more to be asked or answered than why we like sugar and dislike wormwood. The utmost subtilty of investigation will only lead us to ultimate instincts and principles of human nature, for which no farther reason can be given than the simple will of the Deity that we should be so created.

"Modern Painters." RUSKIN.

8. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching.

"The Merchant of Venice." SHAKESPEARE.

INFLECTION

Inflection or slide of the voice indicates the tendency or direction of a speaker's mind. When the tendency is to anticipate, suspend, contrast, or hold the thought open, the voice naturally takes a rising inflection. When the tendency is to emphasize or complete a thought, the voice takes a falling inflection. The possession of "a musical ear" is of

decided advantage in producing correct inflections. The cure for monotone and sing-song delivery lies chiefly in the proper use of this modulation.

Mrs. J. W. Shoemaker says:[1] "Inflections show contrast. They tell the facts. Length of slides shows the importance of the facts. Straight slides show directness of purpose. Waves show beauty and sympathy. Broken slides show weakness and uncertainty. Zigzag or continuous wave movements represent sarcasm, irony, scorn and duplicity."

The following rules are taken from Professor Plumptre's King's College Lectures:[2]

USES OF INFLECTION

LOGICAL USES OF THE RISING INFLECTION

1. So long as the meaning of a clause or sentence is incomplete or kept suspended, the rising inflection is to be used.

2. All clauses or sentences that are negative in structure take the rising inflection.

3. Clauses or sentences that express doubt or contingency take the rising inflection.

4. Sentences that are interrogative in character, and to which a simple affirmative or negative can be returned as an answer, end with the rising inflection.

EMOTIONAL USES OF THE RISING INFLECTION

1. When a sentence is in the nature of an appeal, it takes a general rising inflection throughout its delivery, and the key of the voice is usually more or less high in pitch; but

[1] Mrs. J. W. Shoemaker, *Advanced Elocution*, p. 36.

[2] Charles John Plumptre, *King's College Lectures*, pp. 120, 146.

in sad and solemn appeals the pitch of the inflection is always low.

2. Sentences that convey supplication or prayer take a general rising inflection throughout their delivery, the key of the voice varying from a low one, if the prayer is very solemn in character, to one more or less high, if the supplication is simply pathetic in its nature.

3. All sentences that express joy, love, friendship, hope, and in general all the more pleasurable and amiable emotions, partake of a rising inflection, and the voice is usually pitched in keys more or less high; tho where great tenderness, pity or pathos mingles with the affection, the voice is often modulated into a low, soft, minor key, as it has been termed in elocution.

4. Sentences that express wonder, amazement, or surprise take an extreme degree of the rising inflection, and the voice is usually pitched in very high keys, unless awe, dread, or terror mingles with the emotion, when keys more or less low in pitch prevail.

LOGICAL USES OF THE FALLING INFLECTION

1. As soon as the meaning of a sentence, or clause of a sentence, is logically complete, then the falling inflection must be employed.

2. Inasmuch as a falling inflection always suggests to the mind a certain degree of completeness of meaning, it may be usefully employed in those sentences which consist of several clauses, conveying imperfect sense, and independent of each other's meaning, for the purpose of keeping the several clauses separate and distinct from each other.

3. Where a sentence is interrogative in its character, and one to which a simple affirmative or negative cannot be re-

turned as an answer, but something definite in expression must be given instead, such sentence requires at its close the falling inflection.

EMOTIONAL USES OF THE FALLING INFLECTION

1. Where it is desired to convey the impression of solemn affirmation or strong conviction of the truth of what we say, emphatic falling inflections on the principal words, even tho the sentence may be negative in form of construction, produce the desired effect; and the keys in which the inflections are pitched are in general low.

2. Sentences that express command, reprehension, or authority, take emphatic falling inflections, and the range of the voice in pitch is usually from the middle to lower keys.

3. It may be said as a general principle that all the sterner, harsher, and more vindictive passions, such as anger, hatred, detestation, etc., take the most extreme degree of the emphatic falling inflection, and the voice, for the most part loud in power, is pitched in the lower keys.

4. In sentences that express gloom, dejection, melancholy, and similar distressing emotions, falling inflections predominate, and the voice is pitched in keys more or less low, and the time is slow.

LOGICAL USES OF THE CIRCUMFLEX INFLECTION

1. When any word is introduced which suggests an antithesis without openly expressing it, such word should have emphatic force, and be pronounced with a circumflex inflection. An affirmative or positive clause takes a falling, and a negative or contingent clause a rising circumflex on the words suggesting an antithesis.

2. When words or clauses are antithetic in meaning, and emphatic in character, the falling circumflex inflection should be used on the positive or absolute member, and the rising on the negative or relative.

EMOTIONAL USES OF THE CIRCUMFLEX INFLECTION

1. Whenever it is designed to make any passage ironical, an emphatic prolonged circumflex inflection should be given to the words in which the irony is meant to be conveyed.

2. All passages that express scorn, contempt, or reproach, take emphatic prolonged circumflexes on the principal words, the keys in which the voice is pitched varying according to the dominant emotion.

When a question is followed by words closely connected with it, the end of the passage takes a rising inflection, as, "Am I my brother's keeper?" said the unhappy man.

EXAMPLES

1. This was unnatural. The rest is in order. They have found their punishment in their success. Laws overturned; tribunals subverted; industry without vigor; commerce expiring; the revenue unpaid, yet the people impoverished; a church pillaged, and a state not relieved; civil and military anarchy made the constitution of the kingdom; everything human and divine sacrificed to the idol of public credit, and national bankruptcy the consequence; and to crown all, the paper securities of new, precarious, tottering power, the discredited paper securities of impoverished fraud, and beggared rapine, held out as a currency for the support of an empire, in lieu of the two great recognized species that represent the lasting conventional credit of mankind, which disappeared and hid themselves in the earth from whence they came, when the principle of property, whose creatures and representatives they are, was systematically subverted. BURKE.

2. If then the power of speech is a gift as great as any that can be named,—if the origin of language is by many philosophers even considered to be nothing short of divine,—if by means of words the secrets of the heart are brought to light, pain of soul is relieved, hidden grief is carried off, sympathy conveyed, counsel imparted, experience recorded, and wisdom perpetuated,—if by great authors the many are drawn up into unity, national character is fixed, a people speaks, the past and the future, the East and the West are brought into communication with each other,—if such men are, in a word, the spokesmen and prophets of the human family,—it will not answer to make light of Literature or to neglect its study; rather we may be sure that, in proportion as we master it in whatever language, and imbibe its spirit, we shall ourselves become in our own measure the ministers of like benefits to others, be they many or few, be they in the obscurer or the more distinguished walks of life,—who are united to us by social ties, and are within the sphere of our personal influence.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

3. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

"The Spectator." ADDISON.

4. Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogs

and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: that thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly. And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogs and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.

"St. Matthew 6, 1-8." THE BIBLE.

5. Observe, however, I do not mean by excluding direct exertion of the intellect from ideas of beauty, to assert that beauty has no effect upon nor connection with the intellect. All our moral feelings are so inwoven with our intellectual powers, that we cannot affect the one without in some degree addressing the other; and in all high ideas of beauty, it is more than probable that much of the pleasure depends on delicate and untraceable perceptions of fitness, propriety, and relation, which are purely intellectual, and through which we arrive at our noblest ideas of what is commonly and rightly called "intellectual beauty." But there is yet no immediate exertion of the intellect; that is to say, if a person receiving even the noblest ideas of simple beauty be asked why he likes the object exciting them, he will not be able to give any distinct reason, nor to trace in his mind any formed thought, to which he can appeal as a source of pleasure. He will say that the thing gratifies, fills, hallows, exalts his mind, but he will not be able to say why, or how. If he can, and if he can show that he perceives in the object any expression of distinct thought, he has received more than an idea of beauty—it is an idea of relation.

"Modern Painters." RUSKIN.

CHAPTER IX

PICTURING

This is the image-making faculty. The ability to call to mind vivid and varied pictures, appropriate to the thought, is a powerful element in good speaking. What the speaker sees in his imagination is likely to be shared by his auditors. This is well described by Dr. Conwell when he says:

"Oh! the power of words! With them we sway men's minds at will. Let me call your attention to the sea. The Sea! Close your eyes and look at it as you saw it last summer. Think of its waves away, away out yonder—see that ripple of white running along on the crest of the nearer one—see it now as it sheens and advances in wreaths of delicate foam almost to your feet, and then rolls playfully back in beautiful sheets to be lost in the next incoming tide. See the old mast out there and the sails that dot the horizon. You see them all now! Why? Words —only words!"

To test what you really saw in reading the foregoing, answer questions like the following: Did you see the sea? What color was it? How high were the waves? Was there any breeze? Was it day or night? Did you see any boats? How many? Sailboats or otherwise? How far away were they? Where were you?

"Home! Now you think of your old homestead. Let me go through it with you as you roam about the dear old familiar scenes. Tell me where your mother sat and where your father used to read the paper. Show me the place where your sister

played and where you studied in those dear old days. You see it all again! Why? I have uttered one word. A word—only a word!"

Did you see the old home? Was it indoors? Describe it. Did you see your mother? Describe her. Describe your father and sister. What more did you see?

The image-making faculty can be surprisingly developed by such aids as endeavoring to see pictures of what one reads, to describe it orally to another, to write about it in one's own words. The aim should be to secure vivid impressions. For practise write from memory a description of a storm, a landscape, a battle, the sky at night, a fire.

EXAMPLES

1. Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and, the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shoveled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvelous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies; which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions which they called a reel.

"Pickwick Papers." DICKENS.

2. I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston; and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapt in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild,

serene, midsummer's night—the sky was without a cloud—the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east. . . . Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister beams of the pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of dawn.

EDWARD EVERETT.

3. The circumstances now clearly in evidence spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet; the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half-lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this, he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room is uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper is turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, show him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he plies the dagger, tho it is obvious that life has been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard. To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The

deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes.

"The White Murder Case." WEBSTER.

4. From the workshop of the Golden Key there issued forth a tinkling sound, so merry and good-humored that it suggested the idea of some one working blithely, and made quite pleasant music. No man who hammered on at a dull monotonous duty could have brought such cheerful notes from steel and iron; none but a chirping, healthy, honest-hearted fellow, who made the best of everything, and felt kindly towards everybody, could have done it for an instant. He might have been a coppersmith, and still been musical. If he had sat in a jolting wagon, full of rods of iron, it seemed as if he would have brought some harmony out of it. Tink, tink, tink—clear as a silver bell, and audible at every pause of the street's harsher noises, as tho it said, "I don't care; nothing puts me out; I am resolved to be happy."

Women scolded, children squalled, heavy carts went rumbling by, horrible cries proceeded from the lungs of hawkers; still it struck in again, no higher, no lower, no louder, no softer; not thrusting itself on people's notice a bit the more for having been outdone by louder sounds—tink, tink, tink, tink, tink.

It was a perfect embodiment of the still, small voice, free from all cold, hoarseness, huskiness, or unhealthiness of any kind; foot-passengers slackened their pace, and were disposed to linger near it; neighbors who had got up splenetic that morning, felt good-humor stealing on them as they heard it, and by degrees became quite sprightly; mothers danced their babies to its ringing; still the same magical tink, tink, tink, came gaily from the workshop of the Golden Key.

CHARLES DICKENS.

5. The little square that surrounds it is deplorably narrow, and you flatten your back against the opposite houses in the vain attempt to stand off and survey the towers. The proper way to look at them would be to go up in a balloon and hang poised, face to face with them, in the blue air. There is, however, perhaps an advantage in being forced to stand so directly under them, for this position gives you an overwhelming impression of their

height. I have seen, I suppose, churches as beautiful as this one, but I do not remember ever to have been so fascinated by superpositions and vertical effects.

"Chartres Cathedral." HENRY JAMES.

6. 'Twas an autumn eve: the splendor
Of the day was gone,
And the twilight, soft and tender,
Stole so gently on
That the eye could scarce discover
How the shadows, spreading over,
Like a veil of silvery gray,
Toned the golden clouds, sun painted,
Till they paled, and paled, and fainted
From the face of heaven away.
And a dim light rising slowly
O'er the welkin spread,
Till the blue sky, calm and holy,
Gleamed above our head.

"The Spanish Duel." J. F. WALLER.

7. Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z! A monster of iron, steel and brass, standing on the slim iron rails which shoot away from the station for half a mile and then lose themselves in a green forest.

Puff-puff! The driving wheels slowly turn, the monster breathes great clouds of steam and seems anxious for the race.

A grizzly-haired engineer looks down from the cab window, while his fireman pulls back the iron door and heaves in more wood,—more breath and muscle for the grim giant of the track.

The fire roars and crackles—the steam hisses and growls; every breath is drawn as fiercely as if the giant was burning to revenge an insult.

Up—up—up! The pointer on the steam-gauge moves faster than the minute-hand on a clock. The breathing becomes louder, —the hiss rises to a scream,—the iron rails tremble and quiver.

"Climb up!"

It is going to be a race against time and the telegraph.

S-s-s-sh!

The engineer rose up, I looked ahead, glanced at the dial, and as his fingers clasped the throttle he asked the station-agent:

"Are you sure that the track is clear?"

"All clear!" was the answer.

The throttle feels the pull, the giant utters a fierce scream, and we are off, I on the fireman's seat, the fireman on the wood. The rails slide under us slowly—faster, and the giant screams again and dashes into the forest.

This isn't fast. The telegraph poles dance past as if not over thirty feet apart, and the board fence seems to rise from the ground, but it's only thirty-five miles an hour.

"Wood!"

The engineer takes his eyes off the track and turns just long enough to speak the word to his fireman. The iron door swings back, and there is an awful rush and roar of flame. The fire-box appears full, but stick after stick is dropped into the roaring pit until a quarter of a cord has disappeared.

"This is forty miles an hour!" shouts the fireman in my ear as he rubs the moisture from his heated face.

Yes, this is faster. The fence posts seem to leap from the ground as we dash along, and the telegraph poles bend and nod to us. A house—a field—a farm—we get but one glance. A dozen houses—a hundred faces—that was a station.

. . . . . .

Houses—faces—a yell! That was another station. We made the last five miles in six minutes.

Like a bird—like an arrow—like a bullet almost, we speed forward.

Scream! Hiss! Roar! Shake—quiver—bound!

Now a mile a minute! Fences? No—only a black line, hardly larger than my pencil! Trees? No—only one tree, all merged into one single tree, which was out of sight in a flash. Fields? Yes—one broad field, broken for an instant by a highway,—a gray thread lying on the ground!

It is terrible! If we should leave the rails! If—but don't think of it! Hold fast!

Eight miles in eight minutes, not a second more or less! Four and a half miles to go, four minutes to make it! We must run a mile every fifty-three seconds.

Scream! Sway! Tremble!

We are making time, but this is awful, this roar, this oscillation!

One mile! Two miles! I dare not open my eyes! Three miles! Can I ever hear again? Will I ever get this deafening roar out of my ears? Will the seconds ever go by?

Scream!

The engineer shuts off steam, the fireman hurrahs. I open my eyes—we are at the station! The lightning express is not two seconds away!

"I told you!" says the engineer, "and didn't I do it?"

He did, but he carried three lives in the palm of the hand that grasped the throttle.

"As the Pigeon Flies." C. B. Lewis.

8. Observing the wide and general devastation, and all the horrors of the scene—of plains unclothed and brown; of vegetables burned up and extinguished; of villages depopulated and in ruins; of temples unroofed and perishing; of reservoirs broken down and dry—he would naturally inquire, what war has thus laid waste the fertile fields of this once beautiful and opulent country? Sheridan.

CONCENTRATION

The practise of being interested is recommended as the best means of developing concentration. We are most interested in those subjects that give us pleasure, arouse our expectation, or possess some degree of familiarity. To be able to focus the attention upon a single subject and single objects belonging to it, is a rare accomplishment and of great advantage to a public speaker. It can be acquired only through long and patient study and exercise. No great mental achievement is possible without this power of continued attention. There is an inseparable connection between attention and memory, it being impossible to develop one without the other.

Professor James says: "There is no such thing as voluntary attention sustained for more than a few seconds at a time. What is called sustained voluntary attention is a repetition of successive efforts which bring back the topic to the mind. The topic once brought back, if a congenial one, develops; and if its development is interesting it engages the attention passively for a time. This passive interest may be short or long. As soon as it flags, the attention is diverted by some irrelevant thing, and then a voluntary effort may bring it back to the topic again; and so on, under favorable conditions, for hours together. During all this time, however, note that it is not an identical object in the psychical sense, but a succession of mutually related objects forming an identical topic only, upon which the attention is fixed. No one can possibly attend continuously to an object that does not change."

The subject of attention is well illustrated by Professor Loisette in his system for cultivating the memory. He says: "You may have seen a shoemaker putting nails into the sole of a boot. With his left thumb and finger he pricks the point of the nail into the leather just far enough to make the nail stand upright. It is so feebly attached that at the least shake it falls on the floor. Then down comes the hammer and drives the nail up to the head. Now the sensations that are continually pouring in upon us by all the avenues of sense—by the eye, ear, nose, tongue and skin —as well as the ideas streaming into our minds, are on their first arrival attached as feebly as the nails to the boot. But then down comes the *attention* like a hammer, and drives them into consciousness, so that their record remains forever."

The degree of attention that we can give to an object will

depend upon our habitual methods of study and thought. Professor Joseph Stewart offers the following suggestions:

"The habits of thought should be rational. Vagaries should be avoided. The mind must be trained to hold its concepts clearly without obliquity or blur. Therefore, innuendo, indirectness, and slackness of thought and expression should be guarded against. The processes of the mind should be carried on logically. Avoid irrelevancy. The habit of the mind should be selective. Choose the order and kind of thought you put into your mental house."

Rule a square of cardboard in columns and place therein a series of symbols or characters, with each of which there is to be associated in the mind a particular thought. Place the board where it may be conveniently seen, and, beginning with the first symbol, go over the series in regular order, holding in mind for a particular time the special concept or thought, and that alone, associated with each symbol. The student may elaborate this plan as to symbols, the associated concepts, or the order of viewing them, and make it as complex as he desires. The principle of concentration is the persistent but gentle calling back of the mind to the original thought, and is effected by merely *substituting it for the intrusive one.*

Concentrate without using muscular force. The clearest mind dwells in the healthiest body, and this is the best condition for concentration.

EXAMPLES

1. On a sudden the field of combat opens on his astonished vision. It is a field which men call "glorious." A hundred thousand warriors stand in opposed ranks. Light gleams on their burnished steel. Their plumes and banners wave. Hill echoes to hill the noise of moving rank and squadron,—the neigh and

tramp of steeds,—the trumpet, drum, and bugle call. There is a momentary pause,—a silence like that which precedes the fall of a thunder-bolt,—like that awful stillness, which is precursor to the desolating rage of the whirlwind. In an instant, flash succeeding flash, pours columns of smoke along the plain. The iron tempest sweeps, heaping man, horse, and car, in undistinguished ruin. In shouts of rushing hosts,—in shock of breasting steeds,—in peals of musketry, in artillery's roar,—in sabres' clash,—in thick and gathering clouds of smoke and dust, all human eye, and ear, and sense, are lost. Man sees not, but the sign of onset. Man hears not, but the cry of—"Onward!"

"The Field of Battle." HALL.

2. The gray sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon, large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed in the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm, sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
A tap at the pane, the quick, sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and fears,
Then the two hearts beating each to each!

"Meeting at Night." BROWNING.

3. When the mind loses hold of its object, whether devotional or intellectual—as it will do, time after time—it must be brought back, and again directed to the object. Often at first it will wander away without the wandering being noticed, and the student suddenly awakes to the fact that he is thinking about something quite other than the proper object of thought. This will happen again and again, and he must patiently bring it back—a wearisome and tiring process, but there is no other way by which concentration can be gained.

"Thought Power." ANNIE BESANT.

4. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend bench, those holy ministers of the Gospel, and pious pastors of our Church—I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God. I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learned bench to defend and support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the learned judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your Lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleets against the boasted Armada of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honor, the liberties, the religion—the Protestant religion—of this country, against the arbitrary cruelties of popery and the Inquisition, if these more than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practises are let loose among us—to turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connections, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child! to send forth the infidel savage—against whom? against your Protestant brethren; to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war—hell-hounds, I say, of savage war!

. . . . . .

My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles.

"On American Affairs." LORD CHATHAM.

SPONTANEITY

"All art must be preceded by a certain mechanical expertness," says Goethe, and this is particularly applicable to the subject of elocution. There should be long and patient practise of mechanical exercises for developing accuracy, flexibility, and facility in the use of the voice and vehicles of expression. The highest art is to conceal art, however, and a time comes when the student should abandon his "rules" and "exercises" and yield himself wholly to the thought and feeling to be expressed. If he has been well-trained, the members of expression will perform their work promptly and correctly with little conscious effort on his part. The speaker must test and criticize over and over again the work of his voice, gesture, and expression, until he is thoroughly satisfied as to its accuracy and dependableness. To produce his effects spontaneously there must be freedom from restraint and external force, tho the will should so dominate as to promptly check any violations of harmony or naturalness.

The essential qualities of spontaneity are *expression instead of repression, freedom rather than restraint, unity, earnestness, concentration,* and *naturalness.*

EXAMPLES

1. Give us, oh, give us, the man who sings at his work! He will do more in the same time,—he will do it better,—he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation in its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous, a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright. CARLYLE.

2. A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

"Paul Revere's Ride." LONGFELLOW.

3. The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free;
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.
I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea,
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

"The Sea." BARRY CORNWALL.

4. "Yo-ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig; "no more work to-night, Christmas Eve, Dick! Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up before a man can say Jack Robinson! Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have done, or couldn't have done, with old Fezziwig standing by. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off as if it were dismissed from public life forevermore. The floor was swept and watered, lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire, and the warehouse was as snug and warm and dry and bright a ball-room as you could desire to see upon a winter night. In came a fiddler with a music-book and walked up to the lofty desk and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast, substantial smile. In came the two Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and amiable. In came

the six young followers, whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In they all came anyhow and everyhow! Away they all went, twenty couples at once, hands half round and back again the other way, up the middle and down again, round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up at the wrong place, new top couple starting off again as soon as they got there, all top couple at last with not a bottom one to help them.

When this result was brought about old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter, specially provided for that purpose. And there were more dances, and then there were forfeits, and then there were more dances, and there was cake and there was negus, and there was a great piece of cold roast, and there was great piece of cold boiled, and there were mince pies and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the roast and boiled, when the fiddler struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley!" Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig, top couple too with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them, three or four and twenty pairs of partners, people who were not to be trifled with, people who would dance and had no notion of walking.

But if there had been twice as many, or four times as many, old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As for her, she was worthy of being his partner in every sense of the term. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves, they shone in every part of the dance. You couldn't have predicted at any given moment where they would have turned up next, and when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had been all through the dance, advance and retire, turn your partner, bow and curtsey, corkscrew, thread the needle and back again to your own place, Fezziwig cut, cut so deftly that he appeared to wink with his legs. At eleven o'clock the domestic ball broke up. Then old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig stood one on either side of the door, and shaking hands with each of their guests individually as he or she went out wished him or her "A Merry Christmas!" DICKENS.

CHAPTER X

CONVERSATION

The habitual use of language and manner of expression in daily conversation will greatly influence a speaker's style in public address. The difference in conversation, public speaking and reading is, briefly, as follows:

Conversation is dialogue and the simplest and most direct form of vocal expression. It is the beginning of speech culture and no effort should be spared to acquire ease and correctness in its use.

Public speaking is monologue and the utterance is necessarily more prolonged to suit the circumstances of space and number. Such an occasion demands increased definiteness and deliberation in style.

Reading differs from either of the foregoing styles, because of a certain formality of utterance required by the strangeness of the thought and its construction. The reader does not here utter his own thoughts but those of another, and in consequence the words and phraseology are not familiar to his lips.

In his admirable book on "The Art of Conversation," Mahaffy names as subjective conditions to conversation: 1. Physical (a) A sweet tone of voice; (b) Absence of local accent; (c) Absence of tricks and catch-words. 2. Mental (a) Knowledge which may be either special (great topics, the topic of the day), or general (books, men); (b) Quickness. 3. Moral: Modesty, simplicity, unselfishness, sympathy, and tact.

Conversation affords constant opportunity for improvement in speech. The student should criticize his own utterance and discriminate between pure and breathy tones, softness and harshness of voice, and correct and faulty enunciation. He should also cultivate intelligent variety in modulation and feeling. A good conversational style has a distinct charm and should be persistently cultivated.

Hamilton Wright Mabie tells of a man of nervous organization who gained immense benefit by simply watching the modulations of his voice and persistently resisting the inclination to run into high tones. He had found not only relief for the vocal chords, but a steadiness and calmness of thought and feeling which made him conscious of the great blunder of wasting nervous strength by suffering the vocal chords to sympathize with an excited condition rather than keeping them under steady control.

Practise the following with ease, naturalness, and variety of good conversation, avoiding loudness:

EXAMPLES

1. Did you ever see a dandy fisherman? He has the correct suit on, his pole is a beauty from Conroy's, his line is of the best gut, his book is full of artificial flies,—plenty of artificial flies,—his fish-basket hangs behind him; and he is a fisherman. May be. Let us go to the stream. Standing with a knowing air, he throws his fly; but the fish do not rise at it; and he throws again, and again they do not rise. And all the while, a barefooted, coatless boy on the other side of the brook is catching fish as fast as he can pull them in. He has just a rough hook on a bit of string, and a worm for bait, but he gets the fish.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

2. As soon as Macaulay had finished his rough draft, he began to fill it in at the rate of six sides of foolscap every morning, written in so large a hand, and with such a multitude of erasures, that the whole six pages were, on an average, compressed into two pages of print. This portion he called his "Task"; and he was never quite easy unless he completed it daily. More he seldom sought to accomplish; for he had learned by long experience that this was as much as he could do at his best; and except when at his best he never would work at all.

"Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay." G. O. TREVELYAN.

3. There was a certain elderly gentleman who lived in a court of the Temple, and was a great judge and lover of port wine. Every day he dined at his club and drank his bottle or two of port wine, and every night came home to the Temple and went to bed in his lonely chambers. This had gone on many years without variation, when one night he had a fit on coming home, and fell and cut his head deep, but partly recovered and groped about in the dark to find the door. When he was afterwards discovered, dead, it was clearly established by the marks of his hands about the room that he must have done so. Now, this chanced on the night of Christmas Eve, and over him lived a young fellow who had sisters and young country-friends, and who gave them a little party that night, in the course of which they played at Blindman's Buff. They played that game, for their greater sport, by the light of the fire only; and once, when they were all quietly rustling and stealing about, and the blindman was trying to pick out the prettiest sister (for which I am far from blaming him), somebody cried "Hark! The man below must be playing Blindman's Buff by himself to-night!" They listened, and they heard sounds of some one falling about and stumbling against furniture, and they all laughed at the conceit, and went on with their play, more light-hearted and merry than ever. Thus, those two so different games of life and death were played out together, blindfolded, in the two sets of chambers.

DICKENS.

4. Only last week a teacher in one of the primary schools of Chicago reported to her principal that a certain little boy in her room was so hopelessly dull and perverse that she despaired of teaching him anything. The child would sit with open mouth and look at her as she would talk to the class, and five minutes afterward he could not or would not repeat three words of what had been said. She had scolded him, made him stand on the floor, kept him in after school, and even whipped him, but all in vain. The principal looked into the case, scratched his head, stroked his whiskers, coughed, and decided that the public school funds should not be wasted in trying to "learn imbeciles," and so reported to the parents. He advised them to send the boy to a Home for the Feeble Minded, sending the message by an older brother. So the parents took the child to the Home and asked that he be admitted. The Matron took the little boy on her lap, talked to him, read to him, showed him pictures and said to the astonished parents, "This child has fully as much intelligence as any of your other children, perhaps more—but he is deaf."

ELBERT HUBBARD.

5. *Hamlet.* Hold you the watch to-night?
All. We do, my lord.
Ham. Arm'd, say you?
All. Arm'd, my lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
All. My lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then saw you not his face?
Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.
Ham. What, looked he frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like, very like: Stay'd it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
Ham. His beard was grizzl'd, no?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life, a sable-silver'd.
Ham. I will watch to-night, perchance 'twill walk again.

SHAKESPEARE.

6. One hot day last summer, a young man dressed in thin clothes, entered a Broadway car, and seating himself opposite a stout old gentleman, said, pleasantly:

"Pretty warm, isn't it?"

"What's pretty warm?"

"Why, the weather."

"What weather?"

"Why this weather."

"Well, how's this different from any other weather?"

"Well, it is warmer."

"How do you know it is?"

"I suppose it is."

"Isn't the weather the same everywhere?"

"Why, no,—no; it's warmer in some places and colder in others."

"What makes it warmer in some places than it's colder in others?"

"Why, the sun,—the effect of the sun's heat."

"Makes it colder in some places than it's warmer in others? Never heard of such a thing."

"No, no, no. I didn't mean that. The sun makes it warmer."

"Then what makes it colder?"

"I believe it's the ice."

"What ice?"

"Why, the ice,—the ice,—the ice that was frozen by—by—by the frost."

"Have you ever seen any ice that wasn't frozen?"

"No,—that is, I believe I have."

"Then what are you talking about?"

"I was just trying to talk about the weather."

"And what do you know about it,—what do you know about the weather?"

"Well, I thought I knew something, but I see I don't and that's a fact."

"No, sir, I should say you didn't! Yet you come into this car and force yourself upon the attention of a stranger and begin to talk about the weather just as though you owned it, and I find you don't know a solitary thing about the matter you yourself selected for a topic of conversation. You don't know one thing about meteorological conditions, principles, or phenomena; you can't tell me why it is warm in August and cold in December; you don't know why icicles form faster in the sunlight than they do in the shade; you don't know why the earth grows colder as it comes nearer the sun; you can't tell why a man can be sun-struck in the shade; you can't tell me how a cyclone is formed nor how the trade winds blow; you couldn't find the calm-center of a storm if your life depended on it; you don't know what a sirocco is nor where the south-west monsoon blows; you don't know the average rain-fall in the United States for the past and current year; you don't know why the wind dries up the ground more quickly than a hot sun; you don't know why the dew falls at night and dries up in the day; you can't explain the formation of fog; you don't know one solitary thing about the weather and you are just like a thousand and one other people who always begin talking about the weather because they don't know anything else, when by the Aurora Borealis, they know less about the weather than they do about anything else in the world, sir!"

"The Weather Fiend." ANON.

SIMPLICITY

Simplicity is characteristic of all great art. In oratory it has taken the place of the bombast and artificial method of former times, while in dramatic art it has superseded the "old school" style of ranting and wild gesticulation.

Charles Wagner acknowledges the difficulty in adequately describing this quality and despairs of ever doing so in any worthy fashion. "All the strength of the world and all its beauty," he says, "all true joy, everything that con-

soles, that feeds hope, or throws a ray of light along our dark paths, everything that makes us see across our poor lives a splendid goal and a boundless future, comes to us from people of simplicity, those who have made another object of their desires than the passing satisfaction of selfishness and vanity; and have understood that the art of living is to know how to give one's life."

Simplicity does not mean repression, but the intelligent use of all the forces of expression in sincere, direct, and spontaneous effort. If the student earnestly seeks the truth and his thinking is genuine, the expression will be free from affectation and unnaturalness.

The following examples are selected for this quality of simplicity:

EXAMPLES

1. A certain nobleman had a spacious garden which he left to the care of a faithful servant, whose delight it was to trail the creepers along the trellis, to water the seeds in time of drought, to support the stalks of the tender plants, and to do every work which could render the garden a paradise of flowers. One morning the servant rose with joy, expecting to tend his beloved flowers, and hoping to find his favorites increased in beauty. To his surprise, he found one of his choicest beauties rent from the stem. Full of grief and anger, he hurried to his fellow servants and demanded who had robbed him of his treasure. They had not done it, and he did not charge them with it, but he found no solace for his grief till one of them remarked, "My lord was walking in the garden this morning, and I saw him pluck the flower and carry it away." Then, truly, the gardener found he had no cause for his trouble. He felt that it was well his master had been pleased to take his own; and he went away smiling at his loss, because his lord had taken delight in the flowers.

"Funeral Sermon." SPURGEON.

2. Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word when a short one will do. Do not call a spade a well-known oblong instrument of manual industry; let a house be a house, not a residence; a place a place, not a locality, and so of the rest. Where a short word will do, you always lose by using a long one. You lose in clearness, you lose in honest expression of your meaning; and in the estimation of all men who are competent to judge, you lose in reputation for ability.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

3. *A spindle of hazelwood had I;*
Into the mill-stream it fell one day—
The water has brought it me back no more.

As he lay a-dying, the soldier spake:
"I am content!
Let my mother be told in the village there,
And my bride in the hut be told,
That they must pray with folded hands,
With folded hands for me."
The soldier is dead—and with folded hands,
His bride and his mother pray.
On the field of battle they dug his grave,
And red with his life-blood the earth was dyed,
The earth they laid him in.
The sun looked down on him there and spake:
"I am content."

And flowers bloomed thickly upon his grave,
And were glad they blossomed there.
And when the wind in the tree-tops roared,
The soldier asked from the deep, dark grave:
"Did the banner flutter then?"
"Not so, my hero," the wind replied,
"The fight is done, but the banner won,
Thy comrades of old have borne it hence,
Have borne it in triumph hence."
Then the soldier spake from the deep, dark grave:
"I am content."

And again he heard the shepherds pass
And the flocks go wand'ring by,
And the soldier asked: "Is the sound I hear,
The sound of the battle's roar?"
And they all replied: "My hero, nay!
Thou art dead and the fight is o'er,
Our country joyful and free."
Then the soldier spake from the deep, dark grave:
"I am content."

Then he heareth the lovers, laughing, pass,
And the soldier asks once more:
"Are these not the voices of them that love,
That love—and remember me?"
"Not so, my hero," the lovers say,
"We are those that remember not;
For the spring has come and the earth has smiled,
And the dead must be forgot."
Then the soldier spake from the deep, dark grave:
"I am content."

A spindle of hazelwood had I;
Into the mill-stream it fell one day—
The water has brought it me back no more.

"Bard of Dimbovitza." Translated by CARMEN SYLVA.

4. He faced his audience with a tranquil mien, and a beaming aspect that was never dimmed. He spoke, and in the measured cadence of his quiet voice there was intense feeling, but no declamation, no passionate appeal, no superficial and feigned emotion. It was simple colloquy—a gentleman conversing. How was it done? Ah! how did Mozart do it—how Raphael? The secret of the rose's sweetness, of the bird's ecstasy, of the sunset's glory—that is the secret of genius and eloquence. What was heard, what was seen, was the form of noble manhood, the courteous and self-possessed tone, the flow of modulated speech, sparkling with matchless richness of illustration, with apt allu-

sion, and happy anecdote, and historic parallel, with wit and pitiless invective, with melodious pathos, with stinging satire, with crackling epigram, and limpid humor, like the bright ripples that play around the sure and steady prow of the resistless ship. Like an illuminated vase of odors, he glowed with concentrated and perfumed fire. The divine energy of his conviction utterly possessed him, and his

> "Pure and eloquent blood
> Spoke in his cheek, and so distinctly wrought,
> That one might almost say his body thought."

Was it Pericles swaying the Athenian multitude? Was it Apollo breathing the music of the morning from his lips? It was an American patriot, a modern son of liberty, with a soul as firm and as true as was ever consecrated to unselfish duty, pleading with the American conscience for the chained and speechless victims of American inhumanity.

"Wendell Phillips." GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

5. Now Love is the remedy, the great sweetener of the mind and body. It produces harmony, and harmony is equilibrium—health.

This must first be established in the mind through belief and trust in the Infinite Love, and Omnipresent Good, then the practise of love and self-forgetfulness toward others.

If we would attract love to ourselves, we must feel it for others, and make ourselves lovable; and that should be our whole concern, to love more and more, and think less and less of self; then we will grow sweet and wholesome, and fragrant as a flower. The blood will be pure and rich, and filled with vitality, and, in short, all things will become new, for the former things will have passed away.

"Spiritual Realizations." FLORENCE WILLARD DAY.

6. And seeing the multitudes, he went up into the mountain: and when he had sat down, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called sons of God.

Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets that were before you.

"St. Matthew, 5." THE BIBLE.

SINCERITY

If the speaker fulfils all the requirements of simplicity, there will be little question as to his sincerity. One is hardly possible without the other. Sincerity like simplicity demands honesty of mind and intention, as well as frankness and uprightness of character.

1. I venture to prophesy, there are those now living who will see this favored land amongst the most powerful on earth. . . . . But, sir, you must have *men;* you cannot get along without them. . . . . Do you ask how you are to get them? Open your doors, sir, and they will come in! The population of the Old World is full to overflowing. That population is ground, too, by the oppressions of the governments under which they live. Sir, they are already standing on tiptoe upon their native shores, and looking to your coasts with a wistful and longing eye. They see here a land blessed with natural and political advantages,

which are not equaled by those of any other country upon earth; —a land on which a gracious Providence hath emptied a horn of abundance,—a land over which Peace hath now stretched forth her white wings, and where content and plenty lie down at every door! Sir, they see something more attractive than all this. They see a land in which Liberty hath taken up her abode—that Liberty whom they had considered as a fabled goddess, existing only in the fancies of the poets. They see her here a real divinity, her altars rising on every hand throughout these happy States; her glories chanted by three millions of tongues, and the whole region smiling under her blessed influence. Sir, let but this, our celestial goddess, Liberty, stretch forth her fair hand toward the people of the Old World,—tell them to come and bid them welcome, and you will see them pouring in from the North, from the South, from the East, and from the West. Your wilderness will be cleared and settled, your deserts will smile, your ranks will be filled, and you will soon be in a condition to defy the powers of any adversary. PATRICK HENRY.

2. Truth! friendship! my country! sacred objects, sentiments dear to my heart, accept my last sacrifice. My life was devoted to you, and you will render my death easy and glorious.

Just Heaven! enlighten this unfortunate people for whom I desired liberty . . . . Liberty! It is for noble minds, who despise death, and who know how upon occasions to give it to themselves. It is not for weak beings who enter into a composition with guilt, and cover selfishness and cowardice with the name of prudence. It is not for corrupt wretches who rise from the bed of debauchery, or from the mire of indigence, to feast their eyes on the blood that streams from the scaffold. It is the portion of a people who delight in humanity, practise justice, despise their flatterers, and respect the truth. While you are not such a people, oh, my fellow citizens, you will talk in vain of liberty. Instead of liberty you will have licentiousness, of which you will all fall victims in your turns. You will ask for bread; dead bodies will be given you; and you will at last bow down your necks to the yoke.

I have neither concealed my sentiments nor my opinions. I know that a Roman lady was sent to the scaffold for lamenting

the death of her son. I know that in times of delusion and party rage, he who dares avow himself the friend of the condemned or of the proscribed exposes himself to their fate. But I despise death; I never feared anything but guilt, and I will not purchase life at the expense of a base subterfuge. Woe to the times! woe to the people among whom doing homage to disregarded truth is attended with danger, and happy he who in such circumstances is bold enough to brave it!

"Last Thoughts." MADAME ROLAND.

3. I have little to recommend my opinions but long observation and much impartiality. They come from one who has been no tool of power, no flatterer of greatness, and who in his last acts does not wish to belie the tenor of his life. They come from one almost the whole of whose public exertion has been a struggle for the liberty of others; from one in whose breast no anger durable or vehement has ever been kindled, but by what he considered as tyranny; and who snatches from his share in the endeavors which are used by good men to discredit opulent oppression the hours he has employed on your affairs, and who, in so doing, persuades himself he has not departed from his usual offices. They come from one who desires honors, distinctions, and emoluments but little, and who expects them not at all; who has no contempt for fame, and no fear of obloquy; who shuns contention, though he will hazard an opinion; from one who wishes to preserve consistency by varying his means to secure the unity of his end; and, when the equipoise of the vessel in which he sails may be endangered by overloading it upon one side, is desirous of carrying the small weight of his reasons to that which may preserve its equipoise.

"Reflections on the Revolution in France." EDMUND BURKE.

4. O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But, O heart! heart! heart! O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies, fallen, cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father! this arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck, you've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My Captain does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage is closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells! but I with mournful tread
Walk the deck my Captain lies, fallen cold and dead.

"On Lincoln." WALT WHITMAN.

AIM AND PURPOSE

In all successful oratory there must be a clearly defined aim and purpose. The speaker should endeavor to find out where his special power lies and work in that direction, always remembering that the loftier the aim the greater the possible achievement. Beecher said: "Let no man who is a sneak try to be an orator." There must be intrinsic worth. A man must be and not seem. An audience can not long be deceived. The speaker will shortly be estimated at his true value. The development of the sympathetic nature should not be neglected. The transforming power of deep affection is described by Balzac, when he says of Père Goriot, "Père Goriot was stirred out of himself. Never till now had Eugène seen him thus lighted up by the passion of paternity. We may here remark on the infiltrating, transforming power of an over-mastering emotion. However coarse the fiber of the individual, let him be held by a strong

and genuine affection, and he exhales, as it were, an essence which illuminates his features, inspires his gestures, and gives cadence to his voice."

1. And, since the thoughts and reasonings of an author have, as I have said, a personal character, no wonder that his style is not only the image of his subject, but of his mind. That pomp of language, that full and tuneful diction, that felicitousness in the choice and exquisiteness in the collocation of words, which to prosaic writers seem artificial, is nothing else but the mere habit and way of a lofty intellect. Aristotle, in his sketch of the magnanimous man, tells us that his voice is deep, his motions slow, and his stature commanding. In like manner, the elocution of a great intellect is great. His language expresses, not only his great thoughts, but his great self. Certainly he might use fewer words than he uses; but he fertilizes his simplest ideas, and germinates into a multitude of details, and prolongs the march of his sentences, and sweeps round to the full diapason of his harmony, rejoicing in his own vigor and richness of resource.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

2. I have no light or knowledge not common to my countrymen. I do not prophesy. The present is all-absorbing to me, but I cannot bound my vision by the blood-stained trenches around Manila, where every red drop, whether from the veins of an American soldier or a misguided Filipino, is anguish to my heart; but by the broad range of future years, when that group of islands, under the impulse of the year just past, shall have become the gems and glories of those tropical seas; a land of plenty and of increasing possibilities; a people redeemed from savage indolence and habits, devoted to the arts of peace, in touch with the commerce and trade of all nations, enjoying the blessings of freedom, of civil and religious liberty, of education and of homes, and whose children and children's children shall for ages hence bless the American Republic because it emancipated and redeemed their fatherland and set them in the pathway of the world's best civilization.

"Our Duty to the Philippines." WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

3. At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, imprisoned—
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,—Pity me?

Oh, to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel—Being—who?

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, tho right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed,—fight on, fare ever There as here!"

"Epilog." BROWNING.

4. Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is a unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. Shakespeare will never be made by the study of Shakespeare. Do that which is assigned you, and you can not hope too much or dare too much. There is at this moment for you an utterance brave and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias, or trowel of the Egyptians,

or the pen of Moses or Dante, but different from all these. Not possibly will the soul, all rich, all eloquent, with thousand-cloven tongue, deign to repeat itself; but if you can hear what these patriarchs say, surely you can reply to them in the same pitch of voice; for the ear and the tongue are two organs of one nature. Abide in the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart and thou shalt reproduce the Foreworld again.

"Self-reliance." EMERSON.

5. Grow old along with me! the best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid!"

. . . . . .

Then, welcome each rebuff that turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three parts pain: strive and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

. . . . . .

So take and use Thy work, amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in Thy hand! perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!

"Rabbi Ben Ezra." BROWNING.

6. And did I say, my friends, that I was unable to furnish an entirely satisfactory answer to the question, in what the true excellence of the character of Washington consists? Let me recall the word as unjust to myself and unjust to you. The answer is plain and simple enough; it is this, that all the great qualities of disposition and action, which so eminently fitted him for the service of his fellow men, were founded on the basis of a pure Christian morality, and derived their strength and energy from

that vital source. He was great as he was good; and I believe, as I do in my existence, that it was an important part in the design of Providence in raising him up to be the leader of the revolutionary struggle, and afterwards the first President of the United States, to rebuke prosperous ambition and successful intrigue; to set before the people of America, in the morning of their national existence, a living example to prove that armies may be best conducted and governments most ably and honorably administered, by men of sound moral principle; to teach to gifted and aspiring individuals, and the parties they lead, that, tho a hundred crooked paths may conduct to a temporary success, the one plain and straight path of public and private virtue can alone lead to a pure and lasting fame and the blessings of posterity.

"The Character of Washington." EDWARD EVERETT.

CHAPTER XI

CONFIDENCE

A resourceful self-reliance is necessary to complete confidence. Emerson says, "Knowledge is the antidote to fear." A man must train himself to be equal to any emergency. He should examine himself, thoroughly prepare himself and make up his mind to take the risk of failure if necessary. Successive failures should be an incentive to greater effort. Above all he should do his work under the immediate inspiration of duty. The habit of clear and deliberate utterance should be cultivated both in conversation and public address. He should be bold, but not too bold. More failures in public speaking are due to egotism than to anything else. The first possession of every man should be self-possession, and this can best be acquired through the practise of concentration, modesty of manner, thorough preparation, and physical earnestness.

EXAMPLES

1. What, my lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to the scaffold which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediate minister, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has been and will be shed, in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor? Shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it? I, who fear not to approach the Omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my short life,—am I to be appalled here, before a mere remnant

of mortality?—by you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have caused to be shed, in your unhallowed ministry, in one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it!

"On Being Found Guilty of High Treason." ROBERT EMMET.

2. No one in a hurry can possibly have his wits about him; and remember that in law there is ever an opponent watching to find you off your guard. You may occasionally be in haste, but you need never be in a hurry; take care—resolve—never to be so. Remember always that others' interests are occupying your attention, and suffer by your inadvertence—by that negligence which generally occasions hurry. A man of first-rate business talents—one who always looks so calm and tranquil that it makes one's self feel cool on a hot summer's day to look at him—once told me that he had never been in a hurry but once, and that was for an entire fortnight at the commencement of his career. It nearly killed him; he spoiled everything he touched; he was always breathless and harassed and miserable. But it did him good for life; he resolved never again to be in a hurry—and never was, no, not once, that he could remember, during twenty-five years' practise! Observe, I speak of being hurried and flustered—not being in haste, for that is often inevitable; but then is always seen the superiority and inferiority of different men. You may indeed almost define hurry as the condition to which an inferior man is reduced by haste. I one day observed, in a committee of the House of Commons sitting on a railway bill, the chief secretary of the company, during several hours, while great interests were in jeopardy, preserve a truly admirable coolness, tranquillity, and temper, conferring on him immense advantages. His suggestions to counsel were masterly, and exquisitely well-timed; and by the close of the day he had triumphed. "How is it that one never sees you in a hurry?" said I, as we were pacing the long corridor, on our way from the committee-room. "Because it's so expensive," he replied, with a significant smile. I shall never forget that observation; and don't you.

"Attorneys and Solicitors." WARREN.

3. With conscience satisfied with the discharge of duty, no consequences can harm you. There is no evil that we cannot either face or fly from, but the consciousness of duty disregarded. A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, duty performed or duty violated is still with us, for our happiness or for our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light our obligations are yet with us. We cannot escape their power, nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close, and in that scene of inconceivable solemnity, which lies yet farther onward, we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty, to pain us whenever it has been violated, and to console us so far as God may have given us grace to perform it.

"The Knapp Murder Trial." WEBSTER.

4. But this I will avow, that I have scorned,
And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong!
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honor on me,—turning out
The Roman from his birthright; and, for what?
To fling your offices to every slave!
Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb,
And, having wound their loathsome track to the top,
Of this huge, mouldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler man below!

"Catiline's Defiance." GEORGE CROLY.

EARNESTNESS

Earnestness is the natural language of sincerity and high purpose. It manifests itself in *voice, look,* and *gesture.* It is the result of deep conviction, sympathy, self-abandon-

ment, and a heartfelt desire to share the truth with others. The act of standing before an audience should kindle the heart and imagination of any speaker, but we know from observation that this is not always the case. Frequently an audience is strange, cold, and unresponsive, but here the speaker must call to his aid the power of self-excitation. He must have faith in himself and in his message. The speaker should realize that he is, to quote Nathan Sheppard, "An animal galvanic battery on two legs!" The physical apparatus should be so trained as to promptly and correctly respond to every demand made upon it.

In true earnestness there is no place for violence or impulsiveness. All must be well considered. Exaggerated shaking of the head, rolling the eyes, twisting and contorting the body, meaningless gesture,—all are to be studiously avoided. In the early stages of practising, where there is a lack of feeling, it may for a time be assumed. Sluggish emotions can in this way be aroused and subsequent efforts will become less and less difficult.

Nothing contributes more to the well-springs of genuine feeling than long and varied experience among all classes of people. To accustom oneself to sharing the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears, of others, will cultivate the deepest feelings of the human heart.

1. Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever!

DANIEL WEBSTER.

2. But thou, O Florence, take the offered mercy. See! the cross is held out to you; come and be healed. Which among the nations of Italy has had a token like unto yours? The tyrant is driven out from among you; the men who held a bribe in their left hand and a rod in their right, are gone forth, and no blood has been spilled. And now put away every other abomination from among you, and you shall be strong in the strength of the living God. Wash yourself from the black pitch of your vices, which have made you even as the heathens; put away the envy and hatred that have made your city as a nest of wolves. And there shall no harm happen to you; and the passage of armies shall be to you as the flight of birds, and rebellious Pisa shall be given to you again, and famine and pestilence shall be far from your gates, and you shall be as a beacon among the nations. But, mark! while you suffer the accursed thing to lie in the camp, you shall be afflicted and tormented, even tho a remnant among you may be saved.

Savonarola in "Romola." GEORGE ELIOT.

3. Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation so conceived and so dedicated—can long endure.

We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or to detract. The world will very little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here, to the unfinished work they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that

cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

At the Dedication of Gettysburg Cemetery. LINCOLN.

4. Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide.
Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down,—
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Farewell, sweet child, farewell!
The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,—
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls,
Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,
And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.

"The time is come. See how he points his eager hand this way;
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey;
With all his wit he little deems that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath, in his despair, one fearful refuge left;
He little deems that, in this hand, I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow,—
Foul outrage, which thou knowest not,—which thou shalt never know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss;
And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this!"
With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.
Then, for a little moment, all the people held their breath;
And through the crowded forum was stillness as of death;

And in another moment brake forth from one and all
A cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall:
Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tottered nigh,
And stood before the judgment seat, and held the knife on high:
"O dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain;
And e'en as Appius Claudius has dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line!"
So spake the slayer of his child, and turned, and went his way;
But first he cast one haggard glance to where the body lay,
Then up sprang Appius Claudius: "Stop him, alive or dead!
Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his head!"
He looked upon his clients, but none would work his will;
He looked upon his lictors, but they trembled and stood still.
And as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,
Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left;
And he hath passed in safety unto his woful home,
And there ta'en horse, to tell the camp what deeds are done in Rome.

"Virginia." MACAULAY.

5. The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; help us to play the man, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored; and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.

"A Morning Prayer." ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE EMOTIONS

It is neither desirable nor possible to lay down arbitrary rules for expressing emotion, since people express their feelings according to individual temperament and circum-

stances. Some general considerations, however, will be helpful.

In love, sympathy, devotion, and kindred feelings, the voice is usually inclined to high pitch, the eyes have a gentle luster, and a smile plays about the lips. In gravity the eyebrows are lowered, the lips shut firmly and the eyes apparently rest on vacancy. Surprise, wonder, and amazement are indicated by elevated eyebrows, open eyes and mouth, and aspirated voice. In tranquillity, the eyes are mild, the face composed, and the body in repose. In anxiety, dejection, and grief, there is a downward contraction of the facial muscles and relaxation of the body. In sorrow and grief the corners of the mouth are drawn down. Violent grief often vents itself in beating the head with the hands, stamping the feet, and running about distracted. In fear the voice is weak and trembling, the lips, face and body shake, and the heart beats violently. Shyness is indicated by side glances. Pride is manifest in a lofty look, erect head, firm body, open eyes, and sometimes with lower lip protruded. In courage the figure is erect and free in its movements, and the voice full and firm.

EXAMPLES

ADMIRATION

What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!

"Hamlet." SHAKESPEARE.

ADMONITION

Remember March, the Ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes;
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?

"Julius Cæsar." SHAKESPEARE.

ANGER

And dar'st thou, then, to beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
No! by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!

"Marmion." SCOTT.

APPEAL

Arthur. Oh, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men!

"King John." SHAKESPEARE.

AWE

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden scepter o'er a slumbering world.
Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!
Nor eye nor listening ear an object finds.
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause,—
An awful pause, prophetic of her end.

"Night Thoughts." YOUNG.

COMMAND

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

"Barbara Frietchie." WHITTIER.

COURAGE

He shuddered, set teeth, kept silence.
Without a reproach or cry
The women were slain before him,
And he stood and he saw them die.

"The Ballad of Splendid Silence." NESBIT.

COWARDICE

Acres. No, I say—we won't run by my valor!

Sir Lucius. What the devil's the matter with you?

Acres. Nothing, nothing, my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but—I—I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir L. Oh, fie! consider your honor.

Acres. Ay, true—my honor—do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two, every now and then, about my honor.

Sir L. Well, here they're coming.

Acres. Sir Lucius, if I weren't with you, I would almost think I was afraid—if my valor should leave me! valor will come and go.

"The Rivals." SHERIDAN.

DEFIANCE

Blaze, with your serried columns!
I will not bend the knee!
The shackles ne'er again shall bind
The arm which now is free.
I've mail'd it with the thunder,
When the tempest mutter'd low;
And where it falls, ye well may dread
The lightning of its blow!

"The Seminole's Reply." GEORGE W. PATTEN.

EXASPERATION

Oh! the side glance of that detested eye!
That conscious smile! that full insulting lip!
It touches every nerve; it makes me mad!

BAILLIE.

EXULTATION

Go ring the bells and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banners out;
Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle-shout.

WHITTIER.

GLADNESS

Now the laughing, jolly Spring began to show her buxom face in the bright morning. The buds began slowly to expand their close winter folds, the dark and melancholy woods to assume an almost imperceptible purple tint; and here and there a little chirping bluebird hopped about the orchards. Strips of fresh green appeared along the brooks, now released from their icy fetters; and nests of little variegated flowers, nameless, yet richly deserving a name, sprang up in the sheltered recesses of the leafless woods.

HATRED

Stay there, or I'll proclaim you to the house and the whole street! If you try to evade me, I'll stop you, if it's by the hair and raise the very stones against you.

DICKENS.

HOPE

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

"The Rainy Day." LONGFELLOW.

INDIGNANT COMMAND

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting.
"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of the lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken, quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven: "Nevermore!"

"The Raven." POE.

JOY

Then, sing ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We, in thought, will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!

"Intimations of Immortality." WORDSWORTH.

PATRIOTISM

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between our loved home and the war's desolation;
Blessed with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "IN GOD IS OUR TRUST";
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

"The Star-spangled Banner." KEY.

RESIGNATION

Forever and forever, all in a blessed home,
And there to wait a little while, till you and Effie come,
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast,
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

"May Queen." TENNYSON.

REVERENCE

Father, Thy hand
Hath rear'd these venerable columns; Thou
Dids't weave this verdant roof. Thou dids't look down
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
All these fair ranks of trees.

"Forest Hymn." BRYANT.

SADNESS

We buried the old year in silence and sadness. To many it brought misfortune and affliction. The wife hath given her husband and the husband his wife at its stern behest; the father hath consigned to its cold arms the son in whom his life centered, and the mother hath torn from her bosom her tender babe and buried it and her heart in the cold, cold ground.

EDWARD BROOKS.

SCORN

I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.

"Catiline." CROLY.

SUBLIMITY

Thou glorious mirror! where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed,—in breeze, or gale, or storm,—
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime,—
The image of Eternity,—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee,—thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone!

"Childe Harold." BYRON.

SURPRISE

Gone to be married!—gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood joined! Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so;—thou hast mis-spoke,—mis-heard!
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again,—
It cannot be:—thou dost but say 'tis so.

SHAKESPEARE.

TERROR

Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead; and the wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
Toward his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.

"Macbeth." SHAKESPEARE.

THREAT

Do you think to frighten me? You! Do you think to turn me from any purpose that I have or any course I am resolved upon, by reminding me of the solitude of this place and there being no help near? Me, who am here designedly? If I had feared you, should I not have avoided you? If I feared you, should I be here in the dead of night, telling you to your face what I am going to tell? But I tell you nothing until you go back to that chair—except this once again. Do not dare to come near me—not a step nearer. I have something lying here that is no love trinket; and sooner than endure your touch once more,

I would use it on you—and you know it while I speak—with less reluctance than I would on any other creeping thing that lives.

TRIUMPH

Mark ye the flashing oars,
And the spears that light the deep?
How the festal sunshine pours
Where the lords of battle sweep!
Each hath brought back his shield;
Maid, greet thy lover home!
Mother, from that proud field,
Io! thy son is come.

MISCELLANEOUS

1. Information, speculation; fluctuation, ruination.
Dissipation, degradation; reformation or starvation.
Application, situation; occupation, restoration.
Concentration, enervation, nerve prostration. A vacation.
Destination, country station. Nice location, recreation.
Exploration, observation; fascination—a flirtation.
Trepidation, hesitation, conversation, simulation;
Invitation, acclamation, sequestration, cold libation.
Stimulation, animation; inspiration, new potation.
Demonstration, agitation, circulation, exclamation!
Declaration, acceptation, osculation, sweet sensation.
Exultation, preparation, combination, new relation.[1]

"Modern Romance." HENRY BLOSSOM, JR.

2. Squeers left the room, and shortly afterward returned, dragging Smike by the collar,—or rather by that fragment of his jacket which was nearest the place where his collar ought to have been.

"Now what have you got to say for yourself? Stand a little out of the way, Mrs. Squeers, my dear; I've hardly got room enough."

[1] By permission of *The Smart Set*, New York.

"Spare me, sir!"

"Oh, that's all you've got to say, is it? Yes, I'll flog you within an inch of your life, and spare you that."

One cruel blow had fallen on him, when Nicholas Nickleby cried "Stop!"

"Who cried 'Stop'?"

"I did. This must not go on."

"Must not go on?"

"No! Must not! Shall not! I will prevent it! You have disregarded all my quiet interference in this miserable lad's behalf; you have returned no answer to the letter in which I begged forgiveness for him, and offered to be responsible that he would remain quietly here. Don't blame me for this public interference. You have brought it upon yourself, not I."

"Sit down, beggar!"

"Wretch, touch him again at your peril! I will not stand by and see it done. My blood is up, and I have the strength of ten such men as you. By Heaven! I will not spare you, if you drive me on! I have a series of personal insults to avenge, and my indignation is aggravated by the cruelties practised in this cruel den. Have a care, or the consequences will fall heavily upon your head!"

Squeers, in violent outbreak, spat at him, and struck him a blow across the face. Nicholas instantly sprung upon him, wrested his weapon from his hand, and, pinning him by the throat, beat the ruffian till he roared for mercy. He then flung him away with all the force he could muster, and the violence of his fall precipitated Mrs. Squeers over an adjacent form; Squeers, striking his head against the same form in his descent, lay at his full length on the ground, stunned and motionless.

"Nicholas Nickleby." DICKENS.

CHAPTER XII

BIBLE READING

In Nehemiah 13, 8 are these words: "And they read in the book, in the law of God, distinctly; and they gave the sense, so that they understood the reading."

This verse contains a concise treatise on the art of Bible reading. Before a reader, however, can give the sense to others, he must have a deep realization of the truth he is uttering. Careful analysis will give a clear understanding of the thought, and "brooding" over it will awaken true feeling. The reader's mental attitude should be one of dignity, genuineness and simplicity. He should feel that he is delivering a message to himself as well as to others. He must be thoroughly in sympathy with his theme and the occasion. The common faults in Bible reading are monotony, artificiality, pomposity, drawling, mannerism, familiarity, lifelessness, indistinctness, excessively high pitch, somberness, and rocking to and fro of the body.

The principal divisions of Bible reading are:

1. **Narrative**, or the story-telling style. As the name implies it is colloquial in character and divided into *familiar* and *elevated*, the latter requiring greater fervor, force, and dignity than the former. It usually comprises a series of pictures and the portrayal of character.

2. **Didactic**, or the teacher's style, is directed more particularly to the reason and judgment of the hearer. Spe-

cial attention is here given to pausing, emphasis, and inflection, tho appropriate feeling is equally important.

3. **Prophetic,** or dramatic style, requires increased fervor and energy, and all the depth and fulness of orotund voice. It may be bold or gentle, according to its particular character.

4. **Lyric,** or musical style, by its rhythm and melody demands increased expression and intensity in feeling, running through all the various emotions of joy, sorrow, adoration, grief, etc.

PASSAGES FOR PRACTISE

NARRATIVE: *Familiar*—Gen. 4, 1-15; Gen. 22, 1-13; Gen. 24; John 4, 1-14; 1 Sam. 3, 1-18; Luke 15, 11-32. *Elevated*—Gen. 1, 24-31; Gen. 7, 11-24; Gen. 15, 1-18; Exod. 3, 1-20; Exod. 14, 5-31; 1 Kings 8, 1-63; Acts 26, 1-29

DIDACTIC: Prov. 15, 1-11; Matt. 6, 24-34; 1 Cor. 15; Rom. 3; Rom. 11.

PROPHETIC: Is. 55; Jo. 2, 1-11; Is. 41; Is. 42; Hos. 14; Rev. 21.

LYRIC: *Didactic*—Ps. 1. *Pathos*—Ps. 6. *Tranquillity*—Ps. 8. *Praise*—Ps. 63. *Majesty*—Ps. 97. *Solemnity*—Ps. 139, 1-14. Also Ps. 18, 19, 22, 29, 30, 31, 38, 65, 90, 104; Exod. 15; Luke 1, 46-55; Book of Job; The Song of Solomon.

PART III

PUBLIC SPEAKING

CHAPTER XIII

PREVIOUS PREPARATION

PHYSICAL

1. Health. Health and bodily vigor are prerequisite conditions to success in public speaking. The distinguished orators of the world have almost invariably been men of strong vitality and commanding appearance. Burke, Brougham, Clay, Webster, Pinkney, Choate, Everett, Lincoln, Sumner, Hall, Spurgeon, Beecher, Gladstone, Brooks, and many others were men of this type. Robust health has a cheering influence and is a sweetener of work. To maintain this condition daily attention must be given to physical exercise, deep breathing, bathing, sleep, diet, and recreation.

Doctor Storrs names among specific conditions to success in preaching: *Physical vigor, kept at its highest attainable point.* He adds: "The general and harmonious intellectual vigor, whereby one conceives subjects clearly and fully, analyzes them rapidly, sets them forth with exactness in an orderly presentation, and urges them powerfully on those who listen—this requires opulence of health; a sustained and abounding physical vigor."[1]

Doctor Watson's advice to preachers is equally applicable to other classes of speakers: "The working minister should have his study recharged with oxygen every hour, to sleep with his bedroom window open, to walk four miles a day, to play an outdoor game once a week, to have six weeks'

[1] Richard S. Storrs, D. D., *Preaching without Notes*, p. 86.

holiday a year and once in seven years three months—all that his thought and teaching may be oxygenated and the fresh air of Christianity fill the souls of his people.''[1]

2. Elocution. A public speaker must have a thorough practical knowledge of the art of elocution. The voice, face, arms, and body should be trained to respond with ease and accuracy. The voice and delivery can be highly developed even where the natural conditions seem unpromising. The great orators of the world have been untiring workers in this art. Demosthenes and Cicero subjected themselves for years to a rigorous course of vocal training. Chatham disciplined himself before a looking-glass. Curran, who stuttered in his speech, through diligent practise became one of the most eloquent forensic advocates the world has ever seen. Henry Clay, from young manhood, read and spoke daily upon the contents of some historical or scientific book. ''These off-hand efforts,'' he says, ''were made sometimes in a cornfield, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and ox for my auditors. It is to this early practise in the great art of all arts that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward, and shaped and molded my entire subsequent destiny.''

Beecher tells of having been drilled incessantly for three years in posturing, gesture, and voice-culture. He was accustomed to practise in the open air, exploding all the vowels throughout the various pitches; and to this drill he attributes his possession of a flexible instrument that accommodated itself readily to all kinds of thought and feeling.[2]

[1] Ian Maclaren, *The Cure of Souls*, p. 281.

[2] Henry Ward Beecher, *Yale Lectures on Preaching*, p. 185.

3. Appearance. An attractive personal appearance is of undoubted advantage to a speaker, as even the first impression made by him may determine his subsequent success or failure. Prejudices and preferences are formed by an audience quickly and unconsciously. The speaker who wishes to make the best impression, therefore, should make the most of himself. His clothes should be plain and in good style. Flashy jewelry should not be worn. He should remember that immaculate linen and scrupulous care of the nails, teeth and hair, are unmistakable signs of culture and refinement.

MENTAL

1. General Knowledge. An ideal orator is necessarily a man of extensive knowledge. According to the ancients he should be well-grounded in religion, law, philosophy, history, logic, and numerous other subjects. Cicero, in speaking of the incredible magnitude and difficulty of the art as a reason for the scarcity of orators, says: "A knowledge of a vast number of things is necessary, without which volubility of words is empty and ridiculous; speech itself is to be formed, not merely by choice, but by careful construction of words; and all the emotions of the mind, which nature has given to man, must be intimately known; for all the force and art of speaking must be employed in allaying or exciting the feelings of those who listen. To this must be added a certain portion of grace and wit, learning worthy of a well-bred man, and quickness and brevity in replying as well as attacking, accompanied with a refined decorum and urbanity. Besides, the whole of antiquity and a multitude of examples are to be kept in the memory;

nor is the knowledge of laws in general, or of the civil law in particular, to be neglected."[1]

Modern writers on this subject, however, do not demand so much of an orator. Bautain says: "The orator's capital is that sum of science or knowledge which is necessary to him in order to speak pertinently upon any subject whatever; and science or knowledge is not *extemporized*. Altho knowledge does not give the talent for speaking, still he who knows well what he has to say, has many chances of saying it well, especially if he has a clear and distinct conception of it."

2. Memory. An orator should have a good memory. If naturally defective, it can be greatly improved by judicious exercise. There are numerous systems for training the memory, but only a few suggestions can be offered here.

Correct methods of study and observation will produce a good memory. The habit of careful selection should be cultivated, as only a limited amount of new material can be assimilated at one time. To read large amounts of matter one does not care to remember is harmful to the memory. The aim should always be to secure distinct images and ideas. There should be a deep interest in what is read. Committing to memory lines of prose and poetry will do much to strengthen a weak memory.

3. Rhetoric. An orator must have a thorough and practical knowledge of rhetoric. Cicero says that writing is the best and most excellent modeler and teacher of oratory. "For," says he, "if what is meditated and considered easily surpasses sudden and extemporary speech, a constant

[1] Cicero, *On Oratory and Orators.*

and diligent habit of writing will surely be of more effect than meditation and consideration itself; since all the arguments relating to the subject on which we write, whether they are suggested by art, or by a certain power of genius and understanding, will present themselves, and occur to us, while we examine and contemplate it in the full light of our intellect; and all thoughts and words, which are the most expressive of their kind, must of necessity come under and submit to the keenness of our judgment while writing; and a fair arrangement and collocation of the words is effected by writing in a certain rhythm and measure, not poetical, but oratorical."

Doctor Channing, in suggesting the use of the pen, says: "We doubt whether a man ever brings his faculties to bear with their whole force on a subject until he writes upon it. . . . By attempting to seize his thoughts, and fix them in an enduring form, he finds them vague and unsatisfactory, to a degree which he did not suspect, and toils for a precision and harmony of views, of which he never before felt the need."

One should aim to acquire a wide vocabulary. There is intrinsic pleasure in the study of words and their finer shades of meaning. The consciousness of a thorough mastery of language, too, gives confidence to the speaker, while adding force and accuracy to his utterance. Webster's masterly style is due in large measure to his daily habit of studying the dictionary. For rhetorical and oratorical improvement, one should read and closely analyze the writings of the best authors, then endeavor to write out in one's own words what has been read. Reading aloud every day passages from the masters of oratory will gradually cultivate an oratorical style.

4. Originality. The development of originality does not preclude one from studying the language and thoughts of others. What is read, however, must be sifted through a man's own mental processes before he can truthfully call it his own. Lowell says: "That thought is his who at the last expresses it the best."

The test of originality is whether the thoughts we receive from others are uttered again unchanged, or are assimilated, changed, and amplified in the process. Professor Esenwein suggests as some of the sources of originality:

1. Original minds are observers of nature. About us everywhere are thousands of facts and things waiting to be observed.

2. Original minds have learned to think consecutively. This is simply the ability to think and reflect systematically.

3. Original minds cherish the companionship of great thoughts. In a few great books one will find the epoch-making thoughts of all ages and a close contact with them will fertilize and animate his own mind.

4. Original minds dare to be themselves. Despite the martyrdom, the loss of popularity, or temporary sacrifice, a man must be willing to stand upon his own feet.

An orator must necessarily gather his thoughts from many sources, but originality lies in clothing them in a new dress or giving them a fresh representation. Such thoughts must bear the stamp of individuality.

5. Imagination. An orator must be able to portray scenes and pictures with his voice and language. This ability to represent objects and events not present to the senses is the image-making power.

Doctor Neff places a high estimate on this faculty. He says:

"Whether the images are produced by direct observation, by conversation, by reading, or reflection, this imaging faculty is the central power of man, and out of it will spring forth all the marvelous and, at present, unconceived achievements of the future. Upon it depends the destiny of each individual man or woman now on earth. Here in this silent workshop of the human brain is formed in microscopic miniature all the originals of man's outward doings. Here is the home of genius and the secret of life's failures. In this chamber murder is first committed, or the holiest acts of charity first performed. All virtue was born here and all vice here first took shape. And because these were first mentally enacted they were afterwards performed outwardly. Every act is twice performed, and the second doing is the child of the first."

This subject properly belongs to psychology, but a few suggestions are offered here: A study of the works of imaginative writers and poets will stimulate and develop this faculty. The Bible is replete with imagery and should be carefully read and pondered. The books of Job and Isaiah are particularly recommended. The material for the imagination should be the best obtainable, and therefore selected with care and deliberation. The aim should constantly be to secure images that are complete and symmetrical and to furnish the necessary details of a mental picture with skill and rapidity. A study of the sciences, particularly astronomy, is recommended as giving scope for the cultivation of the imagination.

6. Personal Magnetism. This subtle power of attraction is a quality possessed by few persons. It is a potent influence in swaying and moving an audience, and is associated with geniality, sympathy, frankness, manliness, persuasiveness and an attractive personal appearance. There is a purely animal magnetism, which passes from speaker to audience and back again, swiftly and silently. This magnetic quality is sometimes found in the voice, in the eyes, or may be reflected in the whole personality of the speaker. The human eye as "the window of the soul" is one of the most effective and direct means of communication between man and man.

7. Logical Instincts. A successful orator should be able to instinctively arrange his thoughts in clear and logical order. The various parts should be linked together in obvious and logical relationship. There should be the necessary vivacity, earnestness, and progressiveness, and all tendency to "dryness" carefully avoided. Models having this logical instinct, such as Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke, and Webster, should be closely studied. If necessary spend six months in studying a great speech, taking it apart, seeing how it is put together, and analyzing it in all its details.

8. Figures of Oratory. A public speaker should have a practical knowledge of the principal figures of oratory, sometimes called figures of emphasis. These are: 1. Antithesis. 2. Rhetorical Repetition. 3. Recapitulation. 4. Climax. 5. Accumulation. 6. Interrogation. 7. Exclamation. 8. Command. 9. Denunciation. 10. Appeal to Deity. 11. Vision. 12. Prediction. 13. Egoism. 14. Isolation.

MORAL

1. Religion. A truly successful orator must be a religious man—that is, one of Godward bearing. This will put upon his utterance the unmistakable stamp of honesty and sincerity, so that men will instinctively believe in him.

2. Character. Character and reputation are not synonymous. One is what a man is, the other what people believe him to be. Doctor Conwell names four essentials in the character of a public speaker: 1. Reputation, in the better sense of what a man truly is. 2. Good sense, or zeal with knowledge. 3. Expert acquaintance with his subject, or evidence of special research and superior knowledge. 4. Philanthropy, or a sincere interest in the welfare of an audience and a desire to move them to action.[1]

Henry Ward Beecher in his "Yale Lectures on Preaching" says: "A minister ought to be entirely, inside and out, a pattern man; not a pattern man in abstention, but a man of grace, generosity, magnanimity, peaceableness, sweetness, tho of high spirit and self-defensory power when required; a man who is broad, and wide, and full of precious contents. You must come up to a much higher level than common manhood, if you mean to be a preacher."

3. Sympathy. Nervous, sensitive, diffident natures frequently produce the best speakers, as these qualities are common to the sympathetic temperament. This faculty when developed enables one to enter whole-heartedly into the lives and interests of others. The ability to direct the mind at will into emotional channels and instantly arouse appropriate feeling, is of great value to any speaker.

[1] Russell H. Conwell, *Oratory*, pp. 21, 22.

Gentleness of manner, sincerity of purpose, and breadth of view, are parts of the sympathetic nature.

4. Fearlessness. This rests primarily on personal character and increases with the right kind of knowledge and experience. The realization of being right, of espousing a worthy cause even against great odds, or a deep sense of duty, will often give courage to an otherwise timid speaker. This unflinching attitude is illustrated in Garrison, when he said: "I am in earnest! I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard!" The things that contribute most to fearlessness in a public speaker are: character; a thorough knowledge of the subject in hand; a wide and varied vocabulary; a deep-rooted belief in the cause advocated; a knowledge of the audience to be addressed; and a subordinating of self-interests.

5. Self-renunciation. To be preeminently successful, an orator should relinquish all self-interest. Upon great oratorical occasions a speaker practically offers himself a living sacrifice to his cause. His subject is so much larger than himself that he is unconsciously lost in it. This self-renunciation must be voluntary and complete.

6. Perseverance and Industry. The most successful orators have been men of indomitable perseverance and untiring industry. They have worked long and late, studying, observing, reflecting, writing, revising and practising aloud their speeches.

Alexander Hamilton once said: "Men give me some credit for genius. All the genius I have lies in this: When I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly. Day and

night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make is what the people are pleased to call the fruits of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought."

Carlyle says: "Sweat of the brow, and up from that to sweat of the brain; sweat of the heart, up to that 'agony of bloody sweat,' which all men have called divine! Oh, brother, if this is not worship, then I say, the more pity for worship! for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky."

7. Strong Opinions and Convictions. A man can not hope to be a leader of others unless he has clear, vigorous, and settled views upon the subject under consideration. If his ideas are like a weathercock, changing at every turn of the wind, he will fail utterly to convince his fellow men. His motto should be like that of the late Joseph Cook: "Clearness at any cost."

CHAPTER XIV

PREPARATION OF THE SPEECH

GATHERING MATERIAL

Having chosen a theme, the logical order is to first gather the material, second to judiciously select from it and arrange it in order, and third to fix it in the mind ready for use. The task of finding material may be slow and tedious at first, but successive efforts will bring ease and facility. The habit of completely "thinking out" a subject should be cultivated from the beginning. Thoughts should be noted down in writing as they occur and not be left to the caprice of memory. There must be ample time in which thoroughly to do this work. After exhausting the resources of his own mind, the student may next turn to books in order to confirm and strengthen his ideas and gather further new material. He will also converse with well-informed people whenever possible and closely observe things about him that bear upon the subject in hand.

To repeat, the note-book habit can not be too strongly urged here as the only safeguard against lapses of memory. References, ideas, quotations and arguments should be promptly put down in writing. At this stage of preparing a speech the student will eagerly read books, magazines and newspapers, with a view to finding further suitable material.

The advice given to preachers by Prof. Arthur S. Hoyt, applies equally to other public speakers. He says: "By

all means do your own thinking. Fix your thought upon the text and subject, and try to penetrate to its vital meaning. Find the message for your own soul in it. Believe in the spirit of truth and learn to trust your own judgment as enlightened by His influence. Do not go at once to commentaries and homiletic handbooks for material, but let your own thought grow by thinking. Take stock of your own mental and spiritual resources. Be thoroughly yourself and find your own voice, for in this way only will you have that personal and individual flavor which makes the charm of true preaching."

ARRANGING MATERIAL

The second step, that of selecting what is desirable from this mass of unarranged material, requires unusual skill and judgment. Many pet ideas and phrases must be discarded. Certain portions will probably have to be rewritten many times before they are at all satisfactory. It is said of Macaulay that he would write off a whole story at a headlong pace, sketching in the outlines under the genial and audacious impulse of a first conception; but in the final writing he would not allow a sentence to pass muster until it was as good as he could make it. He would recast entire paragraphs and chapters in order to secure a more lucid arrangement.

The student should carefully note the distinction between the preparation of an essay and a public address. There is a wide difference between them, inasmuch as one is intended to be spoken, while the other is intended to be read silently. Both require the highest kind of literary ability, but a speech demands a more vivid style than an essay,

being designed to arouse the emotions of the hearer as well as to convince his judgment. In a speech, too, frequent repetition of thought may be indulged in, to emphasize or drive home truth, tho the phraseology in such repetitions must be changed. Aristotle speaks of this as the orator's gift of tautology.

In preparing a speech it is well to stop every little while in writing and read aloud what has been written to find whether it "speaks" well. If the words do not fit the mouth of the speaker there is something wrong somewhere and he should endeavor to find it out as soon as possible, otherwise he may have to prepare his entire address over again.

BRIEFING

A "brief" is not the exclusive possession of the lawyer, as so many persons believe, nor something that has to do only with the court room. It is a plan whereby any speaker may arrange his material in logical order, in somewhat the same manner that the architect draws his plans of a proposed building. The regular divisions of a brief are: 1. The Introduction. 2. The Brief Proper. 3. The Conclusion. It is made up of certain definite statements, put into concise language and distinguished by letters or numerals. Under each of the main headings may come subheadings setting forth subordinate ideas. As the name implies, a "brief" means conciseness and clearness throughout, so that the entire plan can be readily understood by another. For a full exposition of this subject the student is referred to "The Principles of Argumentation," by Professor Baker, of Harvard University, and "Argumentation and Debate," by Professors Laycock and Scales, of Dartmouth College.

COMMITTING

It is good discipline for the average beginner to thoroughly memorize his speeches. This will train him in accuracy of expression and increase his self-confidence. As he gains experience, he may speak simply from full notes, then from an outline or "brief," and finally from a series of "catch-words" or headings.

There is a wide difference of opinion as to whether a speech should be memorized or not. This is a matter that depends largely upon the temperament of the speaker. Some men are handicapped by a memorized effort. They must have free exercise of the mind at the moment of speaking, otherwise they prove cold and mechanical. It should be the aim of every student to eventually acquire the art of extemporaneous and impromptu speaking, but in the majority of cases the habit of memorizing at first will be found both necessary and advantageous.

The proposed speech should be recited aloud many times, before a looking-glass, with suitable gesture, in the fields or the open air, and, when possible, in the hall or place where it is finally to be given.

A successful speaker once said: "They talk of my astonishing bursts of eloquence, and doubtless imagine it is my genius bubbling over. It is nothing of the sort. I'll tell you how I do it. I select a subject and study it from the ground up. When I have mastered it fully, I write a speech on it. Then I take a walk and come back, and revise and correct. In a few days I subject it to another pruning, and then recopy it. Next I add the finishing touches, round it off with graceful periods, and commit it to memory. Then I speak it in the fields, on my father's lawn, and before my mirror, until gesture and delivery are perfect. It some-

times takes me six weeks or two months to get up a speech. When I am prepared I come to town. I generally select a court day, when there is sure to be a crowd. I am called on for a speech, and am permitted to select my own subject. I speak my piece. It astonishes the people, as I intended it should, and they go away marveling at my power of oratory. They call it genius, but it is the hardest kind of work."

CHAPTER XV

DIVISIONS OF THE SPEECH

The usual divisions of a speech are: 1. The Introduction. 2. The Discussion, or Statement of Facts. 3. The Conclusion, or Peroration.

THE INTRODUCTION

This is a difficult and critical part of a discourse. The immediate object of the speaker should be to gain the attention and good will of the audience. To this end he will begin modestly and with something familiar or acceptable to them. The language and style should be plain, direct and deliberate. While the attitude of the speaker should be deferential, it must be remembered that "nerve" and self-confidence are essential to success.

Dr. Russell H. Conwell suggests three desirable ways in which to commence an address: 1. By anecdote, which places the speaker in a pleasant relationship with his audience. 2. By reference to the importance of the subject to the welfare of the audience, thereby creating an intense interest on the part of the audience who believe they are to receive a personal benefit. 3. By showing personal interest in the success of the audience, which awakens, reciprocally, the interest and sympathy of the audience toward the speaker.

The following introductions, taken from speeches of recognized merit, will repay careful study and analysis:

1. First of all, fellow citizens, I pray that God may inspire in your hearts on this occasion the same impartial good will toward me that I have always felt for Athens and for every one of you.

In His name, in the name of your religion and your honor, I ask that you will not let my opponent decide the way in which I shall be heard—I am sure you will not be so cruel!—but remember the laws and your oath, which, among the many obligations imposed upon you, require that you hear both sides alike. Not only must you not condemn beforehand, not only must you listen with impartial ear to accuser and accused, but to each you must allow perfect freedom in the conduct of his case.

Æschines has many advantages over me in this trial, fellow citizens, and two especially. First of all, our stake is not the same. It is a far more serious matter for me to lose your esteem than for my adversary not to succeed in making out his case. For me—but I will not allow myself to begin by making an unlucky forecast. For him, however, it is merely a game.

"The Oration on the Crown." DEMOSTHENES.

2. MR. PRESIDENT:—When the mariner has been tossed for many days in thick weather, and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glance of the sun, to take his latitude, and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course. Let us imitate this prudence, and, before we float farther on the waves of this debate, refer to the point from which we departed, that we may at least be able to conjecture where we now are.

"The Reply to Hayne." WEBSTER.

3. "There was a South of slavery and secession—that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom—that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour." These words, delivered from the immortal lips of Benjamin H. Hill, at Tammany Hall, in 1866, true then, and truer now, I shall make my text to-night.

Mr. President and Gentlemen: Let me express to you my appreciation of the kindness by which I am permitted to address

you. I make this abrupt acknowledgment advisedly, for I feel that if, when I raised my provincial voice in this ancient and august presence, I could find courage for no more than the opening sentence, it would be well if, in that sentence, I had met in a rough sense my obligation as a guest, and had perished, so to speak, with courtesy on my lips and grace in my heart.

Permitted, through your kindness, to catch my second wind, let me say that I appreciate the significance of being the first Southerner to speak at this board, which bears the substance, if it surpasses the semblance of original New England hospitality, and honors a sentiment that in turn honors you, but in which my personality is lost and the compliment to my people made plain.

"The New South." HENRY W. GRADY.

4. GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY:—Mr. Kenyon having informed the court that we propose to call no other witnesses, it is now my duty to address myself to you as counsel for the noble prisoner at the bar, the whole evidence being closed. I use the word *closed,* because it certainly is not finished, since I have been obliged to leave the seat in which I sat, to disentangle myself from the volumes of men's names, which lay there under my feet, whose testimony, had it been necessary for the defense, would have confirmed all the facts that are already in evidence before you.

"Defense of Lord Gordon." LORD ERSKINE.

5. FELLOW COUNTRYMEN:—At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

"Second Inaugural Address." ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

6. For more than twenty-five years I have been made perfectly familiar with popular assemblies in all parts of my country except the extreme South. There has not for the whole of that time been a single day of my life when it would have been safe for me to go south of Mason and Dixon's line in my own country, and all for one reason: my solemn, earnest, persistent testimony against that which I consider to be the most atrocious thing under the sun—the system of American slavery in a great free republic. [Cheers.] I have passed through that early period when right of free speech was denied to me. Again and again I have attempted to address audiences that, for no other crime than that of free speech, visited me with all manner of contumelious epithets; and now since I have been in England, altho I have met with greater kindness and courtesy on the part of most than I deserved, yet, on the other hand, I perceive that the Southern influence prevails to some extent in England. [Applause and uproar.] It is my old acquaintance; I understand it perfectly—[laughter]—and I have always held it to be an unfailing truth that where a man had a cause that would bear examination he was perfectly willing to have it spoken about. [Applause.] And when in Manchester I saw those huge placards: "Who is Henry Ward Beecher?"—[laughter, cries of "Quite right," and applause]—and when in Liverpool I was told that there were those blood-red placards, purporting to say what Henry Ward Beecher had said, and calling upon Englishmen to suppress free speech—I tell you what I thought. I thought simply this: "I am glad of it." [Laughter.] Why? Because if they had felt perfectly secure that you are the minions of the South and the slaves of slavery, they would have been perfectly still. [Applause and uproar.] And, therefore, when I saw so much nervous apprehension that, if I were permitted to speak—[hisses and applause]—when I found they were afraid to have me speak—[hisses, laughter, and "No, no!"]—when I found that they considered my speaking damaging to their cause—[applause]—when I found that they appealed from facts and reasonings to mob law—[applause and uproar]—I said, no man need tell me what the heart and secret counsel of these men are. They tremble and are afraid. [Applause, laughter, hisses, "No, no!"] Now, personally, it is a matter of very lit-

tle consequence to me whether I speak here to-night or not. [Laughter and cheers.] But, one thing is very certain, if you do permit me to speak here to-night you will hear very plain talking. [Applause and hisses.] You will not find a man—[interruption]—you will not find me to be a man that dared to speak about Great Britain three thousand miles off, and then is afraid to speak to Great Britain when he stands on her shores. [Immense applause and hisses.] And if I do not mistake the tone and temper of Englishmen, they had rather have a man who opposes them in a manly way—[applause from all parts of the hall]—than a sneak that agrees with them in an unmanly way. [Applause and "Bravo!"] Now, if I can NOT carry you with me by facts and sound arguments, I DO NOT WISH YOU TO GO WITH ME AT ALL; and all that I ask is simply FAIR PLAY. [Applause, and a voice: "You shall have it, too."]

"Liverpool Speech." HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE DISCUSSION, OR STATEMENT OF FACTS

This is the main portion of an address and should be marked throughout by sound logic and common sense. It is well for the speaker to begin with facts that are familiar to the audience, then they will more readily follow his leadership into new and uncertain fields of inquiry.

The essential elements to be observed are *unity, order, movement.* By unity is meant singleness of idea and freedom from unnecessary digression. There must be an intelligent order throughout, to give clearness to the spoken word. There must also be movement, or development, that the speech may make progress and bring the hearer to his destination. This is the very life of discourse, without which public speaking would be both uninteresting and unprofitable.

Iteration, the repetition of a word or phrase, if not overdone, may frequently add force and clearness to a speech.

A good illustration of this is the following passage from Matthew Arnold:

The practical genius of our people could not but urge irresistibly to the production of a real prose style, because for the purposes of modern life the old English prose, the prose of Milton and Taylor, is cumbersome, unavailable, impossible. A style of regularity, uniformity, precision, balance, was wanted. These are the qualities of a serviceable prose style. Poetry was a different *logic,* as Coleridge said, from prose. But there is no doubt that a style of regularity, uniformity, precision, balance, will acquire a yet stronger hold upon the mind of a nation if it is adopted in poetry as well as in prose, and so comes to govern both. This is what happened in France. To the practical, modern, and social genius of the French a true prose was indispensable. They produced one of conspicuous excellence, supremely powerful and influential in the last century, the first to come and standing at first alone, a modern prose. French prose is marked in the highest degree by the qualities of regularity, uniformity, precision, balance. With little opposition from any deep-seated and imperious poetic instincts, the French made their poetry also conform to the law which was molding their prose. French poetry became marked with the qualities of regularity, uniformity, precision, balance.

A speech should have the two elements of *convincingness* and *persuasiveness.* The first appeals to the intellect, the second appeals to the heart of the listener. The interblending of the two qualities produces the most satisfactory address. The first demands mere statement of fact, cold logic and cogent reasoning; the second, by its warmth and color, stirs the emotions and moves the hearer to action.

The following is an illustration of the convincing style, without any attempt to move the feelings:

My lords, the meaning of this maxim, "that a man shall not disable himself," is solely this: that a man shall not disable him-

self by his own wilful crime; and such a disability the law will not allow him to plead. If a man contracts to sell an estate to any person upon certain terms at such a time, and in the meantime he sells it to another, he shall not be allowed to say, "Sir, I can not fulfil my contract; it is out of my power; I have sold my estate to another." Such a plea would be no bar to an action, because the act of his selling it to another is the very breach of contract. So, likewise, a man who hath promised marriage to one lady, and afterward marries another, can not plead in bar of a prosecution from the first lady that he is already married, because his marrying the second lady is the very breach of promise to the first. A man shall not be allowed to plead that he was drunk in bar of a criminal prosecution, tho perhaps he was at the time as incapable of the exercise of reason as if he had been insane, because his drunkenness was itself a crime. He shall not be allowed to excuse one crime by another. The Roman soldier, who cut off his thumbs, was not suffered to plead his disability for the service to procure his dismission with impunity, because his incapacity was designedly brought on him by his own wilful fault. And I am glad to observe so good an agreement among the judges upon this point, who have stated it with great precision and clearness.

When it was said, therefore, that "a man can not plead his crime in excuse for not doing what he is by law required to do," it only amounts to this, that he can not plead in excuse what, when pleaded, *is* no excuse; but there is not in this the shadow of an objection to his pleading what is an excuse—pleading a legal disqualification. If he is nominated to be a justice of the peace, he may say, "I can not be a justice of the peace, for I have not a hundred pounds a year." In like manner, a Dissenter may plead, "I have not qualified, and I can not qualify, and am not obliged to qualify; and you have no right to fine me for not serving."

"The Case of Evans." LORD MANSFIELD.

The following is a splendid example of both styles combined:

I plead not for a murderer. I have no inducement, no motive to do so. I have addressed my fellow citizens in many various

relations, when rewards of wealth and fame awaited me. I have been cheered on other occasions by manifestations of popular approbation and sympathy; and where there was no such encouragement, I had at least the gratitude of him whose cause I defended. But I speak now in the hearing of a people who have prejudged the prisoner, and condemned me for pleading in his behalf. He is a convict, a pauper, a negro, without intellect, sense, or emotion. My child, with an affectionate smile, disarms my care-worn face of its frown whenever I cross my threshold. The beggar in the street obliges me to give, because he says "God bless you" as I pass. My dog caresses me with fondness if I will but smile on him. My horse recognizes me when I fill his manger. But what reward, what gratitude, what sympathy and affection can I expect here? There the prisoner sits. Look at him. Look at the assemblage around you. Listen to their ill-suppressed censures and their excited fears, and tell me where, among my neighbors or my fellow men, where, even in his heart, I can expect to find the sentiment, the thought, not to say of reward or of acknowledgment, but even of recognition. I sat here two weeks during the preliminary trial. I stood here, between the prisoner and the jury, nine hours, and pleaded for the wretch that he was insane and did not even know he was on trial; and, when all was done, the jury thought, at least eleven of them thought, that I had been deceiving them, or was self-deceived. They read signs of intelligence in his idiotic smile, and of cunning and malice in his stolid insensibility. They rendered a verdict that he was sane enough to be tried—a contemptible compromise verdict in a capital case; and then they looked on, with what emotions God and they alone know, upon his arraignment. The district attorney, speaking in his adder ear, bade him rise, and, reading to him one indictment, asked him whether he wanted a trial, and the poor fool answered no. Have you counsel? No. And they went through the same mockery, the prisoner giving the same answers, until a third indictment was thundered in his ears, and he stood before the court silent, motionless, and bewildered. Gentlemen, you may think of this evidence what you please, bring in what verdict you can, but I asseverate, before Heaven and you, that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the prisoner at the bar does not, at this moment,

know why it is that my shadow falls on you instead of his own.
"The Defense of William Freeman." W. H. SEWARD.

THE CONCLUSION, OR PERORATION

This is the summing up, or culmination, of all that has gone before, and should be marked by great earnestness. It is the most vital part of a speech, the supreme moment when the speaker is to drive his message home and make his most lasting impression. This calls for the very best that is in a man. The style of conclusion may vary according to circumstances, but generally it should be short, simple and earnest.

The customary method is to recapitulate or summarize what has been said, in order to impress it vividly upon the mind of the audience. While an abrupt ending may ruin an otherwise successful effort, the temptation to make the closing appeal too long should be carefully avoided. Whether the speech be memorized throughout or not, the speaker should know specifically the thought, if not the phraseology, with which he intends to end his address.

The following conclusions of well-known speeches should be studied and practised aloud:

1. Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our own human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of

kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of national existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting truth!

"Plymouth Oration." WEBSTER.

2. Go home, if you dare,—go home, if you can, to your constituents and tell them that you voted it down! Meet, if you dare, the appalling countenances of those who sent you here, and tell them that you shrank from the declaration of your own sentiments; that, you can not tell how, but that some unknown dread, some indescribable apprehension, some indefinable danger, affrighted you; that the specters of cimeters, and crowns and crescents, gleamed before you, and alarmed you; and that you suppressed all the noble feelings prompted by religion, by liberty, by national independence, and by humanity! I cannot bring myself to believe that such will be the feeling of a majority of this House.

"Duty of America to Greece." HENRY CLAY.

3. I might, as a constituent, come to your bar and demand my liberty. I do call upon you by the laws of the land, and their violation; by the instruction of eighteen centuries; by the arms, inspiration, and providence of the present movement—tell us the rule by which we shall go; assert the law of Ireland; declare the liberty of the land! I will not be answered by a public lie, in the shape of an amendment; nor, speaking for the subject's freedom, am I to hear of faction. I wish for nothing but to breathe in this our island, in common with my fellow subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be to break your chains and contemplate your glory. I never shall be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags. He may be naked; he shall not be in irons. And I do see the time at hand; the spirit has gone forth; the declaration of right is planted, and tho great men should fall off, the cause will live; and tho he who utters this should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ that conveys it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him.

"Declaration of Irish Right." GRATTAN.

4. I may now, therefore, relieve you from the pain of hearing me any longer, and be myself relieved from speaking on a subject which agitates and distresses me. Since Lord George Gordon stands clear of every hostile act or purpose against the Legislature of his country, or the properties of his fellow subjects—since the whole tenor of his conduct repels the belief of the *traitorous intention* charged by the indictment—my task is finished. I shall make no address to your passions. I will not remind you of the long and rigorous imprisonment he has suffered; I will not speak to you of his great youth, of his illustrious birth, and of his uniformly animated and generous zeal in Parliament for the Constitution of his country. Such topics might be useful in the balance of a doubtful case; yet, even then, I should have trusted to the honest hearts of Englishmen to have felt them without excitation. At present, the plain and rigid rules of justice and truth are sufficient to entitle me to your verdict.

"Defense of Gordon." LORD ERSKINE.

5. No, my friends, that will never be the verdict of our people. Therefore, we care not upon what lines the battle is fought. If they say bimetallism is good, but that we can not have it until other nations help us, we reply that, instead of having a gold standard because England has, we will restore bimetallism, and then let England have bimetallism because the United States has it. If they dare to come out in the open field and defend the gold standard as a good thing, we will fight them to the uttermost. Having behind us the producing masses of this nation and the world, supported by the commercial interests, the laboring interests and the toilers everywhere, we will answer their demand for a gold standard by saying to them: You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold.

"'Cross of Gold' Speech." WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

CHAPTER XVI

DELIVERY OF THE SPEECH

THE AUDIENCE

It is desirable that a speaker should have some knowledge of the people he is to address. It will be to his advantage to know something of their range of thought and their likes and dislikes. He should also know something of the occasion, such as: Who will be there? What is expected of him? How long should he speak? Will there be any other speakers? What will be the spirit of the audience? What will be his subject? These and similar questions will enable him to get his bearings and to adapt himself to a particular audience. It is assumed that the speaker has trained himself in voice and gesture, and being master of these means of expression, he now steps before his audience.

THE BEGINNING

The first impression made by a speaker will often determine the success or failure of his undertaking. He should assume a natural and easy standing position and begin in a quiet conversational voice. His face should be cheerful and somewhat animated, and his bearing should be modest. By modesty is not meant timidity or an attitude of subservience, for lack of self-confidence is destructive of successful effort. It means rather a sinking of self, or a merging of self into the subject in hand. Modesty is not incompatible with leadership, and a public speaker must

be a leader. He should look his audience squarely in the eyes, as this is one of the most effective means of riveting their attention. This eye to eye communication will enable him to estimate the effect of his words, and to know when necessary to emphasize, amplify, or otherwise adapt his thought to particular hearers.

PROGRESS

There must be evidence of substantial progress being made as a speaker advances in his subject, otherwise the audience will soon become weary and disinterested. A speech should have an onward rising tendency, marked by gradually increasing volume of voice, earnestness of feeling, intensity of facial expression and greater breadth and variety of gesture. Once having secured control of his audience the speaker must keep them so to speak "in his grasp," for should he loosen his hold upon them, even for a few moments, it is doubtful if he could again gain control of them. There should be special strong points in the address, upon which the speaker has particularly prepared himself, all leading up, however, to the great climax which will close his speech.

THE CLIMAX

In every speech there is a summit to be reached, and it is the duty of the speaker to lead his audience to it step by step. If the subject matter has been arranged in climactic order, as it should be, little difficulty should be experienced in working up the vocal climax. Here the highest powers of the speaker are brought into play,—voice, gesture, facial expression and body movements,—all are summoned to aid him in this final appeal. The man's soul seems

on fire as he sends these last burning shafts of eloquence into the minds and hearts of his hearers.

THE CLOSE

Frequently the climax closes the address, altho a few words may be added in a quieter style should it be found desirable. These words should be very few, however, and straight to the point. They should be concise, important and dignified. Nothing is more distressing than to have a speech "flatten out" toward the end. The closing argument should be put, as Emerson says, into concrete shape,—some hard phrase, round and solid as a ball, which the people can see and handle and carry home with them.

AFTERWARD

After a speech has been delivered and the mind of the speaker relieved of its weight of responsibility, he should take the first opportunity to rest his voice and abandon himself to quiet and repose. If convenient, a sleep, even for a few minutes, will be refreshing. At a later time he can give some consideration to the speech that has been delivered, what effect it has had upon his audience, how far it was successful and in what respects it failed. This will suggest means of improvement in subsequent efforts. Honest criticism or praise voluntarily offered by others should be cheerfully accepted, but it is not wise nor dignified to invite discussion of the merits of a speaker's address.

GENERAL SUGGESTIONS

1. Let your first efforts be simple.
2. Do your work under the immediate inspiration of duty.

3. Be bold,—but not too bold.

4. Make up your mind to accept the risk. Failure should lead to more persistent effort.

5. Prepare twice as much matter as you intend to use. The memory is sometimes treacherous.

6. Cultivate the extempore style as soon as possible.

7. Learn to select your words and cast your sentences accurately and fluently.

8. Be natural, not artificial.

9. Enunciate deliberately.

10. Regulate the pitch and force of your voice by talking to your farthest auditors.

11. Conceal the bones in the skeleton of your address.

12. Avoid hurry.

13. Be yourself at your best.

14. If you bow, do so from the waist, not from the neck.

15. If your audience appears cold, warm them up.

16. Cultivate concentration.

17. Never let your words overshadow your thought.

18. Better stop too soon than too late.

PART IV

SELECTIONS FOR PRACTISE

SELECTIONS FOR PRACTISE

CLOSE OF THE ORATION ON THE CROWN

BY DEMOSTHENES

The people gave their voice, and the danger that hung upon our borders went by like a cloud. Then was the time for the upright citizen to show the world if he could suggest anything better:—now, his cavils come too late. The statesman and the adventurer are alike in nothing, but there is nothing in which they differ more than this. The statesman declares his mind before the event, and submits himself to be tested by those who have believed him, by fortune, by his own use of opportunities, by every one and everything. The adventurer is silent when he ought to have spoken, and then, if there is a disagreeable result, he fixes an eye of malice upon that. As I have said, then was the opportunity of the man who cared for Athens and for the assertion of justice.

But I am prepared to go further:—If any one has had a new light as to something which it would have been expedient to do then, I protest that this ought not to be concealed from me. But if there neither is nor was any such thing; if no one to this very hour is in a position to name it; then what was your adviser to do? Was he not to choose the best of the visible and feasible alternatives? And this is what I did, Æschines, when the herald asked, "Who

wishes to speak?'' His question was not, Who wishes to rake up old accusations? or, Who wishes to give pledges of the future? In those days you sat dumb in the assemblies. I came forward and spoke.

Come now—it is better late than never: point out what argument should have been discovered—what opportunity that might have served has not been used by me in the interests of Athens—what alliance, what policy was available which I might better have commended to our citizens?

As, however, he bears so hardly upon the results, I am ready to make a statement which may sound startling. I say that, if the event had been manifest to the whole world beforehand, if all men had been fully aware of it, if you, Æschines, who never opened your lips, had been ever so loud or so shrill in prophecy or in protest, not even then ought Athens to have forsaken this course, if Athens had any regard for her glory, or for her past, or for the ages to come. Now, of course, she seems to have failed; but failure is for all men when Heaven so decrees. In the other case, she, who claims the first place in Greece, would have renounced it, and would have incurred the reproach of having betrayed all Greece to Philip. If she had indeed betrayed without a blow those things for which our ancestors endured every imaginable danger, who would not have spurned, Æschines, at you? Not at Athens—the gods forbid—nor at me. In the name of Zeus, how could we have looked visitors in the face if, things having come to their present pass, Philip having been elected leader and lord of all—the struggle against it had been sustained by others without our help, and this, tho never once in her past history our city had preferred inglorious safety to the perilous vindication of honor? What Greek, what barbarian

does not know that the Thebans, and their predecessors in power, the Lacedæmonians, and the Persian king, would have been glad and thankful to let Athens take anything that she liked, besides keeping what she had got, if she would only have done what she was told, and allowed some other power to lead Greece?

Such a bargain, however, was for the Athenians of those days neither conditional, nor congenial, nor supportable. In the whole course of her annals, no one could ever persuade Athens to side with dishonest strength, to accept a secure slavery, or to desist, at any moment in her career, and from doing battle and braving danger for preeminence, for honor, and for renown.

You, Athenians, find these principles so worthy of veneration, so accordant with your own character, that you praise none of your ancestors so highly as those who put them into action. You are right. Who must not admire the spirit of men who were content to quit their country, and to exchange their city for their triremes in the cause of resistance to dictation; who put Themistocles, the author of his course, at their head, while as for Kyrsilos, the man who gave his voice for accepting the enemy's terms, they stoned him to death, yes, and his wife was stoned by the women of Athens? The Athenians of those days were not in search of an orator or a general who should help them to an agreeable servitude. No, they would not hear of life itself if they were not to live free. Each one of them held that he had been born the son, not only of his father and his mother, but of his country also. And wherein is the difference? It is here. He that recognizes no debt of piety save to his parents awaits his death in the course of destiny and of nature. But he that deems himself the son of his

country also will be ready to die sooner than see her enslaved. In his estimate those insults, those dishonors which must be suffered in his city when she has lost her freedom will be accounted more terrible than death.

If I presumed to say that it was I who thus inspired you with a spirit worthy of your ancestors, there is not a man present who might not properly rebuke me. What I do maintain is that these principles of conduct were your own; that this spirit existed in the city before my intervention, but that, in the successive chapters of events, I had my share of merit as your servant. Æschines, on the contrary, denounces our policy as a whole, invokes your resentment against me as the author of the city's terrors and dangers, and, in his anxiety to wrest from me the distinction of the hour, robs you of glories which will be celebrated as long as time endures. For, if you condemn Ktesiphon on the ground that my public course was misdirected, then you will be adjudged guilty of error: you will no longer appear as sufferers by the perversity of fortune.

But never, Athenians, never can it be said that you erred when you took upon you that peril for the freedom and safety of all. No, by our fathers who met the danger at Marathon; no, by our fathers who stood in the ranks at Platæa; no, by our fathers who did battle on the waters of Salamis and Artemision; no, by all the brave who sleep in tombs at which their country paid those last honors which she had awarded, Æschines, to all of them alike, not alone to the successful or the victorious! And her award was just. The part of brave men had been done by all. The fortune experienced by the individual among them had been allotted by a power above man.

Here is the proof. Not when my extradition was de-

manded, not when they sought to arraign me before the Amphictyonic Council, not for all their menaces or their offers, not when they set these villains like wild beasts upon me, have I ever been untrue to the loyalty I bear you. From the outset, I chose the path of a straightforward and righteous statesmanship, to cherish the dignities, the prerogatives, the glories of my country: to exalt them: to stand by their cause. I do not go about the market-place radiant with joy at my country's disasters, holding out my hand and telling my good news to any one who, I think, is likely to report it in Macedon; I do not hear of my country's successes with a shudder and a groan and a head bent to earth, like the bad men who pull Athens to pieces, as if, in so doing, they were not tearing their own reputations to shreds, who turn their faces to foreign lands, and, when an alien has triumphed by the ruin of the Greeks, give their praises to that exploit, and vow that vigilance must be used to render that triumph eternal.

Never, powers of Heaven, may any brow of the immortals be bent in approval of that prayer. Rather, if it may be, breathe even into these men a better mind and heart; but if so it is that to these can come no healing, then grant that these, and these alone, may perish utterly and early on land and on the deep: and to us, the remnant, send the swiftest deliverance from the terrors gathered above our heads; send us the salvation that stands fast perpetually.

ORATORY

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER

Oratory has this test and mark of divine providence, that God, when he makes things perfect, signifies that he is done, by throwing over them the robe of beauty; for beauty is the divine thought of excellence. All growing things, in their earlier stages, are rude. All of them are in vigorous strength, it may be; but not until the blossom comes, and the fruit hangs pendant, has the vine evinced for what it was made. God is a God of beauty; and beauty is everywhere the final process. When things have come to that, they have touched their limit.

A living force that brings to itself all the resources of imagination, all the inspirations of feeling, all that is influential in body, in voice, in eye, in gesture, in posture, in the whole animated man, is in strict analogy with the divine thought and the divine arrangement; and there is no misconstruction more utterly untrue and fatal than this: that oratory is an artificial thing, which deals with baubles and trifles, for the sake of making bubbles of pleasure for transient effect on mercurial audiences. So far from that, it is the consecration of the whole man to the noblest purposes to which one can address himself—the education and inspiration of his fellow men by all that there is in learning, by all that there is in thought, by all that there is in feeling, by all that there is in all of them, sent home through the channels of taste and of beauty. And so regarded, oratory should take its place among the highest departments of education.

But oratory is disregarded largely; and one of the fruits of this disregard is, that men fill all the places of power

with force misdirected; with energy not half so fruitful as it might be; with sincerity that knows not how to spread its wings and fly. If you were to trace and to analyze the methods which prevail in all the departments of society, you would find in no other such contempt of culture, and in no other such punishment of this contempt.

How much squandering there is of the voice! How little is there of the advantage that may come from conversational tones! How seldom does a man dare to acquit himself with pathos and fervor! And the men are themselves mechanical and methodical in the bad way, who are most afraid of the artificial training that is given in the schools, and who so often show by the fruit of their labor that the want of oratory is the want of education.

How remarkable is sweetness of voice in the mother, in the father, in the household! The music of no chorded instruments brought together is, for sweetness, like the music of familiar affection when spoken by brother and sister, or by father and mother.

Conversation itself belongs to oratory. How many men there are who are weighty in argument, who have abundant resources, and who are almost boundless in their power at other times and in other places, but who, when in company among their kind, are exceedingly unapt in their methods. Having none of the secret instruments by which the elements of nature may be touched, having no skill and no power in this direction, they stand as machines before living, sensitive men. A man may be as a master before an instrument; only the instrument is dead; and he has the living hand; and out of that dead instrument what wondrous harmony springs forth at his touch! And if you can electrify an audience by the power of a living man on

dead things, how much more should that audience be electrified when the chords are living and the man is alive, and he knows how to touch them with divine inspiration!

I advocate, therefore, in its full extent, and for every reason of humanity, of patriotism, and of religion, a more thorough culture of oratory.

First, in the orator, is the man. Let no man who is a sneak try to be an orator. A man who is to be an orator must have something to say. He must have something that in his very soul he feels to be worth saying. He must have in his nature that kindly sympathy which connects him with his fellow men, and which so makes him a part of the audience which he moves that his smile is their smile, that his tear is their tear, and that the throb of his heart becomes the throb of the hearts of the whole assembly. A man that is humane, a lover of his kind, full of all earnest and sweet sympathy for their welfare, has in him the original element, the substance, of oratory, which is truth; but in this world truth needs nursing and helping; it needs every advantage; for the underflow of life is animal, and the channels of human society have been taken possession of by lower influences beforehand. The devil squatted on human territory before the angel came to dispossess him. Pride and intolerance, arrogance and its cruelty, selfishness and its greed, all the lower appetites and passions, swarm, and hold in thrall the under-man that each one of us yet carries—the man of flesh, on which the spirit-man seeks to ride and by which too often he is thrown and trampled under foot. The truth, in its attempt to wean the better from the worse, needs every auxiliary and every adjuvant.

The first work, therefore, is to teach a man's body to serve his soul; and in this work, the education of the bod-

ily presence is the very first step. What power there is in posture and in gesture! By it, how many discriminations are made; how many smooth things are rolled off; how many complex things men are made to comprehend!

Among other things, the voice—perhaps the most important of all, and the least cultured—should not be forgotten. The human voice is like an orchestra. It ranges high up, and can shriek betimes like the scream of an eagle or it is low as a lion's tone; and at every intermediate point is some peculiar quality. It has in it the mother's whisper and the father's command. It has in it warning and alarm. It has in it sweetness. It is full of mirth and full of gaiety. It glitters, tho it is not seen with all its sparkling fancies. It ranges high, intermediate, or low, in obedience to the will, unconsciously to him who uses it; and men listen through the long hour, wondering that it is so short, and quite unaware that they have been bewitched out of their weariness by the charm of a voice, not artificial, not prearranged in the man's thought, but by assiduous training made to be his highest nature. Such a voice answers to the soul, and is its beating.

"But," it is said, "does not the voice come by nature?" Yes; but is there anything that comes by nature which stays as it comes, if it is worthily handled? We receive one talent that we may make it five; and we receive five talents that we make them ten. There is no one thing in man that he has in perfection till he has it by culture. We know that in respect to everything but the voice. Is not the ear trained to acute hearing? Is not the eye trained in science? Do men not school the eye, and make it quick-seeing by patient use? Is a man, because he has learned a trade, and was not born to it, thought to be less a man? Because we

have made discoveries of science, and adapted them to manufacture; because we have developed knowledge by training, are we thought to be unmanly? Shall we, because we have unfolded our powers by the use of ourselves for that noblest of purposes, the inspiration and elevation of mankind, be less esteemed? Is the school of human training to be disdained, when by it we are rendered more useful to our fellow men?

If you go from our land to other lands; if you go to the land which has been irradiated by parliamentary eloquence; if you go to the people of Great Britain; if you go to the great men in ancient times who lived in the intellect; if you go to the illustrious names that every one recalls—Demosthenes and Cicero—they represent a life of work.

Not until Michael Angelo had been the servant and the slave of matter, did he learn to control matter; and not until he had drilled and drilled and drilled himself were his touches free and easy as the breath of summer, and full of color as the summer itself. Not until Raphael had subdued himself by color, was he the crowning artist of beauty. You shall not find one great sculptor, nor one great architect, nor one great painter, nor one eminent man in any department of art, nor one great scholar, nor one great statesman, nor one divine of universal gifts, whose greatness, if you inquire, you will not find to be the fruit of study, and of the evolution that comes from study.

Great is the advance of civilization; mighty are the engines of force, but man is greater than that which he produces. Vast is that machine which stands in the dark, unconsciously lifting, lifting—the only humane slave—the iron slave—the Corliss engine; but he that made the engine

is greater than the engine itself. Wonderful is the skill by which that most exquisite mechanism of modern life, the watch, is constructed; but greater is the man that made the watch than the watch that is made. Great is the Press, great are the hundred instrumentalities and institutions and customs of society; but above them all is man. The living force is greater than any of its creations—greater than society, greater than the laws. "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath," saith the Lord. Man is greater than his own institutions. And this living force is worthy of all culture—of all culture in the power of beauty; of all culture in the direction of persuasion; of all culture in the art of reasoning.

To make men patriots, to make men Christians, to make men the sons of God, let all the doors of heaven be opened, and let God drop down charmed gifts—winged imagination, all-perceiving reason, and all-judging reason. Whatever there is that can make men wiser and better—let it descend upon the head of him who has consecrated himself to the work of mankind, and who has made himself an orator for man's sake and for God's sake.

ON THE AMERICAN WAR

BY LORD CHATHAM

I cannot, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation; the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the

delusion and darkness which envelop it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give its support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon it. Measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt! "But yesterday, and Britain might have stood against the world: now, none so poor as to do her reverence!" The people, whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, have their interests consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by our inveterate enemy; and ministers do not—and dare not—interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honors the British troops than I do: I know their virtues and their valor; I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we do know that, in three campaigns, we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts will be forever vain and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a

foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never, never, never!

But, my lords, who is the man, that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate, to our arms, the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage?—to call, into civilized alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods?—to delegate, to the merciless Indian, the defense of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also those of morality; "for it is perfectly allowable," says Lord Suffolk, "to use all the means that God and nature have put into our hands." I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country. My lords, I did not intend to encroach upon so much of your attention, but I can not repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon, as members of this House, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity!—"That God and nature have put into our hands!" What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife!—to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honor. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation!

IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS

BY EDMUND BURKE

In the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villainy upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

My lords, what is it that we want here to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

My lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors; and I believe, my lords, that the sun, in his beneficent progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bonds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community—all the Commons of England resenting, as their own, the indignities and cruelties, that are offered to all the people of India.

Do we want a tribunal? My lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. My lords, here we see virtually, in the mind's eye, that sacred majesty of the Crown, under whose authority you sit and whose power you exercise.

We have here all the branches of the royal family, in a situation between majesty and subjection, between the sovereign and the subject—offering a pledge, in that situation, for the support of the rights of the Crown and the liberties of the people, both of which extremities they touch.

My lords, we have a great hereditary peerage here; those who have their own honor, the honor of their ancestors, and of their posterity, to guard, and who will justify, as they always have justified, that provision in the Constitution by which justice is made an hereditary office.

My lords, we have here a new nobility, who have risen, and exalted themselves by various merits, by great civil and military services, which have extended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting sun.

My lords, you have here, also, the lights of our religion; you have the bishops of England. My lords, you have that true image of the primitive Church in its ancient form, in its ancient ordinances, purified from the superstitions and the vices which a long succession of ages will bring upon the best institutions.

My lords, these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of the body of this House. We know them, we reckon, we rest upon them, and commit safely the interests of India and of humanity into your hands. Therefore, it is with confidence, that, ordered by the Commons, I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted, whose property he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name, and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

My lords, the Commons will share in every fate with your lordships; there is nothing sincere which can happen to you, in which we shall not be involved; and, if it should so happen, that we shall be subjected to some of those frightful changes which we have seen; if it should happen that your lordships, stripped of all the decorous distinctions of human society, should, by hands at once base and cruel, be led to those scaffolds and machines of murder upon which great kings and glorious queens have shed their blood, amidst the prelates, amidst the nobles, amidst the magistrates, who supported their thrones,—may you in those moments feel that consolation which I am persuaded they felt in the critical moments of their dreadful agony!

My lords, there is a consolation, and a great consolation it is, which often happens to oppressed virtue and fallen dignity; it often happens that the very oppressors and persecutors themselves are forced to bear testimony in its favor. The Parliament of Paris had an origin very, very similar to that of the great court before which I stand; the Parliament of Paris continued to have a great resemblance to it in its Constitution, even to its fall; the Parliament of Paris, my lords,—WAS; it is gone! It has passed away; it has vanished like a dream! It fell pierced by the sword

of the Comte de Mirabeau. And yet that man, at the time of his inflicting the death-wound of that Parliament, produced at once the shortest and the grandest funeral oration that ever was or could be made upon the departure of a great court of magistracy. When he pronounced the death sentence upon that Parliament, and inflicted the mortal wound, he declared that his motives for doing it were merely political, and that their hands were as pure as those of justice itself, which they administered—a great and glorious exit, my lords, of a great and glorious body!

My lords, if you must fall, may you so fall! But, if you stand, and stand I trust you will, together with the fortunes of this ancient monarchy—together with the ancient laws and liberties of this great and illustrious kingdom, may you stand as unimpeached in honor as in power; may you stand, not as a substitute for virtue, but as an ornament of virtue, as a security for virtue; may you stand long, and long stand the terror of tyrants; may you stand the refuge of afflicted nations; may you stand a sacred temple, for the perpetual residence of an inviolable justice!

THE FORCE BILL

BY JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN

It is said that the bill ought to pass, because the law must be enforced. The law must be enforced! The imperial edict must be executed! It is under such sophistry, couched in general terms, without looking to the limitations which must ever exist in the practical exercise of power, that the most cruel and despotic acts ever have been covered. It was such sophistry as this that cast Daniel into the lion's

den, and the three Innocents into the fiery furnace. Under the same sophistry the bloody edicts of Nero and Caligula were executed. The law must be enforced. Yes, the act imposing the "tea-tax must be executed." This was the very argument which impelled Lord North and his administration to that mad career which forever separated us from the British crown. Under a similar sophistry, that "religion must be protected," how many massacres have been perpetrated? and how many martyrs have been tied to the stake? What! acting on this vague abstraction, are you prepared to enforce a law without considering whether it be just or unjust, constitutional or unconstitutional? Will you collect money when it is acknowledged that it is not wanted? He who earns the money, who digs it from the earth with the sweat of his brow, has a just title to it against the universe. No one has a right to touch it without his consent except his government, and this only to the extent of its legitimate wants; to take more is robbery, and you propose by this bill to enforce robbery by murder. Yes: to this result you must come, by this miserable sophistry, this vague abstraction of enforcing the law, without a regard to the fact whether the law be just or unjust, constitutional or unconstitutional.

In the same spirit we are told that the Union must be preserved, without regard to the means. And how is it proposed to preserve the Union? By force! Does any man in his senses believe that this beautiful structure—this harmonious aggregate of States, produced by the joint consent of all—can be preserved by force? Its very introduction will be certain destruction to this Federal Union. No, no. You cannot keep the States united in their constitutional and federal bonds by force. Force may, indeed, hold the

parts together, but such union would be the bond between master and slave—a union of exaction on one side and of unqualified obedience on the other. That obedience which, we are told by the Senator from Pennsylvania, is the Union! Yes, exaction on the side of the master; for this very bill is intended to collect what can be no longer called taxes—the voluntary contribution of a free people—but tribute—tribute to be collected under the mouths of the cannon! Your custom-house is already transferred to a garrison, and that garrison with its batteries turned, not against the enemy of your country, but on subjects (I will not say citizens), on whom you propose to levy contributions. Has reason fled from our borders? Have we ceased to reflect? It is madness to suppose that the Union can be preserved by force. I tell you plainly that the bill, should it pass, can not be enforced. It will prove only a blot upon your statute-book, a reproach to the year, and a disgrace to the American Senate. I repeat, it will not be executed; it will rouse the dormant spirit of the people, and open their eyes to the approach of despotism. The country has sunk into avarice and political corruption, from which nothing can arouse it but some measure, on the part of the Government, of folly and madness, such as that now under consideration.

DEFENSE OF JOHN STOCKDALE

BY LORD ERSKINE

Gentlemen, I hope I have now performed my duty to my client—I sincerely hope that I have; for, certainly, if ever there was a man pulled the other way by his interests and affections, if ever there was a man who should have trembled at the situation in which I have been placed on

this occasion, it is myself, who not only love, honor, and respect, but whose future hopes and preferments are linked, from free choice, with those who, from the mistakes of the author, are treated with great severity and injustice. These are strong retardments; but I have been urged on to activity by considerations which can never be inconsistent with honorable attachments, either in the political or social world—the love of justice and of liberty, and a zeal for the Constitution of my country, which is the inheritance of our posterity, of the public, and of the world. These are the motives which have animated me in defense of this person, who is an entire stranger to me; whose shop I never go to; and the author of whose publication—or Mr. Hastings, who is the object of it—I never spoke to in my life.

One word more, gentlemen, and I have done. Every human tribunal ought to take care to administer justice as we look hereafter to have justice administered to ourselves. Upon the principle on which the attorney-general prays sentence upon my client—God have mercy upon us. Instead of standing before Him in judgment with the hopes and consolations of Christians, we must call upon the mountains to cover us; for which of us can present, for omniscient examination, a pure, unspotted, and faultless course? But I humbly expect that the benevolent Author of our being will judge us as I have been pointing out for your example. Holding up the great volume of our lives in His hands, and regarding the general scope of them—if He discovers benevolence, charity, and good will to man beating in the heart, where He alone can look; if He finds that our conduct, tho often forced out of the path by infirmities, has been in general well directed; His all-searching eye will assuredly never pursue us into those little corners of our

lives; much less will His judgment select them for punishment without the general context of our existence, by which faults may be sometimes found to have grown out of virtues, and very many of our heaviest offenses to have been grafted by human imperfection upon the best and kindest of our affections. No, gentlemen, believe me, this is not the course of divine justice, or there is no truth in the Gospels of Heaven. If the general tenor of a man's conduct be such as I have represented it, he may walk through the shadow of death, with all his faults about him, with as much cheerfulness as in the common paths of life; because he knows that, instead of a stern accuser to expose before the Author of his nature those frail passages which, like the scored matter in the book before you, checker the volume of the brightest and best spent life, His mercy will obscure them from the eye of His purity, and our repentance blot them out forever.

All this would, I admit, be perfectly foreign and irrelevant if you were sitting here in a case of property between man and man, where a strict rule of law must operate, or there would be an end of civil life and society. It would be equally foreign, and still more irrelevant, if applied to those shameful attacks upon private reputation which are the bane and disgrace of the Press; by which whole families have been rendered unhappy during life by aspersions cruel, scandalous, and unjust. Let such libelers remember that no one of my principles of defense can, at any time, or upon any occasion, ever apply to shield them from punishment; because such conduct is not only an infringement of the rights of men, as they are defined by strict law, but is absolutely incompatible with honor, honesty, or mistaken good intentions. On such men let the attorney-general bring

forth all the artillery of his office, and thanks and blessings of the whole public will follow him. But this is a totally different case. Whatever private calumny may mark this work, it has not been made the subject of complaint, and we have therefore nothing to do with that, nor any right to consider it. We are trying whether the public could have been considered as offended and endangered if Mr. Hastings himself, in whose place the author and publisher have a right to place themselves, had, under all the circumstances which have been considered, composed and published the volume under examination. That question can not, in common sense, be anything resembling a question of law, but is a pure question of fact, to be decided on the principles which I have humbly recommended. I therefore ask of the Court that the book itself may now be delivered to you. Read it with attention, and as you shall find it, pronounce your verdict.

ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG MEN OF ITALY

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI

When I was commissioned by you, young men, to proffer in this temple a few words consecrated to the memory of the brothers Bandiéra, and their fellow martyrs at Cosenza, I thought that some one of those who heard me might, perhaps, exclaim, with noble indignation, "Why thus lament over the dead? The martyrs of liberty are only worthily honored by winning the battle they have begun. Cosenza, the land where they fell, is enslaved; Venice, the city of their birth, is begirt with strangers. Let us emancipate them; and, until that moment, let no words pass our lips,

save those of war." But another thought arose, and suggested to me, Why have we not conquered? Why is it that, while our countrymen are fighting for independence in the north of Italy, liberty is perishing in the south? Why is it that a war which should have sprung to the Alps with the bound of a lion has dragged itself along for four months with the slow, uncertain motion of the scorpion surrounded by the circle of fire? How has the rapid and powerful intuition of a People newly arisen to life been converted into the weary, helpless effort of the sick man, turning from side to side?

Ah! had we all arisen in the sanctity of the idea for which our martyrs died; had the holy standard of their faith preceded our youth to battle; had we made of our every thought an action, and of our every action a thought; had we learned from them that liberty and independence are one;—we should not now have war, but victory! Cosenza would not be compelled to venerate the memory of her martyrs in secret, nor Venice be restrained from honoring them with a monument; and we, here gathered together, might gladly invoke those sacred names, without uncertainty as to our future destiny, or a cloud of sadness on our brows; and might say to those precursor souls, "Rejoice, for your spirit is incarnate in your brethren, and they are worthy of you." Could Attilio and Emilio Bandiéra, and their fellow martyrs, now arise from the grave and speak to you, they would, believe me, address you, tho with a power very different from that given to me, in counsel not unlike that which now I utter.

Love! Love is the flight of the soul toward God: toward the great, the sublime, and the beautiful, which are the shadow of God upon earth. Love your family; the partner

of your life; those around you, ready to share your joys and sorrows; the dead, who were dear to you, and to whom you were dear. Love your country. It is your name, your glory, your sign among the Peoples. Give to it your thought, your counsel, your blood. You are twenty-four millions of men, endowed with active, splendid faculties; with a tradition of glory, the envy of the Nations of Europe. An immense future is before you—your eyes are raised to the loveliest Heaven, and around you smiles the loveliest land in Europe; you are encircled by the Alps and the sea, boundaries marked out by the finger of God for a people of giants. And you must be such, or nothing. Let not a man of that twenty-four millions remain excluded from the fraternal bond which shall join you together; let not a look be raised to that Heaven which is not that of a free man. Love humanity. You can only ascertain your own mission from the aim placed by God before humanity at large. Beyond the Alps, beyond the sea, are other Peoples, now fighting, or preparing to fight, the holy fight of independence, of nationality, of liberty; other Peoples striving by different routes to reach the same goal. Unite with them—they will unite with you.

And love, young men, love and reverence the Ideal; it is the country of the spirit, the city of the soul, in which all are brethren who believe in the inviolability of thought, and in the dignity of our immortal natures. From that high sphere spring the principles which alone can redeem the Peoples. Love enthusiasm—the pure dreams of the virgin soul, and the lofty visions of early youth; for they are the perfume of Paradise, which the soul preserves in issuing from the hands of its Creator. Respect, above all things, your conscience; have upon your lips the truth that

God has placed in your hearts; and, while working together in harmony in all that tends to the emancipation of our soil, even with those who differ from you, yet ever bear erect your own banner, and boldly promulgate your faith.

Such words, young men, would the martyrs of Cosenza have spoken, had they been living among you. And here, where, perhaps, invoked by our love, their holy spirits hover near us, I call upon you to gather them up in your hearts, and to make of them a treasure amid the storms that yet threaten you, but which, with the name of our martyrs on your lips, and their faith in your hearts, you will overcome

God be with you, and bless Italy!

SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS

BY DANIEL WEBSTER

The eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina, by the honorable gentleman, for her Revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me, in regard for whatever of distinguished talent or distinguished character South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor; I partake in the pride of her great name. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Marions,—Americans, all,—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the

treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears,—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it is in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir; increased gratification and delight, rather. Sir, I thank God that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag angels down.

When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happened to spring up beyond the little limits of my own State or neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or, if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven; if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South; and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame,—may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrances of the past: let me remind you that, in early times, no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder, they went through the Revolution: hand in hand, they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust,

are the growth—unnatural to such soils—of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts: she needs none. There she is,—behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history,—the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill,—and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever.

And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraints, shall succeed in separating it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure,—it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigor it may retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall, at last, if fall it must, amid the proudest monuments of its own glory, on the very spot of its origin!—*(Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)*

THE DEATH PENALTY

BY VICTOR HUGO

Gentlemen of the Jury, if there is a culprit here, it is not my son,—it is myself,—it is I!—I, who for these twenty-five years have opposed capital punishment,—have contended for the inviolability of human life,—have committed this crime for which my son is now arraigned. Here I denounce myself, Mr. Advocate General! I have committed it under all aggravated circumstances; deliberately, repeatedly, tenaciously. Yes, this old and absurd *lex talionis*—this law of blood for blood—I have combated all my life—all my life, Gentlemen of the Jury! And, while I have breath, I will continue to combat it, by all my efforts as a writer, by all my words and all my votes as a legislator! I declare it before the crucifix; before that victim of the penalty of death, who sees and hears us; before that gibbet, to which, two thousand years ago, for the eternal instruction of the generations, the human law nailed the Divine!

In all that my son has written on the subject of capital punishment and for writing and publishing which he is now on trial,—in all that he has written, he has merely proclaimed the sentiments with which, from his infancy, I have inspired him. Gentlemen Jurors, the right to criticize a law, and to criticize it severely—especially a penal law—is placed beside the duty of amelioration, like the torch beside the work under the artisan's hand. The right of the journalist is as sacred, as necessary, as imprescriptible, as the right of the legislator.

What are the circumstances? A man, a convict, a sentenced wretch, is dragged, on a certain morning, to one of

our public squares. There he finds the scaffold! He shudders, he struggles, he refuses to die. He is young yet —only twenty-nine. Ah! I know what you will say,—"He is a murderer!" But hear me. Two officers seize him. His hands, his feet, are tied. He throws off the two officers. A frightful struggle ensues. His feet, bound as they are, become entangled in the ladder. He uses the scaffold against the scaffold! The struggle is prolonged. Horror seizes on the crowd. The officers,—sweat and shame on their brows, —pale, panting, terrified, despairing,—despairing with I know not what horrible despair,—shrinking under that public reprobation which ought to have visited the penalty, and spared the passive instrument, the executioner,—the officers strive savagely. The victim clings to the scaffold, and shrieks for pardon. His clothes are torn,—his shoulders bloody,—still he resists. At length, after three-quarters of an hour of this monstrous effort, of this spectacle without a name, of this agony,—agony for all, be it understood,— agony for the assembled spectators as well as for the condemned man,—after this age of anguish, Gentlemen of the Jury, they take back the poor wretch to his prison.

The People breathe again. The People, naturally merciful, hope that the man will be spared. But no,—the guillotine, tho vanquished, remains standing. There it frowns all day, in the midst of a sickened population. And at night, the officers, reinforced, drag forth the wretch again, so bound that he is but an inert weight,—they drag him forth, haggard, bloody, weeping, pleading, howling for life, —calling upon God, calling upon his father and mother,— for like a very child had this man become in the prospect of death,—they drag him forth to execution. He is hoisted on the scaffold, and his head falls!—And then through

every conscience runs a shudder. Never had legal murder appeared with an aspect so indecent, so abominable. All feel jointly implicated in the deed. It is at this very moment that from a young man's breast escapes a cry, wrung from his very heart,—a cry of pity and of anguish,—a cry of horror,—a cry of humanity. And this cry you would punish! And in the face of the appalling facts which I have narrated, you would say to the guillotine, "Thou art right!" and to Pity, saintly Pity, "Thou art wrong!" Gentlemen of the Jury, it cannot be! Gentlemen, I have finished.

OUR RELATIONS TO ENGLAND

BY EDWARD EVERETT

Who does not feel, what reflecting American does not acknowledge, the incalculable advantages derived by this land out of the deep fountains of civil, intellectual, and moral truth, from which we have drawn in England? What American does not feel proud that his fathers were the countrymen of Bacon, of Newton, and of Locke? Who does not know that, while every pulse of civil liberty in the heart of the British Empire beats warm and full in the bosom of our ancestors, the sobriety, the firmness, and the dignity, with which the cause of free principles struggled into existence here, constantly found encouragement and countenance from the friends of liberty there? Who does not remember that, when the Pilgrims went over the sea, the prayers of the faithful British confessors, in all the quarters of their dispersion, went over with them, while their aching eyes were strained till the star of hope should go up in the

western skies? And who will ever forget that, in that eventful struggle which severed these youthful republics from the British crown, there was not heard throughout our continent in arms, a voice which spoke louder for the rights of America than that of Burke, or of Chatham, within the walls of the British Parliament, and at the foot of the British throne?

I am not—I need not say I am not—the panegyrist of England. I am not dazzled by her riches, nor awed by her power. The scepter, the miter, and the coronet,—stars, garters, and blue ribbons,—seem to me poor things for great men to contend for. Nor is my admiration awakened by her armies, mustered for the battles of Europe; her navies, overshadowing the ocean; nor her empire, grasping the farthest East. It is these, and the price of guilt and blood by which they are too often maintained, which are the cause why no friend of liberty can salute her with undivided affections. But it is the cradle and the refuge of free principles, tho often persecuted; the school of religious liberty, the more precious for the struggles through which it has passed; the tombs of those who have reflected honor on all who speak the English tongue; it is the birthplace of our fathers, the home of the Pilgrims; it is these which I love and venerate in England. I should feel ashamed of an enthusiasm for Italy and Greece, did I not also feel it for a land like this. In an American, it would seem to me degenerate and ungrateful to hang with passion upon the traces of Homer and Virgil, and follow, without emotion, the nearer and plainer footsteps of Shakespeare and Milton. I should think him cold in his love for his native land who felt no melting in his heart for that other native country which holds the ashes of his forefathers.

REPLY TO HAYNE

BY DANIEL WEBSTER

The honorable member complained that I had slept on his speech. I must have slept on it, or not slept at all. The moment the honorable member sat down, his friend from Missouri rose, and, with much honeyed commendation of the speech, suggested that the impressions which it had produced were too charming and delightful to be disturbed by other sentiments or other sounds, and proposed that the Senate should adjourn. Would it have been quite amiable in me, sir, to interrupt this excellent good feeling? Must I not have been absolutely malicious, if I could have thrust myself forward to destroy sensations thus pleasing? Was it not much better and kinder, both to sleep upon them myself, and to allow others, also, the pleasure of sleeping upon them? But if it be meant, by sleeping upon his speech, that I took time to prepare a reply to it, it is quite a mistake; owing to other engagements, I could not employ even the interval between the adjournment of the Senate and its meeting the next morning, in attention to the subject of this debate. Nevertheless, sir, the mere matter of fact is undoubtedly true—I did sleep on the gentleman's speech, and slept soundly. And I slept equally well on his speech of yesterday, to which I am now replying. It is quite possible that, in this respect, also, I possess some advantage over the honorable member, attributable, doubtless, to a cooler temperament on my part; for, in truth, I slept upon his speeches remarkably well. But the gentleman inquires why he was made the object of such a reply. Why was he singled out? If an attack had been made on the East, he,

he assures us, did not begin it—it was the gentleman from Missouri. Sir, I answer the gentleman's speech, because I happened to hear it; and because, also, I choose to give an answer to that speech, which, if unanswered, I thought most likely to produce injurious impressions. I did not stop to inquire who was the original drawer of the bill. I found a responsible endorser before me, and it was my purpose to hold him liable, and to bring him to his just responsibility without delay. But, sir, this interrogatory of the honorable member was only introductory to another. He proceeded to ask me whether I had turned upon him in this debate from the consciousness that I should find an overmatch if I ventured on a contest with his friend from Missouri. If, sir, the honorable member, *ex gratia modestiæ*, had chosen thus to defer to his friend, and to pay him a compliment, without intentional disparagement to others, it would have been quite according to the friendly courtesies of debate, and not at all ungrateful to my own feelings. I am not one of those, sir, who esteem any tribute of regard, whether light and occasional, or more serious and deliberate, which may be bestowed on others, as so much unjustly withholden from themselves. But the tone and manner of the gentleman's question forbid me thus to interpret it. I am not at liberty to consider it as nothing more than a civility to his friend. It had an air of taunt and disparagement, a little of the loftiness of asserted superiority, which does not allow me to pass it over without notice. It was put as a question for me to answer, and so put as if it were difficult for me to answer, whether I deemed the member from Missouri an overmatch for myself in debate here. It seems to me, sir, that is extraordinary language, and an extraordinary tone for the discussions of this body.

Matches and overmatches! Those terms are more applicable elsewhere than here, and fitter for other assemblies than this. Sir, the gentleman seems to forget where and what we are. This is a Senate; a Senate of equals; of men of individual honor and personal character, and of absolute independence. We know no masters; we acknowledge no dictators. This is a hall for mutual consultation and discussion, not an arena for the exhibition of champions. I offer myself, sir, as a match for no man; I throw the challenge of debate at no man's feet. But then, sir, since the honorable member has put the question in a manner that calls for an answer, I will give him an answer; and I tell him that, holding myself to be the humblest of the members here, I yet know nothing in the arm of his friend from Missouri, either alone or when aided by the arm of his friend from South Carolina, that need deter even me from espousing what opinions I may choose to espouse, from debating whenever I may choose to debate, or from speaking whatever I may see fit to say on the floor of the Senate. Sir, when uttered as matter of commendation or compliment, I should dissent from nothing which the honorable member might say of his friend. Still less do I put forth any pretensions of my own. But when put to me as matter of taunt, I throw it back, and say to the gentleman that he could possibly say nothing less likely than such a comparison to wound my pride of personal character. The anger of its tone rescued the remark from intentional irony, which otherwise, probably, would have been its general acceptation. But, sir, if it be imagined that by this mutual quotation and commendation; if it be supposed that, by casting the characters of the drama, assigning to each his part—to one the attack, to another the cry of onset—or if

it be thought that by a loud and empty vaunt of anticipated victory any laurels are to be won here; if it be imagined, especially, that any or all these things will shake any purpose of mine, I can tell the honorable member, once for all, that he is greatly mistaken, and that he is dealing with one of whose temper and character he has much to learn. Sir, I shall not allow myself on this occasion—I hope on no occasion—to be betrayed into any loss of temper; but if provoked, as I trust I never shall allow myself to be, into crimination and recrimination, the honorable member may, perhaps, find that in that contest there will be blows to take as well as blows to give; that others can state comparisons as significant, at least, as his own; and that his impunity may, perhaps, demand of him whatever powers of taunt and sarcasm he may possess. I commend him to a prudent husbandry of his resources.—*(Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)*

SPEECH OF SERJEANT BUZFUZ IN THE CASE OF BARDELL AGAINST PICKWICK

BY CHARLES DICKENS

You heard from my learned friend, Gentlemen of the Jury, that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at fifteen hundred pounds. The plaintiff, Gentlemen, is a widow; yes, Gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, some time before his death, became the father, Gentlemen, of a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell Street; and here she

placed in her front parlor-window a written placard, bearing this inscription:—"Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Inquire within." Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, Gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear,—she had no distrust,—all was confidence and reliance. "Mr. Bardell," said the widow, "was a man of honor,—Mr. Bardell was a man of his word,—Mr. Bardell was no deceiver,—Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and for consolation;—in a single gentleman I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let." Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, Gentlemen), the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor-window. Did it remain there long? No! The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and the miner were at work! Before the bill had been in the parlor-window three days,—three days, Gentlemen,—a being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house! He inquired within; he took the lodgings and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick,—Pickwick, the defendant!

Of this man I will say little. The subject presents but few attractions; and I, Gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, Gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of

revolting heartlessness, and of systematic villainy. I say systematic villainy, Gentlemen; and when I say systematic villainy, let me tell the defendant, Pickwick, if he be in Court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, further, that a counsel, in his discharge of his duty, is neither to be intimidated nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson.

I shall show you, Gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for wear when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that on many occasions he gave half-pence, and on some occasions, even sixpence to her little boy. I shall prove to you, that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms offered her marriage: previously, however, taking special care that there should be no witnesses to their solemn contract; and that I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends,—most unwilling witnesses, Gentlemen,—most unwilling witnesses,—that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments.

And now, Gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties,—letters that must be

viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye,—letters that were evidently intended, at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first:—"Garraway's, twelve o'clock.—Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and Tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick." Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and Tomato sauce! Yours, Pickwick! Chops! Gracious Heavens! And Tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious:—"Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home to-morrow. Slow coach." And then follows this very remarkable expression,—"Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan." The warming-pan! Why, Gentlemen, who does trouble himself about a warming-pan? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, Gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you!

But enough of this, Gentlemen. It is difficult to smile with an aching heart. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down—but there is no

tenant! Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass—but there is no invitation for them to inquire within, or without! All is gloom and silence in the house; even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded, when his mother weeps. But Pickwick, Gentlemen, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell Street,—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato-sauce and warming-pans,—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made! Damages, Gentlemen, heavy damages, is the only punishment with which you can visit him,—the only recompense you can award to my client! And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative Jury of her civilized countrymen!

CATILINE'S DEFIANCE

BY REV. GEORGE CROLY

Conscript Fathers!
I do not rise to waste the night in words;
Let that Plebeian talk; 't is not *my* trade;
But *here* I stand for right,—let him show *proofs*,—
For Roman right; tho none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there!
Cling to your master, judges, Romans, *slaves!*
His charge is false;—I dare him to his *proofs*.
You have my answer. Let my actions speak!

But this I will avow, that I *have* scorned,
And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong!

Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honor on me,—turning out
The Roman from his birthright; and, for what?
[*Looking round him.*
To fling your offices to every slave!
Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb,
And, having wound their loathsome track to the top,
Of this huge, moldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler man below!

Come, consecrated Lictors, from your thrones;
[*To the Senate.*
Fling down your scepters: take the rod and ax,
And make the murder as you make the law!

Banished from Rome! What's banished, but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banished! I thank you for 't. It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour;
But *now* my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords!
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you! here, I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face!
Your Consul's merciful.—For this, all thanks.
He *dares* not touch a hair of Catiline!

"Traitor!" I go; but, I *return*. This—trial!
Here I devote your Senate! I've had wrongs
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrow! This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions! Look to your hearths, my lords!
For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shames and crimes
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing Thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like the Night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

I go; but not to leap the gulf alone.
I go; but, when I come, 't will be the burst
Of ocean in the earthquake,—rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well:
You build my funeral-pile; but your best blood
Shall quench its flame! Back, slaves! [*To the Lictors.*] I will return.

CATILINE DENOUNCED

BY CICERO

How far, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience? How long shalt thou baffle justice in thy mad career? To what extreme wilt thou carry thy audacity? Art thou nothing daunted by the nightly watch, posted to secure the Palatium? Nothing, by the city guards? Nothing, by the rally of all good citizens? Nothing, by the assembling of the Senate in this fortified place? Nothing, by the averted

looks of all here present? Seest thou not that all thy plots are exposed?—that thy wretched conspiracy is laid bare to every man's knowledge, here in the Senate?—that we are well aware of thy proceedings of last night; of the night before;—the place of meeting, the company convoked, the measures concerted? Alas, the times! Alas, the public morals! The Senate understands all this. The Consul sees it. Yet the traitor lives! Lives? Ay, truly, and confronts us here in council,—takes part in our deliberations,—and, with his measuring eye, marks out each man of us for slaughter! And we, all this while, strenuous that we are, think we have amply discharged our duty to the State, if we but *shun* this madman's sword and fury!

Long since, O Catiline, ought the Consul to have ordered thee to execution, and brought upon thy own head the ruin thou hast been meditating against others! There was that virtue once in Rome, that a wicked citizen was held more execrable than the deadliest foe. We have a law still, Catiline, for thee. Think not that we are powerless, because forbearing. We have a decree,—tho it rests among our archives like a sword in its scabbard,—a decree, by which thy life would be made to pay the forfeit of thy crimes. And, should I order thee to be instantly seized and put to death, I make just doubt whether all good men would not think it done rather too late than any man too cruelly. But for good reasons, I will defer the blow long since deserved. *Then* will I doom thee, when no man is found, so lost, so wicked, nay, so like thyself, but shall confess that it was justly dealt. While there is one man that dares defend thee, live! But thou shalt live so beset, so surrounded, so scrutinized, by the vigilant guards that I have placed around thee, that thou shalt not stir a foot against the Re-

public, without my knowledge. There shall be eyes to detect thy slightest movement, and ears to catch thy wariest whisper, of which thou shalt not dream. The darkness of night shall not cover thy treason—the walls of privacy shall not stifle its voice. Baffled on all sides, thy most secret counsels clear as noonday, what canst thou now have in view? Proceed, plot, conspire, as thou wilt; there is nothing you can contrive, nothing you can propose, nothing you can attempt, which I shall not know, hear and promptly understand. Thou shalt soon be made aware that I am even more active in providing for the preservation of the State than thou in plotting its destruction!

THE ELOQUENCE OF ADAMS

BY DANIEL WEBSTER

When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech, further than as it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction.

True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It can not be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they can not compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it; they can not reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force.

The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object,—this, this is eloquence; or rather it is something greater and higher than all eloquence; it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

In July, 1776, the controversy had passed the stage of argument. An appeal had been made to force, and opposing armies were in the field. Congress, then, was to decide whether the tie which had so long bound us to the parent State was to be severed at once, and severed forever. All the Colonies had signified their resolution to abide by this decision, and the people looked for it with the most intense anxiety. And surely, fellow citizens, never, never were men called to a more important political deliberation. If we contemplate it from the point where they then stood, no question could be more full of interest: if we look at it now, and judge of its importance by its effects, it appears in still greater magnitude.

Let us, then, bring before us the assembly which was about to decide a question thus big with the fate of empire. Let us open their doors, and look in upon their deliberations. Let us survey the anxious and care-worn counte-

nances, let us hear the firm-toned voices, of this band of patriots.

Hancock presides over the solemn sitting; and one of those not yet prepared to pronounce for absolute independence is on the floor, and is urging his reasons for dissenting from the Declaration:

"Let us pause! This step, once taken, can not be retraced. This resolution, once passed, will cut off all hope of reconciliation. If success attend the arms of England, we shall then be no longer colonies, with charters and with privileges: these will all be forfeited by this act; and we shall be in the condition of other conquered peoples, at the mercy of the conquerors. For ourselves, we may be ready to run the hazard; but are we ready to carry the country to that length? Is success so probable as to justify it? Where is the military, where the naval power, by which we are to resist the whole strength of the arm of England? . . .

"While we stand on our old ground, and insist on redress of grievances, we know we are right, and are not answerable for consequences. Nothing then can be imputed to us. But if we now change our object, carry our pretensions further, and set up for absolute independence, we shall lose the sympathy of mankind. We shall no longer be defending what we possess, but struggling for something which we never did possess, and which we have solemnly and uniformly disclaimed all intention of pursuing, from the very outset of the troubles. Abandoning thus our old ground of resistance only to arbitrary acts of oppression, the nations will believe the whole to have been mere pretense, and they will look on us, not as injured, but as ambitious subjects.

"I shudder before this responsibility. It will be on us,

if, relinquishing the ground on which we have stood so long, and stood so safely, we now proclaim independence, and carry on the war for that object, while these cities burn, these pleasant fields whiten and bleach with the bones of their owners, and these streams run blood. It will be upon us, it will be upon us, if, failing to maintain this unseasonable and ill-judged Declaration, a sterner despotism, maintained by military power, shall be established over our posterity, when we ourselves, given up by an exhausted, a harassed, a misled people, shall have expiated our rashness and atoned for our presumption on the scaffold."

It was for Mr. Adams to reply to arguments like these. We know his opinions, and we know his character. He would commence with his accustomed directness and earnestness:

"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why then should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his life and his own honor? Are you not, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

"If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we mean to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defense of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

"Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I indeed may rue it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die; die, colonists; die, slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so; be it so! If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

"But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off, as I began, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, Independence *now*, and Independence forever."—*(Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)*

THE POWER OF HABIT

BY JOHN B. GOUGH

I remember once riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls. I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?" "That," he said, "is the Niagara River." "Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I, "bright, and fair, and glassy. How far off are the rapids?" "Only a mile or two," was the reply. "Is it possible that only one mile from us we

shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show near to the Falls?" "You will find it so, sir."

And so I found it; and the first sight of Niagara Falls I shall never forget.

Now launch your bark on that Niagara River; it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silver wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim; and you set out on your pleasure excursion. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you."

"Ha, ha! We have heard of the rapids; but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm, and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to the land. Then on, boys; don't be alarmed; there is no danger."

"Young men, ahoy, there!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha ha! We shall laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future? No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may; will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."

"Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"Beware! Beware! The rapids are below you!"

Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn.

Pull hard! quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives; pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whipcords upon your brow. Set the mast in the socket! Hoist the sail! Ah! ah! it is too late! Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming, over they go.

Thousands go over the rapids every year, through the power of habit, crying all the while, "When I find out that it is injuring me, I will give it up."

We see sometimes, on our city streets, placards posted, "Lost! Lost! Lost!" And I stop sometimes to think of the cherished treasure that is gone, the heartache at its loss, the longing for its return. On those same streets we hear sometimes, in the calm of the evening's deepening twilight, the ringing of the crier's bell, and his shrill voice, shouting, "Child lost! Child lost!" Yes! a child lost, away from the comfort and brightness of home, gone from the father's smile and the mother's fond embrace, strayed out into the night, alone, amid its dreary, coming blackness. But the lost treasure is merely material; and the child is still in the pathway of loving humanity, still within the enfolding arms of an all-loving God.

But the drunkards! Lost! lost! lost! fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, lost to friends, to families, to loved ones, to society; lost to the world, to the church; and lost, forever lost, from the circle of the redeemed that shall gather around God's throne—over the rapids, and lost.—*("Platform Echoes," copyrighted 1877 by A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford, Conn.)*

INVECTIVE AGAINST CORRY

BY HENRY GRATTAN

Has the gentleman done? has he completely done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of the House. But I did not call him to order—why? Because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe without being unparliamentary. But before I sit down, I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time.

On any other occasion, I should think myself justified in treating with silent contempt anything which might fall from that honorable member; but there are times when the insignificance of the accuser is lost in the magnitude of the accusation. I know the difficulty the honorable gentleman labored under when he attacked me, conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood. If such a charge were made by an honest man, I would answer it in the manner I shall do before I sit down. But I shall first reply to it, when not made by an honest man.

The right honorable gentleman has called me "an unimpeached traitor." I ask why not "traitor," unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him;—it was because he dare not. It was the act of a coward who raises his arm to strike, but has not the courage to give the blow. I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a Privy Councilor. I will not call him fool, because he happens

to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. But I say, he is one who has abused the privilege of Parliament and freedom of debate by uttering language, which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a blow. I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a Privy Councilor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow.

He has charged me with being connected with the rebels. The charge is utterly, totally, and meanly false. Does the honorable gentleman rely on the report of the House of Lords for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to the committee that there was a physical impossibility of that report being true. But I scorn to answer any man for my conduct, whether he be a political coxcomb, or whether he brought himself into power by a false glare of courage or not.

. . . . . .

I have returned, not as the right honorable member has said, to raise another storm,—I have returned to discharge an honorable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred a great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect that constitution, of which I was the parent and the founder, from the assassination of such men as the honorable gentleman and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt,—they are seditious,—and they, at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their country. I have returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of the committee of the Lords. Here I stand ready for impeachment or trial: I dare accusation. I defy the honorable gentleman; I defy

the government; I defy their whole phalanx: let them come forth. I tell the ministers I will neither give them quarter nor take it. I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this House in defense of the liberties of my country.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS

If I were to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts,—you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his country. But I am to tell you the story of a negro, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies,—men who despised him because he was a negro and a slave, hated him because he had beaten them in battle.

Cromwell manufactured his own army. Napoleon, at the age of twenty-seven, was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen,—the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen,—the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen,—their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred

thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed and, as you say, despicable mass, he forged a thunderbolt, and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now if Cromwell was a general, this man was a soldier.

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver locks of seventy years, and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreathe a laurel, rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro,—rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a state to the blood of its sons,—anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams, before any Englishman or American had won the right; and yet this is the record which the history of rival States makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Crom-

well, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of history will put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture.—*(Reprinted by permission of the publishers and holders of copyright, Lee and Shepard, Boston.)*

THE SECRET OF LINCOLN'S POWER

BY HENRY WATTERSON

What was Lincoln's mysterious power, and whence?

His was the genius of common sense; of common sense in action; of common sense in thought; of common sense enriched by experience and unhindered by fear. Inspired, he was truly, as Shakespeare was inspired; as Mozart was inspired; as Burns was inspired; each, like him, sprung directly from the people.

I look into the crystal globe, that, slowly turning, reveals the story of his life, and I see a little broken-hearted boy, weeping by the outstretched form of a dead mother, then bravely, nobly trudging a hundred miles to obtain her

Christian burial. I see this motherless lad growing to manhood amid scenes that seem to lead to nothing but abasement: no teachers; no books; no chart, except his own untutored mind; no compass, except his own undisciplined will; no light, save light from Heaven; yet, like the caravel of Columbus, struggling on and on through the trough of the sea, always toward the destined land. I see the full-grown man, stalwart and brave, an athlete in activity of movement and strength of limb, yet vexed by weird dreams and visions of life, of love, of religion, sometimes verging on despair. I see the mind, grown as robust as the body, throw off these phantoms of the imagination and give itself to the practical uses of this work-a-day world; the rearing of children; the earning of bread; the cumulous duties of the husband, the father, and the citizen. I see the party leader, self-confident in conscious rectitude; original, because it was not his nature to follow; potent, because he was fearless, pursuing his convictions with earnest zeal, and urging them upon his fellows with the resources of an oratory which was hardly more impressive than it was many-sided. I see him, the preferred among his fellows, ascend to the eminence ordained for him, and him alone among the statesmen of the time, amid the derision of opponents and the distrust of supporters, yet unawed and unmoved, because thoroughly equipped to meet the emergency. The same being, from first to last: the little boy weeping over a dead mother; the great chief sobbing amid the cruel horrors of war, flinching not from duty, nor changing his lifelong ways of dealing with the stern realities which pressed upon him and hurried him forward. And, last scene of all that ends this strange, eventful history, I see him lying dead there in the capitol of the nation, to which he had rendered

"the last, full measure of his devotion," the flag of his country wrapped about him, and the world in mourning at his feet. Surely, he was one of God's elect; not in any sense a creature of circumstance, or accident, or chance.

The inspired are few. Whence their emanation, where and how they got their power, by what rule they lived, moved and had their being, we know not. There is no explanation to their lives. They rose from shadow and they went in mist. We see them, feel them, but we know them not. They came, God's word upon their lips; they did their office, God's mantle about them; and they vanished, God's holy light between the world and them, leaving behind a memory, half mortal and half myth. From first to last they were the creations of some special Providence.

Tried by this standard, where shall we find an illustration more impressive than Abraham Lincoln, whose career might be chanted by a Greek chorus as at once the prelude and the epilogue of the most imperial theme of modern times?

. . . . . .

Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence, no story, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling, than that which tells of his life and death.

THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER

Republican institutions have been vindicated in this experience as they never were before; and the whole history of the last four years, rounded up by this cruel stroke, seems, in the providence of God, to have been clothed, now, with an illustration, with a sympathy, with an aptness, and with a significance, such as we never could have expected nor imagined. God, I think, has said, by the voice of this event, to all nations of the earth: "Republican liberty, based upon true Christianity, is firm as the foundation of the globe."

Even he who now sleeps has, by this event, been clothed with new influence. Dead, he speaks to men who now willingly hear what before they refused to listen to. Now his simple and weighty words will be gathered like those of Washington, and your children, and your children's children, shall be taught to ponder the simplicity and deep wisdom of utterances which, in their time, passed, in party heat, as idle words. Men will receive a new impulse of patriotism for his sake, and will guard with zeal the whole country which he loved so well. I swear you, on the altar of his memory, to be more faithful to the country for which he has perished. They will, as they follow his hearse, swear a new hatred to that slavery against which he warred, and which, in vanquishing him, has made him a martyr and a conqueror. I swear you, by the memory of this martyr, to hate slavery with an unappeasable hatred. They will admire and imitate the firmness of this man, his inflexible conscience for the right; and yet his gentleness, as tender as a woman's, his moderation of spirit, which not all the

heat of party could inflame, nor all the jars and disturbances of this country shake out of its place. I swear you to an emulation of his justice, his moderation, and his mercy.

You I can comfort; but how can I speak to that twilight million to whom his name was as the name of an angel of God? There will be wailing in places which no minister shall be able to reach. When, in hovel and in cot, in wood and in wilderness, in the field throughout the South, the dusky children, who looked upon him as that Moses whom God sent before them to lead them out of the land of bondage, learn that he has fallen, who shall comfort *them?* O thou Shepherd of Israel, that didst comfort thy people of old, to thy care we commit the helpless, the long-wronged, and grieved.

And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and states are his pallbearers, and the cannon beats the hours with solemn progression. Dead, *dead,* DEAD, he yet speaketh. Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man that ever was fit to live dead? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen in the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome!

Your sorrows, O people, are his peace! Your bells, and bands, and muffled drums sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here; God makes its echo joy and triumph there. Pass on!

Four years ago, O Illinois! we took from your midst an untried man, and from among the people. We return him to you a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the

nation's; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, O ye prairies!

In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds that move over the mighty places of the West, chant his requiem! Ye people, behold a martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty!—*("Patriotic Addresses," copyright by Pilgrim Press, Boston.)*

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

My Fellow Citizens:—No people on earth have more cause to be thankful than ours, and this is said reverently, in no spirit of boastfulness in our own strength, but with gratitude to the Giver of Good, who has blessed us with the conditions which have enabled us to achieve so large a measure of well-being and of happiness. To us as a people it has been granted to lay the foundations of our national life in a new continent. We are the heirs of the ages, and yet we have had to pay few of the penalties which, in old countries, are exacted by the dead hand of a bygone civilization.

We have not been obliged to fight for our existence against any alien race, and yet our life has called for the vigor and effort without which the manlier and hardier virtues wither away. Under such conditions it would be our fault if we failed, and the success which we have had in the past, the success which we confidently believe the future will bring, should cause in us no feeling of vain

glory, but rather a deep and abiding realization of all which life has offered us; a full acknowledgment of the responsibility which is ours, and a fixed determination to show that under a free government a mighty people can thrive best, alike as regards the things of the body and the things of the soul.

Much has been given to us and much will rightfully be expected from us. We have duties to others and duties to ourselves, and we can shirk neither. We have become a great nation, forced by the fact of its greatness into relations with the other nations of the earth, and we must behave as beseems a people with such responsibilities. Toward all other nations, large and small, our attitude must be one of cordial and sincere friendship. We must show not only in our words but in our deeds that we are earnestly desirous of securing their good will by acting toward them in a spirit of just and generous recognition of all their rights.

But justice and generosity in a nation, as in an individual, count most when shown not by the weak but by the strong. While ever careful to refrain from wronging others, we must be no less insistent that we are not wronged ourselves. We wish peace, but we wish the peace of justice, the peace of righteousness. We wish it because we think it is right and not because we are afraid.

No weak nation that acts rightly and justly should ever have cause to fear us, and no strong power should ever be able to single us out as a subject for insolent aggression. Our relations with the other powers of the world are important; but still more important are our relations among ourselves. Such growth in wealth, in population and in power as this nation has seen during the century and a quarter of its national life is inevitably accompanied by a

like growth in the problems which are ever before every nation that rises to greatness.

Power invariably means both responsibility and danger. Our forefathers faced certain perils which we have outgrown. We now face other perils the very existence of which it was impossible that they should foresee. Modern life is both complex and intense, and the tremendous changes wrought by the extraordinary industrial development of the half century are felt in every fiber of our social and political being. Never before have men tried so vast and formidable an experiment as that of administering the affairs of a continent under the forms of a democratic republic.

The conditions which have told of our marvelous material well-being, which have developed to a very high degree our energy, self-reliance and individual initiative, also have brought the care and anxiety inseparable from the accumulation of great wealth in industrial centers. Upon the success of our experiment much depends, not only as regards our own welfare, but as regards the welfare of mankind.

If we fail, the cause of free self-government throughout the world will rock to its foundations; and therefore our responsibility is heavy, to ourselves, to the world as it is to-day, and to the generations yet unborn. There is no good reason why we should fear the future, but there is every reason why we should face it seriously, neither hiding from ourselves the gravity of the problems before us nor fearing to approach these problems with the unbending, unflinching purpose to solve them aright.

Yet, after all, tho the problems are new, tho the tasks set before us differ from the tasks set before our fathers who founded and preserved this republic, the spirit

in which these tasks must be undertaken and these problems faced, if our duty is to be well done, remains essentially unchanged. We know that self-government is difficult. We know that no people needs such high traits of character as that people which seeks to govern its affairs aright through the freely expressed will of the free men who compose it.

But we have faith that we shall not prove false to the memories of the men of the mighty past. They did their work, they left us the splendid heritage we now enjoy. We in our turn have an assured confidence that we shall be able to leave this heritage unwasted and enlarged to our children and our children's children.

To do so, we must show, not merely in great crises, but in the every-day affairs of life, the qualities of practical intelligence, of courage, of hardihood and endurance, and above all the power of devotion to a lofty ideal, which made great the men who founded this republic in the days of Washington, which made great the men who preserved this republic in the days of Abraham Lincoln.

A VISION OF WAR AND A VISION OF THE FUTURE

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

The past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of boisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators. We see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see

them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places, with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing. Kisses and tears, tears and kisses; divine mingling of agony and love! And some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words, spoken in the old tones, to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing. At the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving arms the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the grand, wild music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them, one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields—in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them on the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells,—in the trenches, by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel.

We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine; but human speech can never tell what they endured.

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash! We see them bound hand and foot; we hear the strokes of cruel whips; we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps; we see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

Four million bodies in chains—four million souls in fetters! All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father, and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction block, the slave pen, the whipping post, and we see homes and firesides and schoolhouses and books, and where all was want and crime and cruelty and fear, we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless Palace of Rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar

of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers living and dead: Cheers for the living; tears for the dead.

A vision of the future rises:

I see our country filled with happy homes, with firesides of content,—the foremost land of all the earth.

I see a world where thrones have crumbled and where kings are dust. The aristocracy of idleness has perished from the earth.

I see a world without a slave. Man at last is free. Nature's forces have by science been enslaved. Lightning and light, wind and wave, frost and flame, and all the secret, subtle powers of earth and air are the tireless toilers for the human race.

I see a world at peace, adorned with every form of art, with music's myriad voices thrilled, while lips are rich with words of love and truth,—a world in which no exile sighs, no prisoner mourns; a world on which the gibbet's shadow does not fall; a world where labor reaps its full reward; where work and worth go hand in hand; where the poor girl trying to win bread with the needle—the needle, that has been called "the asp for the breast of the poor"—is not driven to the desperate choice of crime or death, of suicide or shame.

I see a world without the beggar's outstretched palm, the miser's heartless, stony stare, the piteous wail of want, the livid lips of lies, the cruel eyes of scorn.

I see a race without disease of flesh or brain—shapely and fair, the married harmony of form and function—and, as I look, life lengthens, joy deepens, love canopies the earth; and over all, in the great dome, shines the eternal star of human hope.

GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH

BY PATRICK HENRY

MR. PRESIDENT:—No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the house. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if, entertaining as I do opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the House is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfil the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, I should consider myself as guilty of treason toward my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the Majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part,

whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British Ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, gentlemen, sir, What means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British Ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall

we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature

has placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come.

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, Peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN:—At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it with war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide the effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish, and the war came. One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was

somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union by war, while the government claimed no right to do more than restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease when, or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh!" If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern there any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be

paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

FAREWELL ADDRESS

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON

Friends and Fellow Citizens:—The period for a new election of a citizen to administer the executive government of the United States being not far distant, and the time actually arrived when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom a choice is to be made.

I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured that this resolution has not been taken without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation which binds a dutiful citizen to his country; and that in withdrawing the tender of service, which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest, no deficiency of grateful

respect for your past kindness, but am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both.

The acceptance of, and continuance hitherto in, the office to which your suffrages have twice called me have been a uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty and to a deference for what appeared to be your desire. I constantly hoped that it would have been much earlier in my power, consistently with motives which I was not at liberty to disregard, to return to that retirement from which I had been reluctantly drawn. The strength of my inclination to do this, previous to the last election, had even led to the preparation of an address to declare it to you; but mature reflection on the then perplexed and critical posture of our affairs with foreign nations, and the unanimous advice of persons entitled to my confidence, impelled me to abandon the idea.

I rejoice that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty or propriety, and am persuaded, whatever partiality may be retained for my services, that, in the present circumstances of our country, you will not disapprove my determination to retire.

The impressions with which I first undertook the arduous trust were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of this trust, I will only say that I have, with good intentions, contributed toward the organization and administration of the government the best exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable. Not unconscious in the outset of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to difficulties of myself; and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes

me more and more that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome. Satisfied that if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services, they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe that, while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, tho in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were likely to mislead, amid appearances sometimes dubious, vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging, in situations in which not infrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free Constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained; that its administrations in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that, in fine, the

happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing as will require to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger, natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a people. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsel. Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The unity of government which constitutes you one people is also now dear to you. It is justly so, for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence; the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad; of your safety, of your prosperity; of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your

political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (tho often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together; the independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels, and joint efforts of common dangers, sufferings, and successes.

But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interest. Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the union of the whole.

The North, in an unrestrained intercourse with the South, protected by the equal laws of a common government, finds in the productions of the latter great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The South, in the same intercourse, benefiting by the agency of the North, sees its agriculture grow and its commerce expand. Turning partly into its own channels the seamen of the North, it finds its particular navigation invigorated; and, while it contributes, in different ways, to nourish and increase the general mass of the national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength, to which itself is unequally adapted. The East, in a like intercourse with the West, already finds, and, in the progressive improvement of interior communications by land and water, will more and more find a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad, or manufactures at home. The West derives from the East supplies requisite to its growth and comfort, and, what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the secure enjoyment of indispensable outlets for its own productions to the weight, influence, and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the Union, directed by an indissoluble community of interest as one nation. Any other tenure by which the West can hold this essential advantage, whether derived from its own separate strength, or from an apostate and unnatural connection with any foreign power, must be intrinsically precarious.

While, then, every part of our country thus feels an immediate and particular interest in union, all the parts combined cannot fail to find in the united mass of means and efforts greater strength, greater resources, proportion-

ably greater security from external danger, a less frequent interruption of their peace by foreign nations; and, what is of inestimable value, they must derive from union an exemption from those broils and wars between themselves, which so frequently afflict neighboring countries not tied together by the same governments, which their own rival ships alone would be sufficient to produce, but which opposite foreign alliances, attachments, and intrigues would stimulate and imbitter. Hence, likewise, they will avoid the necessity of those overgrown military establishments which, under any form of government, are inauspicious to liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly hostile to republican liberty. In this sense it is that your union ought to be considered as a main prop of your liberty, and that the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other.

These considerations speak a persuasive language to every reflecting and virtuous mind, and exhibit the continuance of the Union as a primary object of patriotic desire. Is there a doubt whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere? Let experience solve it. To listen to mere speculation in such a case were criminal. We are authorized to hope that a proper organization of the whole with the auxiliary agency of governments for the respective subdivisions, will afford a happy issue to the experiment. It is well worth a fair and full experiment. With such powerful and obvious motives to union, affecting all parts of our country, while experience shall not have demonstrated its impracticability, there will always be reason to distrust the patriotism of those who in any quarter may endeavor to weaken its bands.

In contemplating the causes which may disturb our Un-

ion, it occurs as matter of serious concern that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by geographical discriminations, Northern and Southern, Atlantic and Western; whence designing men may endeavor to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of party to acquire influence within particular districts is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You can not shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heartburnings which spring from these misrepresentations; they tend to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection. The inhabitants of our Western country have lately had a useful lesson on this head; they have seen, in the negotiation by the Executive, and in the unanimous ratification by the Senate, of the treaty with Spain, and in the universal satisfaction at that event, throughout the United States, a decisive proof how unfounded were the suspicions propagated among them of a policy in the general government and in the Atlantic States unfriendly to their interests in regard to the Mississippi; they have been witnesses to the formation of two treaties—that with Great Britain, and that with Spain—which secure to them everything they could desire, in respect to our foreign relations, toward confirming their prosperity. Will it not be their wisdom to rely for the preservation of these advantages on the Union by which they were procured? Will they not henceforth be deaf to those advisers, if such there are, who would sever them from their brethren and connect them with aliens?

To the efficacy and permanency of your Union, a government for the whole is indispensable. No alliance, however strict, between the parts can be an adequate substitute; they

must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible of this momentous truth, you have improved upon your first essay, by the adoption of a constitution of government better calculated than your former for an intimate union, and for the efficacious management of your common concerns. This government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of government. But the Constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction; to give it an artificial and extraordinary force; to put in the place of the delegated will of the nation the will of a party, often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community; and, according to the alternate triumphs of

different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans digested by common counsels and modified by mutual interests.

However combinations or associations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely, in the course of time and things, to become potent engines by which cunning, ambitious, and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the people and to usurp for themselves the reins of government, destroying afterward the very engines which have lifted them to unjust dominion.

Toward the preservation of your government, and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite, not only that you steadily discountenance irregular oppositions to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretexts. One method of assault may be to effect, in the forms of the Constitution, alterations which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what can not be directly overthrown. In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments as of other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitution of a country; that facility in changes, upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion, exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion; and remember, especially, that for the efficient management of your common interests, in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigor as is con-

sistent with the perfect security of liberty is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. It is, indeed, little else than a name, where the government is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of faction, to confine each member of the society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of person and property.

I have already intimated to you the danger of parties in the State, with particular reference to the founding of them on geographical discriminations. Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party generally.

This spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists under different shapes in all governments, more or less stifled, controlled, or repressed; but, in those of the popular form, it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy.

The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge, natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries which result gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual; and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purpose of his own elevation, on the ruins of public liberty.

Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind

(which, nevertheless, ought not to be entirely out of sight), the common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of party are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it.

It serves always to distract the public councils and enfeeble the public administration. It agitates the community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms, kindles the animosity of one part against another, foments occasionally riot and insurrection. It opens the door to foreign influence and corruption, which finds a facilitated access to the government itself through the channels of party passions. Thus the policy and the will of one country are subjected to the policy and will of another.

There is an opinion that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the government and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This within certain limits is probably true; and in governments of a monarchical cast, patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose. And there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume.

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution in those intrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department to encroach upon another. The

spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism. A just estimate of that love of power, and proneness to abuse it, which predominates in the human heart, is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power, by dividing and distributing it into different depositaries, and constituting each the guardian of the public weal against invasions by the others, has been evinced by experiments ancient and modern; some of them in our country and under our own eyes. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them. If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for tho this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit which the use can at any time yield.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked: Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation de-

sert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit. One method of preserving it is to use it as sparingly as possible, avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace, but remembering also that timely disbursements to prepare for danger frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it, avoiding likewise the accumulation of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertion in time of peace to discharge the debts which unavoidable wars may have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burden which we ourselves ought to bear. The execution of these maxims belongs to your representatives, but it is necessary that public opinion should cooperate. To facilitate to them the performance of their duty, it is essential that

you should practically bear in mind that toward the payment of debts there must be revenue; that to have revenue there must be taxes; that no taxes can be devised which are not more or less inconvenient and unpleasant; that the intrinsic embarrassment, inseparable from the selection of the proper objects (which is always a choice of difficulties), ought to be a decisive motive for a candid construction of the conduct of the government in making it, and for a spirit of acquiescence in the measures for obtaining revenue, which the public exigencies may at any time dictate.

Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded; and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings toward all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges toward another a habitual hatred or a habitual fondness is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to

lead it astray from its duty and its interest. Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable, when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. Hence, frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed, and bloody contests. The nation, prompted by ill will and resentment, sometimes impels to war the government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The government sometimes participates in the national propensity, and adopts through passion what reason would reject; at other times it makes the animosity of the nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition, and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, sometimes perhaps the liberty, of nations, has been the victim.

So, likewise, a passionate attachment of one nation for another produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favorite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter without adequate inducement or justification. It leads also to concessions to the favorite nation of privileges denied to others, which is apt doubly to injure the nation making concessions—by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained, and by exciting jealousy, ill will, and a disposition to retaliate, in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld. And it gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded citizens (who devote themselves to the favorite nation) facility to betray or sacrifice the interests of their own country, without odium, sometimes even with popularity, gilding, with the appear-

ance of a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable deference for public opinion, or a laudable zeal for public good, the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption, or infatuation.

As avenues to foreign influence in innumerable ways, such attachments are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened and independent patriot. How many opportunities do they afford to tamper with domestic factions, to practise the arts of seduction, to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe the public councils? Such an attachment of a small or weak toward a great and powerful nation dooms the former to be the satellite of the latter.

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow citizens) the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. But that jealousy to be useful must be impartial; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defense against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation and excessive dislike of another cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots who may resist the intrigues of the favorite are liable to become suspected and odious, while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests.

The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury, from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor or caprice?

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world—so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves by suitable estab-

lishments on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing (with powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them) conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character; that, by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But, if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit,

some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism;—this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare, by which they have been dictated.

How far in the discharge of my official duties I have been guided by the principles which have been delineated, the public records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to you and to the world. To myself, the assurance of my own conscience is that I have at least believed myself to be guided by them.

In relation to the still subsisting war in Europe, my proclamation of the twenty-second of April, 1793, is the index of my plan. Sanctioned by your approving voice, and by that of your representatives in both Houses of Congress, the spirit of that measure has continually governed me, uninfluenced by any attempts to deter or divert me from it.

After deliberate examination, with the aid of the best lights I could obtain, I was well satisfied that our country, under all the circumstances of the case, had a right to take, and was bound in duty and interest to take, a neutral position. Having taken it, I determined, as far as should depend upon me, to maintain it, with moderation, perseverance, and firmness.

The considerations which respect the right to hold this conduct, it is not necessary on this occasion to detail. I will only observe that, according to my understanding of the matter, that right, so far from being denied by any of the belligerent powers, has been virtually admitted by all.

The duty of holding a neutral conduct may be inferred,

without anything more, from the obligation which justice and humanity impose on every nation, in cases in which it is free to act, to maintain inviolate the relations of peace and amity toward other nations.

The inducements of interest for observing that conduct will best be referred to your own reflections and experience. With me a predominant motive has been to endeavor to gain time to our country to settle and mature its yet recent institutions, and to progress without interruption to that degree of strength and consistency which is necessary to give it, humanly speaking, the command of its own fortunes.

Tho, in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love toward it, which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government, the ever-favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

ON THE POLITICAL SITUATION

BY JOHN JAMES INGALLS

MR. PRESIDENT:—Two portentous perils threaten the safety, if they do not endanger the existence of the republic.

The first of these is ignorant, debased, degraded, spurious, and sophisticated suffrage; suffrage contaminated by the feculent sewage of decaying nations; suffrage intimidated and suppressed in the South; suffrage impure and corrupt, apathetic and indifferent, in the great cities of the North, so that it is doubtful whether there has been for half a century a presidential election in this country that expressed the deliberate and intelligent judgment of the whole body of the American people.

In a newspaper interview a few months ago, in which I commented upon these conditions and alluded to the efforts of the bacilli doctors of politics, the bacteriologists of our system, who endeavor to cure the ills under which we suffer by their hypodermic injections of the lymph of independent non-partizanship and the Brown-Séquard elixir of civil-service reform, I said that "the purification of politics" by such methods as these was an "iridescent dream." Remembering the cipher dispatches of 1877 and the attempted purchase of the electoral votes of many Southern States in that campaign, the forgery of the Morey letter in 1880, by which Garfield lost the votes of three states in the North, and the characterization and portraiture of Blaine and Cleveland and Harrison by their political adversaries, I added that "the Golden Rule and the Decalog had no place in American political campaigns."

It seems superfluous to explain, Mr. President, that in those utterances I was not inculcating a doctrine, but describing a condition. My statement was a statement of facts as I understood them, and not the announcement of an article of faith. But many reverend and eminent divines, many disinterested editors, many ingenuous orators, perverted those utterances into the personal advocacy of impurity in politics.

I do not complain, Mr. President. It was, as the world goes, legitimate political warfare; but it was an illustration of the truth that there ought to be purification in our politics, and that the Golden Rule and the Decalog ought to have a place in political campaigns. "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you" is the supreme injunction, obligatory upon all. "If thine enemy smite thee upon one cheek turn to him the other" is a sublime and lofty precept. But I take this occasion to observe that until it is more generally regarded than it has been or appears likely to be in the immediate future, if my political enemy smites me upon one cheek, instead of turning to him the other I shall smite him under the butt end of his left ear if I can. If this be political immorality, I am to be included among the unregenerated.

The election bill that was under consideration a few days ago is intended to deal with one part of the great evil to which I have alluded, but it is an imperfect, a partial, and an incomplete remedy. Violence is bad; but fraud is no better, and it is more dangerous because it is more insidious.

Burke said in one of those immortal orations that emptied the House of Commons, but which will be read with admiration so long as the English tongue shall endure, that when the laws of Great Britain were not strong enough to

protect the humblest Hindoo upon the shores of the Ganges the nobleman was not safe in his castle upon the banks of the Thames. Sir, that lofty sentence is pregnant with admonition for us. There can be no repose, there can be no stable and permanent peace in this country under this government until it is just as safe for the black Republican to vote in Mississippi as it is for the white Democrat to vote in Kansas.

The other evil, Mr. President, the second to which I adverted as threatening the safety if it does not endanger the existence of the republic, is the tyranny of combined, concentrated, centralized, and incorporated capital. And the people are considering this great problem now. The conscience of the nation is shocked at the injustice of modern society. The moral sentiment of mankind has been aroused at the unequal distribution of wealth, at the unequal diffusion of the burdens, the benefits, and the privileges of society.

At the beginning of our second century the American people have become profoundly conscious that the ballot is not the panacea for all the evils that afflict humanity; that it has not abolished poverty nor prevented injustice. They have discovered that political equality does not result in social fraternity; that under a democracy the concentration of greater political power in fewer hands, the accumulation and aggregation of greater amounts of wealth in individuals, are more possible than under a monarchy; and that there is a tyranny which is more fatal than the tyranny of kings.

George Washington, the first President of the Republic, at the close of his life in 1799 had the largest private fortune in the United States of America. Much of this came by inheritance, but the Father of his Country, in addition

to his other virtues, shining and illustrious, was a very prudent, sagacious, thrifty, and forehanded man. He knew a good thing when he saw it a great way off. He had a keen eye for the main chance. As a surveyor in his youth he obtained knowledge that enabled him to make exceedingly valuable locations upon the public domain. The establishment of the national capital in the immediate vicinity of his patrimonial possessions did not diminish their value. He was a just debtor, but he was an exact if not an exacting creditor. And so it came to pass that when he died he was, to use the expressive phraseology of the day, the richest man in the country.

At this time, ninety years afterward, it is not without interest to know that the entire aggregate and sum of his earthly possessions, his estate, real, personal, and mixed, Mount Vernon and his lands along the Kanawha and the Ohio, slaves, securities, all of his belongings, reached the sum total of between $800,000 and $900,000. This was less than a century ago, and it is within bounds to say that at this time there are many scores of men, of estates, and of corporations in this country whose annual income exceed, and there has been one man whose monthly revenue since that period exceeded, the entire accumulations of the wealthiest citizen of the United States at the end of the last century.

At that period the social condition of the United States was one of practical equality. The statistics of the census of 1800 are incomplete and fragmentary, but the population of the Union was about 5,300,000, and the estimated wealth of the country was between $3,000,000,000 and $4,000,000,000. There was not a millionaire, and there was not a tramp nor a pauper, so far as we know, in the country,

except such as had been made so by infirmity, or disease, or inevitable calamity. A multitude of small farmers contentedly tilled the soil. Upon the coast a race of fishermen and sailors, owning the craft that they sailed, wrested their substance from the stormy seas. Labor was the rule and luxury the exception. The great mass of the people lived upon the products of the farms that they cultivated. They spun and wove and manufactured their clothing from flax and from wool. Commerce and handicrafts afforded honorable competence. The prayer of Agur was apparently realized. There was neither poverty nor riches. Wealth was uniformly diffused, and none were condemned to hopeless penury and dependence. Less than four per cent. of the entire population lived in towns, and there were but four cities whose population exceeded 10,000 persons. Westward to the Pacific lay the fertile solitudes of an unexplored continent, its resources undeveloped and unsuspected. The dreams of Utopia seemed about to be fulfilled —the wide, the universal diffusion of civil, political, and personal rights among the great body of the people, accompanied by efficient and vigorous guaranties for the safety of life, the protection of property, and the preservation of liberty.

Since that time, Mr. President, the growth in wealth and numbers in this country has had no precedent in the building of nations. The genius of the people, stimulated to prodigious activity by freedom, by individualism, by universal education, has subjugated the desert and abolished the frontier. The laboring capacity of every inhabitant of this planet has been duplicated by machinery. In Massachusetts alone we are told that its engines are equivalent to the labor of one hundred million men. We now perform one third

of the world's mining, one quarter of its manufacturing, one fifth of its farming, and we possess one sixth part of its entire accumulated wealth.

The Anglo-Saxon, Mr. President, is not by nature or instinct an anarchist, a socialist, a nihilist, or a communist. He does not desire the repudiation of debts, public or private, and he does not favor the forcible redistribution of property. He came to this continent, as he has gone everywhere else on the face of the earth, with a purpose. The 40,000 English colonists who came to this country between 1620 and 1650 formed the most significant, the most formidable migration that has ever occurred upon this globe since time began. They brought with them social and political ideas, novel in their application, of inconceivable energy and power, the home, the family, the State, individualism, the right of personal effort, freedom of conscience, an indomitable love of liberty and justice, a genius for self-government, an unrivaled capacity for conquest, but preferring charters to the sword, and they have been inexorable and relentless in the accomplishment of their designs. They were fatigued with caste and privilege and prerogative. They were tired of monarchs, and so, upon the bleak and inhospitable shores of New England they decreed the sovereignty of the people, and there they builded "a church without a bishop, and a state without a king."

The result of that experiment, Mr. President, has been ostensibly successful. Under the operation of those great forces, after two hundred and seventy years, this country exhibits a peaceful triumph over many subdued nationalities, through a government automatic in its functions and sustained by no power but the invisible majesty of law. With swift and constant communication by lines of steam

transportation by land and lake and sea, with telegraphs extending their nervous reticulations from State to State, the remotest members of this gigantic republic are animated by a vitality as vigorous as that which throbs at its mighty heart, and it is through the quickened intelligence that has been communicated by those ideas that these conditions, which have been fatal to other nations, have become the pillars of our strength and the bulwarks of our safety.

Mr. President, if time and space signified now what they did when independence was declared, the United States could not exist under one government. It would not be possible to secure unity of purpose or identity of interest between communities separated by such barriers and obstacles as Maine and California. But time and distance are relative terms, and, under the operations of these forces, this continent has dwindled to a span. It is not as far from Boston to San Francisco to-day as it was from Boston to Baltimore in 1791; and as the world has shrunk, life has expanded. For all the purposes for which existence is valuable in this world—for comfort, for convenience, for opportunity, for intelligence, for power of locomotion, and superiority to the accidents and the fatalities of nature—the fewest in years among us, Mr. President, has lived longer and has lived more worthily than Methuselah in all his stagnant centuries.

When the Atlantic cable was completed, it was not merely that a wire, finer by comparison than the gossamer of morning, had sunk to its path along the peaks and the plateaus of the deep, but the earth instantaneously grew smaller by the breadth of the Atlantic. A new volume in the history of the world was opened. The to-morrow of Europe flashed upon the yesterday of America. Time, up to the period

when this experiment commenced on this continent, yielded its treasures grudgingly and with reluctance. The centuries crept from improvement to improvement with tardy and sluggish steps, as if nature were unwilling to acknowledge the mastery of man. The great inventions of glass, of gunpowder, of printing, and the mariner's compass consumed a thousand years, but as the great experiment upon this continent has proceeded, the ancient law of progress has been disregarded, and the mind is bewildered by the stupendous results of its marvelous achievements.

The application of steam to locomotion on land and sea, the cotton-gin, electric illumination and telegraphy, the cylinder printing-press, the sewing-machine, the photographic art, tubular and suspension bridges, the telephone, the spectroscope, and the myriad forms of new applications of science to health and domestic comfort, to the arts of peace and war, have alone rendered democracy possible. The steam-engine emancipated millions from the slavery of daily toil and left them at liberty to pursue a higher range of effort; labor has become more remunerative, and the flood of wealth has raised the poor to comfort and the middle classes to affluence. With prosperity has attended leisure, books, travel; the masses have been provided with schools, and the range of mental inquiry has become wider and more daring. The sewing-machine does the work of a hundred hands, and gives rest and hope to weary lives. Farming, as my distinguished friend from New York [Mr. Evarts] once said, has become a "sedentary occupation." The reaper no longer swings his sickle in midsummer fields through the yellowish grain, followed by those who gather the wheat and the tares, but he rides in a vehicle, protected

from the meridian sun, accomplishing in comfort in a single hour the former labors of a day.

By these and other emancipating devices of society the laborer and the artisan acquire the means of study and recreation. They provide their children with better opportunities than they possessed. Emerging from the obscure degradation to which they have been consigned by monarchies, they have assumed the leadership in politics and society. The governed have become the governors; the subjects have become the kings. They have formed states; they have invented political systems; they have made laws; they have established literatures; and it is not true, Mr. President, in one sense, that during this extraordinary period the rich have grown richer and the poor have grown poorer. There has never been a time, since the angel stood with the flaming sword before the gates of Eden, when the dollar of invested capital paid as low a return in interest as it does to-day; nor has there been an hour when the dollar that is earned by the laboring man would buy so much of everything that is essential for the welfare of himself and his family as it will to-day.

Mr. President, monopolies and corporations, however strong they may be, can not permanently enslave such a people. They have given too many convincing proofs of their capacity for self-government. They have made too many incredible sacrifices for this great system, which has been builded and established here, to allow it to be overthrown. They will submit to no dictation.

. . . . . .

The people of the country that I represent have lost their reverence for gold. They have no longer any superstition

about coin. Notwithstanding the declarations of the monometallists; notwithstanding the assaults that have been made by those who are in favor of still further increasing the value of the standard by which their possessions are measured, they know that money is neither wealth, nor capital, nor value, and that it is merely the creation of the law by which all these are estimated and measured.

We speak, sir, about the volume of money, and about its relation to the wealth and capital of the country. Let me ask you, sir, for a moment, what would occur if the circulating medium were to be destroyed? Suppose that the gold and silver were to be withdrawn suddenly from circulation and melted up into bars and ingots and buried in the earth from which they were taken. Suppose that all the paper money, silver certificates, gold certificates, national bank notes, treasury notes, were stacked in one mass at the end of the treasury building and the torch applied to them, and they were to be destroyed by fire, and their ashes scattered, like the ashes of Wyclif, upon the Potomac, to be spread abroad, wide as its waters be.

What would be the effect? Would not this country be worth exactly as much as it is to-day? Would there not be just as many acres of land, as many houses, as many farms, as many days of labor, as much improved and unimproved merchandise, and as much property as there is to-day? The result would be that commerce would languish, the sails of the ships would be furled in the harbors, the great trains would cease to run to and fro on their errands, trade would be reduced to barter, and, the people finding their energies languishing, civilization itself would droop, and we should be reduced to the condition of the nomadic wanderers upon the primeval plains.

Suppose, on the other hand, that instead of being destroyed, all the money in this country were to be put in the possession of a single man—gold, and paper, and silver—and he were to be moored in mid-Atlantic upon a raft with his great hoard, or to be stationed in the middle of Sahara's desert without food to nourish, or shelter to cover, or the means of transportation to get away. Who would be the richest man, the possessor of the gigantic treasure or the humblest settler upon the plains of the West, with a dugout to shelter him, and with corn meal and water enough for his daily bread?

Doubtless, Mr. President, you search the Scriptures daily, and are therefore familiar with the story of those depraved politicians of Judea who sought to entangle the Master in His talk, by asking Him if it were lawful to pay tribute to Cæsar or not. He, perceiving the purpose that they had in view, said unto them, "Show me the tribute money"; and they brought him a penny. He said, "Whose is this image and superscription?" and they replied, "Cæsar's"; and He said, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

I hold, Mr. President, between my thumb and finger, a silver denarius, or "penny," of that ancient time—perhaps the identical coin that was brought by the hypocritical Herodian—bearing the image and superscription of Cæsar. It has been money for more than twenty centuries. It was money when Jesus walked the waves and in the tragic hour at Gethsemane. Imperial Cæsar is "dead and turned to clay." He has yielded to a mightier conqueror, and his eagles, his ensigns, and his trophies are indistinguishable dust. His triumphs and his victories are a schoolboy's tale. Rome herself is but a memory. Her marble porticos and

temples and palaces are in ruins. The sluggish monk and the lazy Roman *lazzaroni* haunt the Senate House and the Coliseum, and the derisive owl wakes the echoes of the voiceless Forum. But this little contemporary disk of silver is money still, because it bears the image and superscription of Cæsar. And, sir, it will continue to be money for twenty centuries more, should it resist so long the corroding canker and the gnawing tooth of time. But if one of these pages should take this coin to the railway track, as boys sometimes do, and allow the train to pass over it, in one single instant its function would be destroyed. It would contain as many grains of silver as before, but it would be money no longer, because the image and superscription of Cæsar had disappeared.

Mr. President, money is the creation of law, and the American people have learned that lesson, and they are indifferent to the assaults, they are indifferent to the arguments, they are indifferent to the aspersions which are cast upon them for demanding that the law of the United States shall place the image and superscription of Cæsar upon silver enough and gold enough and paper enough to enable them to transact without embarrassment, without hindrance, without delay, and without impoverishment their daily business affairs, and that shall give them a measure of values that will not make their earnings and their belongings the sport and the prey of speculators.

Mr. President, this contest can have but one issue. The experiment that has begun will not fail. It is useless to deny that many irregularities have been tolerated here; that many crimes have been committed in the sacred name of liberty; that our public affairs have been scandalous episodes to which every patriotic heart reverts with distress;

that there have been envy and jealousy in high places; that there have been treacherous and lying platforms; that there have been shallow compromises and degrading concessions to popular errors; but, amid all these disturbances, amid all these contests, amid all these inexplicable aberrations, the path of the nation has been steadily onward.

At the beginning of our second century we have entered upon a new social and political movement whose results can not be predicted, but which are certain to be infinitely momentous. That the progress will be upward I have no doubt. Through the long and desolate tract of history, through the seemingly aimless struggles, the random gropings of humanity, the turbulent chaos of wrong, injustice, crime, doubt, want, and wretchedness, the dungeon and the block, the inquisition and the stake, the trepidations of the oppressed, the bloody exultations and triumph of tyrants,—

> The uplifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
> Luke's iron crown and Damien's bed of steel,—

the tendency has been toward the light. Out of every conflict some man or sect or nation has emerged with higher privileges, greater opportunities, purer religion, broader liberty, and greater capacity for happiness; and out of this conflict in which we are now engaged I am confident finally will come liberty, justice, equality; the continental unity of the American republic, the social fraternity and the industrial independence of the American people.

AGAINST CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

BY ROBESPIERRE

The news having been brought to Athens that Athenian citizens had been sentenced to death in the town of Argos, the people hastened to the temples to implore the gods to divert the Athenians from thoughts so cruel and so baleful. I come to urge, not the gods, but the legislators, who should be the organ and the interpreters of the eternal laws the Divinity has dictated to men, to strike from the French code the laws of blood, which command judicial murder—which are repugnant to their habits and their new Constitution. I will prove to them: First, that the death penalty is essentially unjust; secondly, that it is not the most repressive of punishments, and that it increases crimes much more than it prevents them.

Outside of civil society, let an inveterate enemy attempt to take my life, or, twenty times repulsed, let him again return to devastate the field my hands have cultivated. Inasmuch as I can only oppose my individual strength to his, I must perish or I must kill him, and the law of natural defense justifies and approves me. But in society, when the strength of all is armed against one single individual, what principle of justice can authorize it to put him to death? What necessity can there be to absolve it? A conqueror who causes the death of his captive enemies is called a barbarian! A man who causes a child that he can disarm and punish, to be strangled, appears to us a monster! A prisoner that society convicts is at the utmost to that society but a vanquished, powerless, and harmless enemy. He is

before it weaker than a child before a full-grown man.

Therefore, in the eyes of truth and justice, these death scenes which it orders with so much preparation are but cowardly assassinations—solemn crimes committed, not by individuals, but by entire nations, with due legal forms. However cruel, however extravagant these laws may be, be not astonished. They are the handiwork of a few tyrants; they are the chains with which they load down humankind; they are the arms with which they subjugate them! They were written in blood! "It is not permitted to put to death a Roman citizen"—this was the law that the people had adopted; but Sulla conquered and said: "All those who have borne arms against me deserve death." Octavius, and the companions of his misdeeds, confirmed this law.

Under Tiberius, to have praised Brutus was a crime worthy of death. Caligula sentenced to death those who were sacrilegious enough to disrobe before the image of the emperor. When tyranny had invented the crimes of lèse-majesté (which might be either trivial acts or heroic deeds), he who should have dared to think that they could merit a lighter penalty than death would himself have been held guilty of lèse-majesté.

When fanaticism, born of the monstrous union of ignorance and despotism, in its turn invented the crimes of lèse-majesté against God—when it thought, in its frenzy, to avenge God himself—was it not obliged to offer him blood and to place him on the level of the monsters who called themselves his images? The death penalty is necessary, say the partizans of antiquated and barbarous routine! Without it there is no restraint strong enough against crime. Who has told you so? Have you reckoned with all the springs through which penal laws can act upon human

sensibility? Alas! before death how much physical and moral suffering can not man endure!

The wish to live gives way to pride, the most imperious of all the passions which dominate the heart of man. The most terrible punishment for social man is opprobrium; it is the overwhelming evidence of public execration. When the legislator can strike the citizens in so many places and in so many ways, how can he believe himself reduced to employ the death penalty? Punishments are not made to torture the guilty, but to prevent crime from fear of incurring them.

The legislator who prefers death and atrocious punishments to the mildest means within his power outrages public delicacy, and deadens the moral sentiment of the people he governs, in a way similar to that in which an awkward teacher brutalizes and degrades the mind of his pupil by the frequency of cruel chastisements. In the end, he wears and weakens the springs of government, in trying to bend them with greater force.

The legislator who establishes such a penalty renounces the wholesome principle that the most efficacious method of repressing crimes is to adapt the punishments to the character of the various passions which produce them, and to punish them, so to speak, by their own selves. He confounds all ideas, he disturbs all connections, and opposes openly the object of all penal laws.

The penalty of death is necessary, you say? If such is the case, why have several nations been able to do without it? By what fatality have these nations been the wisest, the happiest, and the freest? If the death penalty is the proper way to prevent great crimes, it must then be that they were rarer with these people who have adopted and

extended it. Now, the contrary is exactly the case. See Japan: nowhere are the death penalty and extreme punishments so frequent; nowhere are crimes so frequent and atrocious. It is as if the Japanese tried to dispute in ferocity the barbarous laws which outrage and irritate them. The republics of Greece, where punishments were moderate, where the death penalty was either very rare or absolutely unknown—did they produce more crimes or less virtues than the countries governed by the laws of blood? Do you believe that Rome was more disgraced by heinous crimes when, in the days of her glory, the Porcian Law had abolished the severe punishments applied by the kings and by the decemvirs, than she was under Sulla, who had revived them, and under the emperors who exerted their rigor to a degree in keeping with their infamous tyranny? Has Russia suffered any upheaval since the despot who governs her suppressed entirely the death penalty, as if he wished to expiate by that act of humanity and philosophy the crime of keeping millions of men under the yoke of absolute power?

Listen to the voice of justice and of reason; it cries to us that human judgments are never certain enough to warrant society in giving death to a man convicted by other men liable to error. Had you imagined the most perfect judicial system; had you found the most upright and enlightened judges—there will always remain some room for error or prejudice. Why interdict to yourselves the means of reparation? Why condemn yourself to powerlessness to help oppressed innocence? What good can come of the sterile regrets, these illusory reparations you grant to a vain shade, to insensible ashes? They are the sad testimonials of the barbarous temerity of your penal laws. To rob the man of

the possibility of expiating his crime by his repentance or by acts of virtue; to close to him without mercy every return toward a proper life, and his own esteem; to hasten his descent, as it were, into the grave still covered with the recent blotch of his crime—is in my eyes the most horrible refinement of cruelty.

The first duty of the lawmaker is to form and to conserve public morals, as the source of all liberty, the source of all social happiness. When, to attain some special aim, he loses sight of this general and essential object, he commits the grossest and most fatal of errors. Therefore the laws must ever present to the people the purest model of justice and of reason. If, in lieu of this puissant severity, of this moderate calmness which should characterize them, they replace it by anger and vengeance; if they cause human blood to flow which they can prevent—which they have no right to spill; if they exhibit to the eyes of the people cruel scenes and corpses bruised by tortures—then they change in the hearts of the citizens all ideas of the just and of the unjust; they cause to germinate in the bosom of society ferocious prejudices which in their turn again produce others. Man is no longer for man an object so sacred as before. One has a lower idea of his dignity when public authority makes light of his life. The idea of the murder fills us with less horror when the law itself sets the example and provides the spectacle; the horror of the crime diminishes from the time law no longer punishes it except by another crime. Have a care not to confound the efficiency of punishment with excess of severity; the one is absolutely opposed to the other. Everything favors moderate laws; everything conspires against cruel laws. It has been remarked that in free countries crimes are of rarer occur-

rence and the penal laws lighter; all ideas are linked together. Free countries are those in which the rights of man are respected, and where, consequently, the laws are just. Where they offend humanity by an excess of rigor, it is a proof that there the dignity of man is not known and that the dignity of the citizen does not exist. It is a proof that the legislator is but a master who commands slaves and punishes them mercilessly according to his whim.

SIMPLICITY AND GREATNESS

BY FÉNELON

There is a simplicity that is a defect, and a simplicity that is a virtue. Simplicity may be a want of discernment. When we speak of a person as simple, we may mean that he is credulous and perhaps vulgar. The simplicity that is a virtue is something sublime—every one loves and admires it; but it is difficult to say exactly what this virtue is.

Simplicity is an uprightness of soul that has no reference to self; it is different from sincerity, and it is a still higher virtue. We see many people who are sincere, without being simple; they only wish to pass for what they are, and they are unwilling to appear what they are not; they are always thinking of themselves, measuring their words, and recalling their thoughts, and renewing their actions, from the fear that they have done too much or too little. These persons are sincere, but they are not simple; they are not at ease with others and others are not at ease with them; they are not free, ingenuous, natural; we prefer people who are less correct, less perfect, and who are less ar-

tificial. This is the decision of man, and it is the judgment of God, who would not have us so occupied with ourselves, and thus, as it were, always arranging our features in a mirror.

To be wholly occupied with others, never to look within, is the state of blindness of those who are entirely engrossed by what is present and addressed to their senses; this is the very reverse of simplicity. To be absorbed in self in whatever engages us, whether we are laboring for our fellow beings or for God—to be wise in our own eyes, reserved, and full of ourselves, troubled at the least thing that disturbs our self-complacency, is the opposite extreme. This is false wisdom, which, with all its glory, is but little less absurd than that folly which pursues only pleasure. The one is intoxicated with all that it sees around, the other with all that it imagines it has within; but it is delirium in both. To be absorbed in the contemplation of our own minds is really worse than to be engrossed by outward things, because it appears like wisdom and yet is not; we do not think of curing it; we pride ourselves upon it; we approve of it; it gives us an unnatural strength; it is a sort of frenzy; we are not conscious of it; we are dying, and we think ourselves in health.

Simplicity consists in a just medium, in which we are neither too much excited, nor too composed. The soul is not carried away by outward things, so that it cannot make all necessary reflections; neither does it make those continual references to self, that a jealous sense of its own excellence multiplies to infinity. That freedom of the soul, which looks straight onward in its path, losing no time to reason upon its steps, to study them, or to contemplate those that it has already taken, is true simplicity.

The first step in the progress of the soul is disengagement from outward things, that it may enter into itself, and contemplate its true interests; this is a wise self-love. The second is, to join to this the idea of God whom it fears; this is the feeble beginning of true wisdom, but the soul is still fixed upon itself: it is afraid that it does not fear God enough; it is still thinking of itself. These anxieties about ourselves are far removed from that peace and liberty which a true and simple love inspires; but it is not yet time for this. The soul must pass through this trouble; this operation of the spirit of God in our hearts comes to us gradually; we approach step by step to this simplicity. In the third and last state, we begin to think of God more frequently, we think of ourselves less, and insensibly we lose ourselves in Him.

The more gentle and docile the soul is, the more it advances in this simplicity. It does not become blind to its own defects, and unconscious of its imperfections; it is more than ever sensible of them; it feels a horror of the slightest sin; it sees more clearly its own corruption. This sensibility does not arise from dwelling upon itself, but by the light from the presence of God, we see how far removed we are from infinite purity.

Thus simplicity is free in its course, since it makes no preparation; but it can only belong to the soul that is purified by a true penitence. It must be the fruit of a perfect renunciation of self, and an unreserved love of God. But tho they, who become penitents, and tear themselves from the vanities of the world, make self the object of thought, yet they must avoid an excessive and unquiet occupation with themselves, such as would trouble, and embarrass, and retard them in their progress. Dwelling

too much upon self produces in weak minds useless scruples and superstition, and in stronger minds a presumptuous wisdom. Both are contrary to true simplicity, which is free and direct, and gives itself up, without reserve and with a generous self-forgetfulness, to the Father of spirits. How free, how intrepid are the motions, how glorious the progress that the soul makes, when delivered from all low, and interested, and unquiet cares!

If we desire that our friends be simple and free with us, disencumbered of self in their intimacy with us, will it not please God, who is our truest friend, that we should surrender our souls to Him, without fear or reserve, in that holy and sweet communion with Himself which He allows us? It is this simplicity which is the perfection of the true children of God. This is the end that we must have in view, and to which we must be continually advancing.

This deliverance of the soul from all useless, and selfish, and unquiet cares, brings to it a peace and freedom that are unspeakable; this is true simplicity. It is easy to perceive, at the first glance, how glorious it is; but experience alone can make us comprehend the enlargement of heart that it produces. We are then like a child in the arms of its parent; we wish nothing more; we fear nothing; we yield ourselves up to this pure attachment; we are not anxious about what others think of us; all our motions are free, graceful, and happy. We do not judge ourselves, and we do not fear to be judged. Let us strive after this lovely simplicity; let us seek the path that leads to it. The further we are from it, the more we must hasten our steps toward it. Very far from being simple, most Christians are not even sincere. They are not only disingenuous, but they are false, and they dissemble with their neighbor,

with God, and with themselves. They practise a thousand little arts that indirectly distort the truth. Alas! every man is a liar; those even who are naturally upright, sincere, and ingenuous, and who are what is called simple and natural, still have this jealous and sensitive reference to self in everything, which secretly nourishes pride and prevents that true simplicity which is the renunciation and perfect oblivion of self.

But it will be said, How can I help being occupied with myself? A crowd of selfish fears troubles me, and tyrannize over my mind, and excite a lively sensibility. The principal means to cure this is to yield yourself up sincerely to God; to place all your interests, pleasures, and reputation in His hands; to receive all the sufferings that He may inflict upon you in this scene of humiliation, as trials and tests of your love to Him, neither to fear the scrutiny, nor to avoid the censure of mankind. This state of willing acquiescence produces true liberty, and this liberty brings perfect simplicity. A soul that is liberated from the little earthly interests of self-love becomes confiding, and moves straight onward, and its views expand even to infinity, just in proportion as its forgetfulness of self increases, and its peace is profound even in the midst of trouble.

I have already said that the opinion of the world conforms to the judgment of God upon this noble simplicity. The world admires, even in its votaries, the free and easy manners of a person who has lost sight of self. But the simplicity, which is produced by a devotion to external things, still more vain than self, is not the true simplicity; it is only an image of it, and cannot represent its greatness. They who cannot find the substance, pursue the shadow; and shadow as it is, it has a charm, for it has some resem-

blance to the reality that they have lost. A person full of defects, who does not attempt to hide them, who does not seek to dazzle, who does not affect either talents or virtue, who does not appear to think of himself more than of others, but to have lost sight of this self of which we are so jealous, pleases greatly, in spite of his defects. This false simplicity is taken for the true. On the contrary, a person full of talents, of virtues, and of exterior graces, if he appear artificial, if he be thinking of himself, if he affect the very best things, is a tedious and wearisome companion that no one likes.

Nothing, then, we grant, is more lovely and grand than simplicity. But some will say, Must we never think of self? We need not practise this constraint; in trying to be simple, we may lose simplicity. What, then, must we do? Make no rule about it, but be satisfied that you affect nothing. When you are disposed to speak of yourself from vanity, you can only repress this strong desire by thinking of God, or of what you are called upon by Him to do. Simplicity does not consist in false shame or false modesty, any more than in pride or vainglory. When vanity would lead to egotism, we have only to turn from self; when, on the contrary, there is a necessity of speaking of ourselves, we must not reason too much about it: we must look straight at the end. But what will they think of me? They will think I am boasting; I shall be suspected in speaking so freely of my own concerns. None of these unquiet reflections should trouble us for one moment. Let us speak freely, ingenuously, and simply of ourselves when we are called upon to speak. It is thus that St. Paul spoke often in his Epistles. What true greatness there is in speaking with simplicity of one's self!

Vainglory is sometimes hidden under an air of modesty and reserve. People do not wish to proclaim their own merit, but they would be very glad that others should discover it. They would have the reputation both of virtue and of the desire to hide it.

As to the matter of speaking against ourselves, I do not either blame or recommend it. When it arises from true simplicity, and that hatred with which God inspires us for our sins, it is admirable, and thus I regard it in many holy men. But usually the surest and most simple way is not to speak unnecessarily of one's self, either good or evil. Self-love often prefers abuse to oblivion and silence; and when we have often spoken ill of ourselves, we are quite ready to be reconciled, just like angry lovers, who, after a quarrel, redouble their devotion to each other.

This simplicity is manifested in the exterior. As the mind is freed from this idea of self, we act more naturally, all art ceases, and we act rightly without thinking of what we are doing, by a sort of directness of purpose that is inexplicable to those who have no experience of it. To some we may appear less simple than those who have a more grave and practised manner; but these are people of bad taste, who take the affectation of modesty for modesty itself, and who have no knowledge of true simplicity. This true simplicity has sometimes a careless and irregular appearance, but it has the charm of truth and candor, and sheds around it I know not what of purity and innocence, of cheerfulness and peace; a loveliness that wins us when we see it intimately and with pure eyes.

How desirable is this simplicity! who will give it to me? I will quit all else to obtain it, for it is the pearl of great price.

SPEECH WHEN UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH

BY ROBERT EMMET

My lords, what have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life and which you have labored (as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country) to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter—I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court constituted and trammeled as this is—I only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories, untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor to shelter it from the storm by which it is at present buffeted.

Was I only to suffer death after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of that law, labor in its own vindication to consign my character to obloquy—for there must be guilt somewhere: whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine.

A man in my situation, my lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice: the man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me.

When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field in defense of their country and of virtue, this is my hope: I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its dominion by blasphemy of the Most High—which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest; which sets man upon his brother and lifts his hand in the name of God against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standard—a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which it has made——

[Here Lord Norbury interrupted Mr. Emmet, saying that the mean and wicked enthusiasts who felt as he did were not equal to the accomplishment of their wild designs.]

I appeal to the immaculate God—I swear by the throne of heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me—that my conduct has been, through all this peril and all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I

have uttered, and by no other view than that of their cure and the emancipation of my country from the superhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed; and that I confidently and assuredly hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noble enterprise.

Of this I speak with the confidence of intimate knowledge and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lord, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness; a man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, nor a pretense to impeach the probity which he means to preserve even in the grave to which tyranny consigns him.

[Here he was again interrupted by the court.]

Again I say, that what I have spoken was not intended for your lordship, whose situation I commiserate rather than envy—my expressions were for my countrymen; if there is a true Irishman present, let my last words cheer him in the hour of his affliction.

[Here he was again interrupted. Lord Norbury said he did not sit there to hear treason.]

I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law; I have also understood that judges some-

times think it their duty to hear with patience and to speak with humanity; to exhort the victim of the laws and to offer with tender benignity his opinions of the motives by which he was actuated in the crime of which he had been adjudged guilty: that a judge has thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt—but where is the boasted freedom of your institutions, where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency, and mildness of your courts of justice, if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy, and not pure justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated?

My lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind by humiliation to the purposed ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the purposed shame or the scaffold's terrors would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court. You, my lord, are a judge; I am the supposed culprit; I am a man, you are a man also; by a revolution of power we might change places, tho we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this court and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice? If I stand at this bar and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death which your unhallowed policy inflicts on my body also condemn my tongue to silence and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence; but while I exist I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions; and as a man to whom fame is dearer than life I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave

to those I honor and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my lord, we must appear at the great day at one common tribunal, and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe who was engaged in the most virtuous actions or actuated by the purest motives—my country's oppressors or——

[Here he was interrupted and told to listen to the sentence of the law.]

My lord, will a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself, in the eyes of the community, of an undeserved reproach thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition and attempting to cast away, for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country? Why did your lordship insult me, or, rather, why insult justice, in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced? I know, my lord, that form prescribes that you should ask the question; the form also presumes a right of answering. This, no doubt, may be dispensed with —and so might the whole ceremony of trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the Castle before your jury was impaneled; your lordships are but the priests of the oracle, and I submit; but I insist on the whole of the forms.

[Here the court desired him to proceed.]

I am charged with being an emissary of France! An emissary of France! And for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country! And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No, I am no emissary; and my ambition was

to hold a place among the deliverers of my country—not in power nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement! Sell my country's independence to France! And for what? Was it for a change of masters? No! But for ambition! O my country, was it personal ambition that could influence me, had it been the soul of my actions, could I not by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself among the proudest of my oppressors? My country was my idol; to it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up my life. O God! No, my lord; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, which is its joint partner and perpetrator in the parricide, whose reward is the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor and of conscious depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly-riveted despotism.

I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth; I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world.

Connection with France was indeed intended, but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were they to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be the signal for their destruction. We sought aid, and we sought it as we had assurances we should obtain it—as auxiliaries in war and allies in peace.

Were the French to come as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes, my countrymen, I should advise you to meet them on the beach with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other; I would meet them with all

the destructive fury of war; and I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their boats before they had contaminated the soil of my country. If they succeeded in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, burn every blade of grass, and the last intrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself, if I should fall, I should leave as a last charge to my countrymen to accomplish; because I should feel conscious that life, any more than death, is unprofitable when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection.

But it was not as an enemy that the succors of France were to land; I looked indeed for the assistance of France; but I wished to prove to France and to the world that Irishmen deserved to be assisted!—that they were indignant at slavery and ready to assert the independence and liberty of their country.

I wished to procure for my country the guarantee which Washington procured for America; to procure an aid which by its example would be as important as its valor, disciplined, gallant, pregnant with science and experience; which would perceive the good and polish the rough points of our character. They would come to us as strangers and leave us as friends, after sharing in our perils and elevating our destiny. These were my objects—not to receive new taskmasters, but to expel old tyrants; these were my views, and these only become Irishmen. It was for these ends I sought aid from France; because France, even as an enemy, could not be more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country.

[Here he was interrupted by the court.]

I have been charged with that importance in the efforts to emancipate my country as to be considered the keystone of the combination of Irishmen; or, as your lordship expressed it, "the life and blood of conspiracy." You do me honor overmuch. You have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my lord; men before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves dishonored to be called your friend—who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand——

[Here he was interrupted.]

What, my lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to that scaffold which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediary executioner, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor?—shall you tell me this—and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it?

I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent Judge to answer for the conduct of my whole life; and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here?—by you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhallowed ministry, in one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it.

[Here the judge interfered.]

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attaint my memory by believing that

I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. The proclamation of the provisional government speaks for our views; no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor for the same reason that I would resist the foreign and domestic oppressor; in the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor and the bondage of the grave only to give my countrymen their rights and my country her independence,—am I to be loaded with calumny and not suffered to resent or repel it? No, God forbid!

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life—O ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life!

My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice: the blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven.

Be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave: my lamp of life is nearly extinguished: my race is run: the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world—it is the charity of its silence! Let no man write my epitaph: for as no man who knows my motives dare *now* vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done.

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT III, SCENE 2—WOLSEY AND CROMWELL

SCENE: *An antechamber in Henry VIII.'s palace.*

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,

But far beyond my depth; my high blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new-opened. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amazed
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy—too much honor;
Oh, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.
Wol. I hope I have; I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.
Wol. God bless him!
Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.
Wol. That's somewhat sudden;
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favor, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them!
What more?
Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.
Wol. That's news indeed.
Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me; all my glories
In that one woman I have lost forever;
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited

Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master; seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art; he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too; good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, tho thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition!
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?

Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And,—prithee lead me in;
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's; my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, are all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies!

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*

KING JOHN

Parts of Acts III and IV

Scene: *Plain near Angiers. Elinor the Queen-mother, has taken Arthur aside to console him, and John beckons to Hubert.*

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.

By Heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—But let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience:—If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;)
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not:—Yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lovest me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Tho that my death were adjunct to my act,
By Heaven, I'd do't.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I will keep him so
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember.

SCENE: *In a castle, Northampton; Hubert comes in with two attendants.*

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth;
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

1 Attend. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.
[*Exeunt* ATTENDANTS.

HUBERT *unlocks the door of a cell.*

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be. You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, nobody should be sad but I;
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long:
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me;
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault, that I was Geoffrey's son?
No, indeed, it's not; and I would to Heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert. [*Aside.*
Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch.
Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me. [*Aside.*
Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*] How now,
foolish rheum!
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out of mine eyes in tender womanish tears.

Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it, cunning: Do, and if you will:
If Heaven be pleased, that you must use me ill,
Why, then thou must. Will you put out mine eyes!
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itself, tho heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him; no tongue but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Reenter ATTENDANTS *with cord, irons, etc.*

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. Oh, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1 Atten. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.
[*Exeunt* ATTENDANTS.

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O Heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes;
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; Oh, spare mine eyes;
Tho to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes: See else yourself;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet, I am sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. Oh, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O Heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

JULIUS CÆSAR

Act III, Scene 2

Scene: *Forum at Rome after murder of Cæsar. Large and excited crowd. Brutus goes into the rostrum to speak.*

3 Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome

more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valor; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none.

[*Several speaking at once.*

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and others, with Cæsar's body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, tho he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart: That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

4 Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 Cit. We'll bring him to his home with shouts and clamors.

Bru. My countrymen.

2 Cit. Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

1 Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

3 Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 Cit. Nay, that's certain:
We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2 Cit. Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest
(For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men),
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome.
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause, till it come back to me.

1 Cit. Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear, there will a worse come in his place.
4 Cit. Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.
1 Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
2 Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3 Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
4 Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.
Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar.
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear his testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.
4 Cit. We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.
Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.
Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 Cit. Read the will; we will hear it, Antony:
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honorable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 Cit. They were traitors: Honorable men!

Cit. The will! the testament!

2 Cit. They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2 Cit. Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*

3 Cit. You shall have leave.

4 Cit. A ring; stand round.

1 Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 Cit. Room for Antony—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;

That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! In this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue
(Which all the while ran blood), great Cæsar fell.
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 Cit. O piteous spectacle!

2 Cit. O noble Cæsar!

3 Cit. O woful day!

4 Cit. O traitors, villains!

1 Cit. O, most bloody sight!

2 Cit. We will be revenged; revenge; about,—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

2 Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honorable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1 Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 Cit. Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Cit. Peace, ho! hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?

Alas! you know not:—I must tell you then:—
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true;—the will;—let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 Cit. Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

3 Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?

1 Cit. Never, never:—Come away, away:
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 Cit. Go, fetch fire.

3 Cit. Pluck down benches.

4 Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt* CITIZENS *with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

JULIUS CÆSAR

ACT IV, SCENE 3—THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS

SCENE: *Within the tent of Brutus.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I, an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now

Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honors,
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practise, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more; I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Tho it do split you; for, from this day forth
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus:
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces.

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye would never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, tho they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O! I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes. There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd, too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart, too.

Cas. O Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

AS YOU LIKE IT

Act I, Scene 3—Banishment of Celia

Scene: *A room in the palace.*

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin.
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found

So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me;
If with myself I hold intelligence
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,—
As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banish'd him;
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, my good liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse;
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her; if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,

Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupl'd and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool; she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege;
I can not live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself;
If you outstay the time, upon mine honor,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exit* DUKE FREDERICK.

Cel. O! my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful; know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I are one;
Shall we be sunder'd? Shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your charge upon you,

To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.
Ros. Why, whither shall we go?
Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.
Ros. Alas! what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you; so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.
Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.
Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?
Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?
Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.
Ros. But, cousin, what if we assayed to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,

And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment.

HAMLET

Part of Act V

Scene: *A churchyard. Two grave-diggers.*

1st G. D. Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2d G. D. I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1st G. D. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defense?

2d. G. D. Why, 'tis found so.

1st G. D. It must be *se offendendo;* it cannot be else. For here lies the point: If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: Argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2d G. D. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1st. G. D. Give me leave. Here lies the water: good; here stands the man: good; if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that; but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2d G. D. But is this law?

1st G. D. Ay, marry is't; crowner's quest-law. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers. I'll put a question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself——

2d G. D. Go to.

1st G. D. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2d G. D. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1st G. D. I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well. But how does it well? It does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill, to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: Argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2d G. D. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1st G. D. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2d G. D. Marry, now I can tell.

1st G. D. To't.

2d G. D. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO, *at a distance.*

1st G. D. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker: the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[*Exit 2d Grave-digger.*

1st G. D. [*digs and sings*]:

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,

To contract, (O!) the time, for—a my behove,
O, methought, there was nothing—a meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1st G. D.:

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intil the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*

Hamlet. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'erreaches, one that would circumvent heaven, might it not?

[*Bones thrown up.*

Hora. It might, my lord.

Hamlet. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with? Mine ache to think on't.

1st G. D. [*sings*]:

A pick-ax, and a spade, a spade,
For—and a shrouding sheet:
O! a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull.*

Hamlet. There's another. Why might not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets,

his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sir?

1st G. D. Mine, sir. [*Sings.*]

O! a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Hamlet. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

1st G. D. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Hamlet. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1st G. D. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Hamlet. What man dost thou dig it for?

1st G. D. For no man, sir.

Hamlet. What woman, then?

1st G. D. For none, neither.

Hamlet. Who is to be buried in't?

1st G. D. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Hamlet. How absolute the knave is! We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1st. G. D. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Hamlet. How long is that since?

1st G. D. Can not you tell that? every fool can tell that. It was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Hamlet. Ay, marry; why was he sent into England?

1st G. D. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Hamlet. Why?

1st G. D. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Hamlet. How came he mad?

1st G. D. Very strangely, they say.

Hamlet. How strangely?

1st G. D. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Hamlet. Upon what ground?

1st G. D. Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Hamlet. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1st G. D. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, he will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year. Here's a skull now; this skull hath lain i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

Hamlet. Whose was it?

1st G. D. A mad fellow's it was: Whose do you think it was?

Hamlet. Nay, I know not.

1st G. D. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Hamlet. This?

1st G. D. E'en that.

Hamlet. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes

now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now, get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come; make her laugh at that. Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that, my lord?

Hamlet. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hora. E'en so.

Hamlet. And smelt so? pah!

Hora. E'en so, my lord.

[*Takes and puts down the skull.*

Hamlet. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole!

Hora. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Hamlet. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

> Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
> O! that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
> Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw!

OTHELLO

Act I, Scene 3—Othello on his Marriage

Scene: *The Council-chamber at Venice.*

Oth. Most potent, grave and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration and what mighty magic,
For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,
I won his daughter.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; I therefore vouch again
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,

Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more wider and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

Sen. But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father;
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.
And, till she come, as truly as to heaven,
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, ev'n from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,

Of hairbreadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly
breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence
And portance in my travels' history;
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch
heaven,
It was my hint to speak,—such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse; which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively; I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs;
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful;
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man; she thank'd
me,

And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used;
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA *and* ATTENDANTS.

Bra. Come hither, gentle mistress;
Do you perceive, in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience?
Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty;
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty;
I am hitherto your daughter; but here's my husband,
And so much duty as my mother showed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord.
Bra. God be with you! I have done.

THE SHIPWRECK

BY CHARLES DICKENS

On a late September night the sleeping town of Yarmouth is startled by the cry: "A wreck close by!" "What wreck?" "A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. It's thought down on the beach she'll go to pieces any moment!"

Numbers of excited people are to be seen, all running in one direction toward the beach and now an immense crowd stands facing the wild sea. The height to which the breakers rise, and, looking over one another, bear one another down, and roll in, in interminable hosts, is most appalling. Suddenly the wreck closes in toward the shore. One mast is broken off six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging, and all that ruin, as the ship rolls and beats—which she does without a moment's pause and with a violence quite inconceivable—beats the side as if it would stave it in. As the ship turns toward the shore in her rolling, her people are plainly descried at work with axes, especially one active figure with long curling hair, conspicuous among the rest. But a great cry, which is audible even above the wind and water, rises from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, makes a clean breach, and carries men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge. The second mast is still standing, with the rags of a rent sail and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro.

But the rolling and beating is too tremendous for any

human work to suffer long. There is another great cry of pity from the beach; four men rise with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost the active figure with the curling hair. There is a bell on board, and as the ship rolls and dashes, the bell rings; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, is borne to those standing on shore. Again the ship is lost from view,—now she rises again. Two men are gone. The agony on shore increases. Men groan and clasp their hands; women shriek and turn away their faces. Some run wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help can be.

And now a new sensation moves the people on the beach, and as they part, Ham Peggotty comes breaking through them to the front. Another cry arises on shore, and looking to the wreck they see the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast. Ham is heard to cry: "Mates, if my time is come, 'tis come. If 'tain't, I'll bide it. Lord above bless you all! Mates, make me ready,—I'm a-going for the wreck!"

There is hurry on the beach,—men running with ropes from a capstan that is there,—and Ham stands out alone in a seaman's frock and trousers; a rope in his hand, another round his body, and several of the best men holding at a little distance to the latter. The wreck is breaking up. She is parting in the middle and the life of the solitary man upon the mast hangs by a thread. Still he clings to it. He has a singular red cap on—not like a sailor's cap, but of a finer color; and as the few yielding planks between him and destruction roll and bulge, and his anticipative death-knell rings, he is seen to wave it.

Ham watches the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm before, until there is a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who hold the rope which is made fast round his body, he dashes in after it and in a moment is buffeting with the water; rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam,—borne in toward the shore,—borne on toward the ship,—striving hard and valiantly. The distance is nothing, but the power of the sea and wind makes the strife deadly. At length he nears the wreck. He is so near that with one of his vigorous strokes he will be clinging to it—when a high, green, vast hillside of water, moving on shoreward, from beyond the ship, seems to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship is gone! They haul in hastily, but consternation is seen in every face—for there at their feet lies poor old Ham—dead! He had been beaten to death by the great wave and his generous heart was stilled forever. And as they bend compassionately over the form of their brave young comrade, another body is washed ashore—that of the solitary figure which had been seen alone upon the mast, —and there next to him whom he had so unjustly wronged, lay the dead body of James Steerforth!

COMO

BY JOAQUIN MILLER

The red-clad fishers row and creep
Below the crags, as half asleep,
Nor even make a single sound.
The walls are steep,
The waves are deep;

And if the dead man should be found
By these fishers in their round,
Why, who shall say but he was drowned?

The lake lay bright, as bits of broken moon
Just newly set within the cloven earth;
The ripened fields drew round a golden girth
Far up the steppes, and glittered in the noon.
And when the sun fell down, from leafy shore
Fond lovers stole in pairs to ply the oar.
The stars, as large as lilies, flecked the blue;
From out the Alps the moon came wheeling through
This rocky pass the great Napoleon knew.

A gala night it was—the season's prime;
We rode from castled lake to festal town,
To fair Milan—my friend and I; rode down
By night, where grasses waved in rippled rhyme;
And so what theme but love in such a time?
His proud lip curved the while in silent scorn
At thought of love; and then, as one forlorn,
He sighed, then bared his temples, dashed with gray,
Then mocked, as one outworn and well blasé.

A gorgeous tiger-lily, flaming red,
So full of battle, of the trumpet's blare,
Of old-time passion, upreared its head.
I galloped past, I leaned, I clutched it there.
From out the long strong grass I held it high,
And cried "Lo! this to-night shall deck her hair
Through all the dance. And mark! the man shall die
Who dares assault, for good or ill design,
The citadel where I shall set this sign."

He spoke no spare word all the after while.
That scornful, cold, contemptuous smile of his!
Why, better men have died for less than this.
Then in the hall the same old hateful smile!
Then marvel not that when she graced the floor,
With all the beauties gathered from the four
Far quarters of the world, and she, my fair,
The fairest, wore within her midnight hair
My tiger-lily—marvel not, I say,
That he glared like some wild beast well at bay!

Oh, she shone fairer than the summer star,
Or curled sweet moon in middle destiny.
More fair than sunrise climbing up the sea,
Where all the loves of Ariadne are.
Who loves, who truly loves, will stand aloof,
The noisy tongue makes most unholy proof
Of shallow waters,—all the while afar
From out the dance I stood, and watched my star,
My tiger-lily, borne an oriflamme of war.

A thousand beauties flashed at love's advance;
Like bright white mice at moonlight in their play,
Or sunfish shooting in the shining bay,
The swift feet shot and glittered in the dance.
Oh, have you loved, and truly loved, and seen
Aught else the while than your own stately queen?
Her presence, it was majesty—so tall;
Her proud development encompassed—all.
She filled all space. I sought, I saw but her.
I followed as some fervid worshiper.

Adown the dance she moved with matchless pace.
The world—my world—moved with her. Suddenly
I questioned whom her cavalier might be.
'Twas he! His face was leaning to her face!
I clutched my blade; I sprang; I caught my breath,
And so stood leaning still as death.
And they stood still. She blushed, then reached and tore
The lily as she passed, and down the floor
She strewed its heart like bits of gushing gore.

'Twas he said heads, not hearts, were made to break.
He taught me this that night in splendid scorn.
I learned too well. The dance was done. Ere morn
We mounted—he and I—but no more spake.
And this for woman's love! My lily worn
In her dark hair in pride to be thus torn
And trampled on for this bold stranger's sake!
Two men rode silent back toward the lake.
Two men rode silent down, but only *one*
Rode up at morn to greet the rising sun.

The walls are steep,
The waves are deep;
And if the dead man should be found
By red-clad fishers in their round,
Why, who shall say but he was—drowned?

THE REVENGE

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far away:
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: " 'Fore God I am no coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,

And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left
to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to
fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in
sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah,
and so
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick
below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left
were seen,
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-lane
between.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks
and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little
craft

Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And upshadowing nigh above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

And while now the great San Philip hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

For he said "Fight on! fight on!"
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night
was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said "Fight on! fight on!"

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over
the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all
in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we
still could sting,

So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark
and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent and the powder was
all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!

And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

And the gunner said "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniards promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow!"
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap

That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,
And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

MAGDALENA; OR, THE SPANISH DUEL

BY J. F. WALLER

Near the city of Sevilla,
Years and years ago—
Dwelt a lady in a villa
Years and years ago;—
And her hair was black as night,
And her eyes were starry bright;
Olives on her brow were blooming,
Roses red her lips perfuming,

And her step was light and airy
As the tripping of a fairy;
When she spoke, you thought each minute,
'Twas the trilling of a linnet;
When she sang, you heard a gush
Of full-voiced sweetness like a thrush;
And she struck from the guitar
Ringing music, sweeter far
Than the morning breezes make
Through the lime trees when they shake—
Than the ocean murmuring o'er
Pebbles on the foamy shore.
Orphaned both of sire and mother
Dwelt she in that lonely villa,
Absent now her guardian brother
On a mission from Sevilla.
Skills it little now the telling
How I wooed that maiden fair,
Tracked her to her lonely dwelling
And obtained an entrance there.
Ah! that lady of the villa!
And I loved her so,
Near the city of Sevilla,
Years and years ago.

'Twas an autumn eve; the splendor
Of the day was gone,
And the twilight, soft and tender,
Stole so gently on
That the eye could scarce discover
How the shadows, spreading over,
Like a veil of silver gray,

Toned the golden clouds, sun-painted,
Till they paled, and paled, and fainted
From the face of heaven away.
And a dim light rising slowly
O'er the welkin spread,
Till the blue sky, calm and holy,
Gleamed above our head.

Seated half within a bower
Where the languid evening breeze
Shook out odors in a shower
From oranges and citron trees,

Sang she from a romancero,
How a Moorish chieftain bold
Fought a Spanish caballero
By Sevilla's walls of old.

How they battled for a lady,
Fairest of the maids of Spain—
How the Christian's lance, so steady,
Pierced the Moslem through the brain.

Then she ceased—her black eyes moving,
Flashed, as asked she with a smile,—
"Say, are maids as fair and loving—
Men as faithful, in your isle?"

"British maids," I said, "are ever
Counted fairest of the fair;
Like the swans on yonder river
Moving with a stately air.

"Wooed not quickly, won not lightly—
  But, when won, forever true;
Trial draws the bond more tightly,
  Time can ne'er the knot undo."

"And the men?"—"Ah! dearest lady,
  Are—quien sabe? who can say?
To make love they're ever ready,
  When they can and where they may;

"Fixed as waves, as breezes steady
  In a changeful April day—
Como brisas, como rios,
  No se sabe, sabe Dios."

"Are they faithful?"—"Ah! quien sabe?
  Who can answer that they are?
While we may we should be happy."—
  Then I took up her guitar,
And I sang in sportive strain,
A song to an old air of Spain.

. . . . . .

As I sang the lady listened,
  Silent save one gentle sigh;
When I ceased, a tear-drop glistened
  On the dark fringe of her eye.

Then my heart reproved the feeling
  Of that false and heartless strain
Which I sang in words concealing
  What my heart would hide in vain.

Up I sprang. What words were uttered
Bootless now to think or tell—
Tongues speak wild when hearts are fluttered
By the mighty master spell.

Love, avowed with sudden boldness,
Heard with flushings that reveal,
Spite of woman's studied coldness,
Thoughts the heart cannot conceal.

"Magdalena, dearest, hear me,"
Sighed I, as I seized her hand—
"Hóla! Senor," very near me,
Cries a voice of stern command.

And a stalwart caballero
Comes upon me with a stride,
On his head a slouched sombrero,
A toledo by his side.

From his breast he flung his capa
With a stately Spanish air—
(On the whole, he looked the chap a
Man to slight would scarcely dare.)

"Will your worship have the goodness
To release that lady's hand?"—
"Senor," I replied, "this rudeness
I am not prepared to stand.

"Magdalena, say"—the maiden,
With a cry of wild surprise,
As with secret sorrow laden,
Fainting sank before my eyes.

Then the Spanish caballero
Bowed with haughty courtesy,
Solemn as a tragic hero,
And announced himself to me.

"Senor, I am Don Camillo
Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
De Xymenes y Ribera
Y Santallos y Herrera
Y de Rivas y Mendoza
Y Quintana y de Rosa
Y Zorilla y—" "No more, sir,
'Tis as good as twenty score, sir,"
Said I to him, with a frown;
"Mucha bulla para nada,
No palabras, draw your 'spada;
If you're up for a duelo
You will find I'm just your fellow—
Senor, I am PETER BROWN!"

By the river's bank that night,
Foot to foot in strife,
Fought we in the dubious light
A fight of death or life.
Don Camillo slashed my shoulder,
With the pain I grew the bolder,
Close, and closer still I pressed;

Fortune favored me at last,
I broke his guard, my weapon passed
Through the caballero's breast—
Down to the earth went Don Camillo
Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
De Ximenes y Ribera
Y Santallos y Herrera
Y de Rivas y Mendoza
Y Quintana y de Rosa
Y Zorilla y—One groan,
And he lay motionless as stone.
The man of many names went down,
Pierced by the sword of PETER BROWN!

Kneeling down, I raised his head;
The caballero faintly said,
"Signor Ingles, fly from Spain
With all speed, for you have slain
A Spanish noble, Don Camillo
Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
De Ximenes y Ribera
Y Santallos y Herrera
Y de Rivas y Mendoza
Y Quintana y de Rosa
Y Zorilla y—" He swooned
With the bleeding from his wound.
If he be living still, or dead,
I never knew; I ne'er shall know.
That night from Spain in haste I fled,
Years and years ago.

JEAN VALJEAN THE CONVICT

BY VICTOR HUGO

One evening in the beginning of October, 1815, the Bishop of D— had remained in his bedroom until a late hour. At eight o'clock, feeling that supper was ready, and that his sister might be waiting, he closed his book, rose from the table and walked into the dining-room.

There was a loud rap at the front door. "Come in," said the Bishop. A man entered and stopped; the firelight fell on him; he was hideous. It was a sinister apparition.

"My name is Jean Valjean. I am a galley-slave, and have spent nineteen years in the bagne. I was liberated four days ago, and to-day I have marched twelve leagues. On coming into the town I went to the inn, but was sent away in consequence of my yellow passport. I went to another inn, and the landlord said to me, 'Be off!' I went to the prison and the jailer would not take me in. I got into a dog's kennel, but the dog bit me and drove me off. I went in the fields to sleep in the starlight, but there were no stars. I thought it would rain and, as there was no God to prevent it from raining, I came back to town to sleep in a doorway. A good woman pointed to your house and said, 'Go and knock there.' I have money, one hundred francs, fifteen sous, which I have earned by my nineteen years' toil. I will pay. I am very tired and frightfully hungry; will you let me stay?"

"Madame Magloire, you will lay another plate, knife and fork."

"Wait a minute; that will not do. Did you not hear me say that I was a galley-slave, a convict, and had just come

from the bagne? Here is my passport, which turns me out wherever I go: 'Jean Valjean, a liberated convict, has remained nineteen years at the galleys,—five years for robbing with housebreaking, fourteen years for trying to escape four times. The man is very dangerous.' All the world has turned me out; will you give me some food and a bed? Have you a stable?"

"Madame Magloire, you will put clean sheets on the bed in the alcove. Sit down and warm yourself, sir. We shall sup directly, and your bed will be got ready while we are supping."

"Is it true? What? You will let me stay; you will not turn me out—a convict? You call me, 'Sir'! I really believed you would turn me out, and hence told you at once who I am. I shall have supper; a bed with mattresses and sheets like anybody else! For nineteen years I have not slept in a bed. What is your name, Mr. Landlord?"

"I am a priest living in this house."

"A priest! oh, what a worthy priest! Then you do not want me to pay?"

"No, keep your money. How long did you take earning these one hundred francs?"

"Nineteen years."

"Nineteen years!" The Bishop gave a deep sigh.

Madame Magloire came in bringing a silver spoon and fork, which she placed on the table.

"Madame Magloire, lay them as near as you can to the fire. The night breeze is sharp on the Alps, and you must be cold, sir."

Each time he said "sir" in his gentle, grave voice the man's face was illumined. "Sir" to a convict is the glass of water to the shipwrecked sailor. Ignominy thirsts for respect.

"This lamp gives a very bad light." Madame Magloire understood and fetched from the chimney of Monseigneur's bedroom two silver candlesticks, which she placed on the table ready lighted.

"Monsieur le Curé, you receive me as a friend and light your wax candles for me, and yet I have not hidden from you whence I come."

The Bishop gently touched his hand.

"You need not have told me who you are; this is not my house but the house of Christ. This door does not ask a man whether he has a name, but if he has sorrow. You are suffering, you are hungering and thirsting, and so be welcome. And do not thank me nor say that I am receiving you in my house, for no one is at home here excepting the man who is in need of an asylum. I tell you who are a passer-by, that you are more at home than I am myself. Why do I want to know your name? Besides, before you told it to me, you had one which I knew."

"Is that true? You know my name?"

"Yes, you are my brother—you have suffered greatly?"

"Oh, the red jacket, the cannon ball on your foot, a plank to sleep on, heat, cold, the set of men, the blows, the double chain for nothing, a dungeon for a word, even when you are ill in bed, and the chain-gang! The very dogs are happier. Nineteen years! And now I am forty-six—and the yellow passport!"

"Yes, you have come from a place of sorrow. If you leave that mournful place with thoughts of hatred and anger against your fellow man, you are worthy of pity; if you leave it with thoughts of kindliness, gentleness and peace, you are worth more than any of us."

Meanwhile Madame Magloire had served the supper. The

Bishop during the whole evening did not utter a word which could remind this man of what he was. He supped with Jean Valjean with the same air and in the same way as if he had been M. Gedeon le Provost or the parish curate. Was not this really charity?

The rooms were so arranged that in order to reach the oratory where the alcove was it was necessary to pass through the Bishop's bedroom. At the moment he went through this room Madame Magloire was putting away the plate in the cupboard over the bed head.

"I trust you will pass a good night," said the Bishop.

"Thank you, Monsieur l'Abbé." He suddenly turned, "What! you really lodge me so close to you as that? Who tells you that I have not committed a murder?"

"That concerns God."

The Bishop stretched out two fingers of his right hand and blessed the man, who did not bow his head, and returned to his bedroom.

. . . . . .

As two o'clock peeled from the cathedral bell Jean Valjean awoke. One thought held his mind, the six silver forks and spoons and the great ladle which alone was worth two hundred francs, or double what he had earned in nineteen years.

When three o'clock struck it seemed to say, "To work!" He noiselessly opened his knapsack, took a bar in his right hand, walked toward the door of the adjoining room and pushed it boldly. A badly-oiled hinge suddenly uttered a hoarse prolonged cry in the darkness. Jean Valjean

started, shuddering and dismayed. A few minutes passed; nothing had stirred. He heard from the end of the room the calm and regular breathing of the sleeping Bishop. Suddenly he stopped, for he was close to the bed. At this moment a cloud was rent asunder and a moonbeam suddenly illumined the Bishop's pale face. The sleeper seemed to be surrounded by a glory. There was almost a divinity in this unconsciously august man. Jean Valjean was standing in the shadow with the crowbar in his hand, motionless and terrified. He had never seen anything like this before, and such confidence horrified him. It seemed as tho he was hesitating between two abysses—the one that saves and the one that destroys. He was ready to dash out the Bishop's brain or kiss his hand. A moonbeam rendered dimly visible the crucifix over the mantel-piece; it seemed to open its arms for both, with a blessing for one and a pardon for the other. All at once Jean Valjean went straight to the cupboard, seized the plate basket, hurried across the room, opened the window, put the silver in his pocket, threw away the basket, leaped into the garden, bounded over the wall like a tiger, and fled.

The next morning at service Monseigneur was walking outside when Madame Magloire came running toward him in a state of great alarm.

"Monseigneur, the man is gone—the plate is stolen."

"Was that plate ours?" Madame Magloire was speechless.

"Madame Magloire, I had wrongfully held back this silver, which belonged to the poor. Who was this person? Evidently a poor man."

As the brother and sister were leaving the breakfast table there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said the Bishop.

The door opened and a strange and violent group appeared on the threshold. Three men were holding a fourth by the collar—the fourth was Jean Valjean.

Monseigneur had advanced as rapidly as his great age permitted, saying:

"Ah, there you are; I am glad to see you. Why, I gave you the candlesticks, too, which are also silver. Why did you not take them away with the rest of the plate?"

Jean Valjean looked at the Bishop with an expression no human language could describe.

Monseigneur, then what this man told us was true. We met him and, as he looked as if he were running away, we arrested him. He had this plate."

"And he told you that it was given to him by an old priest at whose house he had passed the night? I see it all. And you brought him back here; that was a mistake."

The gendarmes loosed their hold of Jean Valjean, who tottered back.

"My friend, before you go take your candlesticks."

Jean Valjean was trembling in all his limbs; he took the candlesticks mechanically, and with wandering looks.

"Now, go in peace. By-the-by, when you return, my friend, it is unnecessary to pass through the garden, for you can always enter, day and night, by the front door, which is only latched."

Then, turning to the gendarmes, he said, "Gentlemen, you can retire."

Jean Valjean looked as if he were on the point of fainting. The Bishop walked up to him and said:

"Never forget that you have promised me to employ this money in becoming an honest man. Jean Valjean, my

brother, you no longer belong to evil, but to good. I have bought your soul of you. I withdraw it from black thoughts and the spirit of perdition, and give it to God."

THE REVOLUTIONARY RISING

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.
And there was tumult in the air,
  The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
  The answering tread of hurrying feet;
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak
  The church of Berkley Manor stood,
There Sunday found the rural folk,
  And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
  Passed mid the graves where rank is naught,
  All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full,
Where all the happy people walk,
Decked in their homespun flax and wool;
Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom;
And every maid, with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depths are all perfume;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

The pastor came; his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.
Then soon he rose; the prayer was strong;
The Psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might—
"*The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!*"
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;

Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on the theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause—
When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"
The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now before the open door—
The warrior priest had ordered so—
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
Its long reverberating blow.

So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,

Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before.
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its order flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "War! War! WAR!"

"Who dares?"—this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came—
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die!"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, "I!"

THE LEGEND OF THE ORGAN-BUILDER

BY JULIA C. R. DORR

Day by day the Organ-builder in his lonely chamber wrought;
Day by day the soft air trembled to the music of his thought;
Till at last the work was ended; and no organ voice so grand
Ever yet had soared responsive to the master's magic hand.

Ay, so rarely was it builded that whenever groom and bride,
Who, in God's sight were well-pleasing, in the church stood side by side,
Without touch or breath the organ of itself began to play,
And the very airs of heaven through the soft gloom seemed to stray.

He was young, the Organ-builder, and o'er all the land his fame
Ran with fleet and eager footsteps, like a swiftly rushing flame.
All the maidens heard the story; all the maidens blushed and smiled
By his youth and wondrous beauty and his great renown beguiled.

So he sought and won the fairest, and the wedding-day was set:
Happy day—the brightest jewel in the glad year's coronet!
But when they the portal entered, he forgot his lovely bride—
Forgot his love, forgot his God, and his heart swelled high with pride.

"Ah!" thought he, "how great a master am I! When the organ plays,
How the vast cathedral-arches will reecho with my praise!"
Up the aisle the gay procession moved. The altar shone afar,
With every candle gleaming through soft shadows like a star.

But he listened, listened, listened, with no thought of love or prayer,
For the swelling notes of triumph from his organ standing there.
All was silent. Nothing heard he save the priest's low monotone,
And the bride's robe trailing softly o'er the floor of fretted stone.

Then his lips grew white with anger. Surely God was
pleased with him.
Who had built the wondrous organ for His temple vast and
dim!
Whose the fault then? Hers—the maiden standing meekly
at his side!
Flamed his jealous rage, maintaining she was false to him—
his bride.

Vain were all her protestations, vain her innocence and
truth;
On that very night he left her to her anguish and her ruth.
Far he wandered to a country wherein no man knew his
name:
For ten weary years he dwelt there, nursing still his wrath
and shame.

Then his haughty heart grew softer, and he thought by
night and day
Of the bride he had deserted, till he hardly dared to pray;
Thought of her, a spotless maiden, fair and beautiful and
good;
Thought of his relentless anger, that had cursed her woman-
hood;

Till his yearning grief and penitence at last were all com-
plete,
And he longed, with bitter longing, just to fall down at her
feet.
Ah! how throbbed his heart when, after many a weary day
and night,
Rose his native towers before him, with the sunset glow
alight!

Through the gates into the city on he pressed with eager tread;
There he met a long procession—mourners following the dead.
"Now why weep ye so, good people? And whom bury ye to-day?
Why do yonder sorrowing maidens scatter flowers along the way?

Has some saint gone up to heaven?" "Yes," they answered, weeping sore;
"For the Organ-builder's saintly wife our eyes shall see no more;
And because her days were given to the service of God's poor,
From His church we mean to bury her. See! yonder is the door."

No one knew him; no one wondered when he cried out, white with pain;
No one questioned when, with pallid lips, he poured his tears like rain.
" 'Tis some one she has comforted, who mourns with us," they said,
As he made his way unchallenged, and bore the coffin's head;

Bore it through the open portal, bore it up the echoing aisle,
Let it down before the altar, where the lights burned clear the while.
When, oh, hark! the wondrous organ of itself began to play
Strains of rare, unearthly sweetness never heard until that day!

All the vaulted arches rang with music sweet and clear;
All the air was filled with glory, as of angels hovering near;
And ere yet the strain was ended, he who bore the coffin's head,
With the smile of one forgiven, gently sank beside it—dead.

They who raised the body knew him, and they laid him by his bride;
Down the aisle and o'er the threshold they were carried, side by side;
While the organ played a dirge that no man ever heard before,
And then softly sank to silence—silence kept forevermore.

SHIPWRECKED

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE

'Tis fifty years ago this very day
Since I first went to sea; on board, you know,
Of *La Belle Honorine*—lost long ago—
An old three-masted tub, rotten almost,
Just fit to burn, bound for the Guinea coast.
We set all sail. The breeze was fair and stiff.
My boyhood had been passed 'neath yonder cliff,
Where an old man—my uncle, so he said—
Kept me at prawning for my daily bread.
At night he came home drunk. Such kicks and blows!
Ah me! what children suffer no man knows!
But once at sea 'twas ten times worse, I found.
I learned to take, to bear, and make no sound.

First place, our ship was in the negro trade,
And once off land, no vain attempts were made
At secrecy. Our captain after that
(Round as an egg) was liberal of the cat.
The rope's-end, cuffs, kicks, blows, all fell on me;
I was ship's boy—'twas natural, you see—
And as I went about the decks my arm
Was always raised to fend my face from harm.
No man had pity. Blows and stripes always,
For sailors knew no better in those days
Than to thrash boys, till those who lived at last
As able seamen shipped before the mast.

I ceased to cry. Tears brought me no relief.
I think I might have perished of mute grief,
Had not God sent a friend—a friend—to me.
Sailors believe in God—one *must* at sea.
On board that ship a God of mercy then
Had placed a dog among those cruel men.
Like me, he shunned their brutal kicks and blows.
We soon grew friends, fast friends, true friends, God knows!
He was Newfoundland. Black, they called him there.
His eyes were golden brown, and black his hair.
He was my shadow from that blessed night
When we made friends; and by the star's half light.
When all the forecastle was fast asleep,
And our men "caulked their watch," I used to creep
With Black among some boxes stowed on deck,
And with my arms clasped tightly round his neck,
I used to cry and cry, and press my head
Close to the heart grieved by the tears I shed.

Night after night I mourned our piteous case,
While Black's large tongue licked my poor tear-stained face.
Poor Black! I think of him so often still!

At first we had fair winds our sails to fill,
But one hot night, when all was calm and mute,
Our skipper—a good sailor, tho a brute—
Gave a long look over the vessel's side,
Then to the steersman whispered, half aside,
"See that ox-eye out yonder? It looks queer."
The man replied, "The storm will soon be here."
"Hullo! All hands on deck! We'll be prepared.
Stow royals! Reef the courses! Pass the word!"
Vain! The squall broke ere we could shorten sail;
We lowered the topsails, but the raging gale
Spun our old ship about. The captain roared
His orders—lost in the great noise on board.
The devil was in that squall! But all men *could,*
To save their ship we *did.* Do what we would,
The gale grew worse and worse. She sprang a leak;
Her hold filled fast. We found we had to seek
Some way to save our lives. "Lower a boat!"
The captain shouted. Before one would float
Our ship broached to. The strain had broke her back,
Like a whole broadside boomed the awful crack.
She settled fast.

Landsmen can have no notion
Of how it feels to sink beneath the ocean.
As the blue billows closed above our deck,
And with slow motion swallowed down the wreck,
I saw my past life, by some flash, outspread;

Saw the old port, its ships, its old pier-head,
My own bare feet, the rocks, the sandy shore—
Salt-water filled my mouth—I saw no more.

I did not struggle much—I could not swim.
I sank down deep, it seemed—drowned but for *him*—
For Black, I mean—who seized my jacket tight,
And dragged me out of darkness back to light.
The ship was gone—the captain's gig afloat;
By one brave tug he brought me near the boat.
I seized the gunwale, sprang on board, and drew
My friend in after me. Of all our crew,
The dog and I alone survived the gale:
Afloat with neither rudder, oars, nor sail!
For five long nights, and longer dreadful days,
We floated onward in a tropic haze.
Fierce hunger gnawed us with its cruel fangs,
And mental anguish with its keener pangs.
Each morn I hoped; each night, when hope was gone,
My poor dog licked me with his tender tongue.
Under the blazing sun and starlit night
I watched in vain. No sail appeared in sight.
Round us the blue spread wider, bluer, higher.
The fifth day my parched throat was all on fire,
When something suddenly my notice caught—
Black, crouching, shivering, underneath athwart.
He looked—his dreadful look no tongue can tell—
And his kind eyes glared like coals of hell!
"Here, Black! old fellow! here!" I cried in vain.

He looked me in the face and crouched again.
I rose; he snarled, drew back. How piteously

His eyes entreated help! *He snapped at me!*
"What can this mean?" I cried, yet shook with fear,
With that great shudder felt when Death is near.
Black seized the gunwale with his teeth. I saw
Thick slimy foam drip from his awful jaw;
Then I knew all! Five days of tropic heat,
Without one drop of drink, one scrap of meat,
Had made him rabid. He whose courage had
Preserved my life—my messmate, friend—was mad!
You understand? Can you see him and me,
The open boat tossed on a brassy sea,
A child and a wild beast on board alone,
While overhead streams down the tropic sun
And the boy crouching, trembling for his life?

I searched my pockets and I drew my knife—
For everyone instinctively, you know,
Defends his life. 'Twas time that *I* did so,
For at that moment, with a furious bound,
The dog flew at me. I sprang half around.
He missed me in blind haste. With all my might
I seized his neck, and grasped, and held him tight.
I felt him writhe and try to bite, as he
Struggled beneath the pressure of my knee.
His red eyes rolled; sighs heaved his shining coat.
I plunged my knife three times in his poor throat.

And so I killed my friend. I had but one!
What matters how, after that deed was done,
They picked me up half dead,
And took me back to France!

Need I say more?
I have killed men—ay, *many*—in my day,
Without remorse—for sailors must obey.
One of a squad, once in Barbadoes, I
Shot my own comrade when condemned to die.
I never dream of *him*, for that was *war*.
Under old Magon, too, at Trafalgar,
I hacked the hands of English boarders. Ten
My ax lopped off. I dream not of those men.
But yet even now
The death of Black, altho so long ago,
Upsets me. I'll not sleep to-night. It brings . . .
Here, boy! Another glass! We'll talk of other things!

THE FIRST SETTLER'S STORY

BY WILL CARLETON

Well, when I first infested this retreat,
Things to my view look'd frightful incomplete;
But I had come with heart-thrift in my song,
And brought my wife and plunder right along;
I hadn't a round-trip ticket to go back,
And if I had there was no railroad track;
And drivin' East was what I couldn't endure:
I hadn't started on a circular tour.

My girl-wife was as brave as she was good,
And help'd me every blessed way she could;
She seem'd to take to every rough old tree,
As sing'lar as when first she took to me.

She kep' our little log house neat as wax,
And once I caught her fooling with my ax.
She hadn't the muscle (tho she *had* the heart)
In outdoor work to take an active part;
She *was* delicious, both to hear and see,—
That pretty girl-wife that kep' house for me.

Well, neighborhoods meant counties in those days;
The roads didn't have accommodating ways;
And maybe weeks would pass before she'd see—
And much less talk with—anyone but me.
The Indians sometimes show'd their sun-baked faces,
But they didn't teem with conversational graces;
Some ideas from the birds and trees she stole,
But 'twasn't like talking with a human soul;
And finally I thought that I could trace
A half heart-hunger peering from her face.

One night, when I came home unusual late,
Too hungry and too tired to feel first-rate,
Her supper struck me wrong (tho I'll allow
She hadn't much to strike with, anyhow);
And, when I went to milk the cows, and found
They'd wandered from their usual feeding-ground,
And maybe'd left a few long miles behind 'em,
Which I must copy if I meant to find 'em,
Flash-quick the stay-chains of my temper broke,
And in a trice these hot words I had spoke:
"You ought to've kept the animals in view,
And drove them in; you'd nothing else to do.
The heft of all our life on me must fall;
You just lie round, and let me do it all."

That speech,—it hadn't been gone a half a minute
Before I saw the cold black poison in it;
And I'd have given all I had, and more,
To've only safely got it back indoor.
I'm now what most folks "well-to-do" would call:
I feel to-day as if I'd give it all,
Provided I through fifty years might reach
And kill and bury that half-minute speech.

She handed back no words, as I could hear;
She didn't frown; she didn't shed a tear;
Half proud, half crush'd, she stood and look'd me o'er,
Like some one she had never seen before!
But such a sudden anguish-lit surprise
I never view'd before in human eyes.
(I've seen it oft enough since in a dream;
It sometimes wakes me like a midnight scream.)

Next morning, when, stone-faced but heavy-hearted,
With dinner-pail and sharpen'd ax I started
Away for my day's work, she watch'd the door,
And follow'd me half-way to it or more;
And I was just a-turning round at this,
And asking for my usual good-by kiss;
But on her lip I saw a proudish curve,
And in her eye a shadow of reserve;
And she had shown—perhaps half unawares—
Some little independent breakfast airs;
And so the usual parting didn't occur,
Altho her eyes invited me to her;
Or rather half invited me, for she
Didn't advertise to furnish kisses free:

You always had—that is, I had—to pay
Full market price, and go more'n half the way;
So, with a short "Good-by" I shut the door,
And left her as I never had before.
But when at noon my lunch I came to eat,
Put up by her so delicately neat,—
Choicer, somewhat, than yesterday's had been,
And some fresh, sweet-eyed pansies she'd put in,—
"Tender and pleasant thoughts," I knew they meant,—
It seem'd as if with me her kiss she'd sent;
Then I became once more her humble lover,
And said, "To-night I'll ask forgiveness of her."

I went home over-early on that eve,
Having contrived to make myself believe,
By various signs I kind o' knew and guess'd,
A thunder-storm was coming from the west.
('Tis strange, when one sly reason fills the heart,
How many honest ones will take its part:
A dozen first-class reasons said 'twas right
That I should strike home early on that night.)

Half out of breath, the cabin door I swung,
With tender heart-words trembling on my tongue;
But all within look'd desolate and bare:
My house had lost its soul: she was not there!
A pencil'd note was on the table spread,
And these are something like the words it said:
"The cows have stray'd away again, I fear;
I watch'd them pretty close; don't scold me, dear.
And where they are I think I nearly know;
I heard the bell not very long ago.

I've hunted for them all the afternoon;
I'll try once more,—I think I'll find them soon.
Dear, if a burden I have been to you,
And haven't help'd you as I ought to do,
Let old-time memories my forgiveness plead;
I've tried to do my best,—I have, indeed.
Darling, piece out with love the strength I lack,
And have kind words for me when I get back."

Scarce did I give this letter sight and tongue,—
Some swift-blown rain-drops to the window clung,
And from the clouds a rough, deep growl proceeded:
My thunder-storm had come, now 'twasn't needed.
I rush'd outdoor. The air was stain'd with black:
Night had come early, on the storm-cloud's back:
And everything kept dimming to the sight,
Save when the clouds threw their electric light;
When, for a flash, so clean-cut was the view,
I'd think I saw her,—knowing 'twas not true.
Through my small clearing dash'd wide sheets of spray,
As if the ocean waves had lost their way;
Scarcely a pause the thunder-battle made,
In the bold clamor of its cannonade.
And she, while I was shelter'd, dry, and warm,
Was somewhere in the clutches of this storm!
She who, when storm-frights found her at her best,
Had always hid her white face on my breast!

My dog, who'd skirmish'd round me all the day,
Now crouch'd, and whimpering, in a corner lay.
I dragg'd him by the collar to the wall,
I press'd his quivering muzzle to a shawl,—

"Track her, old boy!" I shouted; and he whined,
Match'd eyes with me, as if to read my mind,
Then with a yell went tearing through the wood.
I follow'd him, as faithful as I could.
No pleasure-trip was that, through flood and flame
We raced with death; we hunted noble game.
All night we dragg'd the woods without avail;
The ground got drench'd,—we could not keep the trail.
Three times again my cabin home I found,
Half hoping she might be there, safe and sound;
But each time 'twas an unavailing care:
My house had lost its soul: she was not there!

When, climbing the wet trees, next morning-sun
Laugh'd at the ruin that the night had done,
Bleeding and drench'd by toil, and sorrow bent,
Back to what used to be my home I went.
But, as I near'd our little clearing-ground,—
Listen!—I heard the cow-bell's tinkling sound.
The cabin door was just a bit ajar;
It gleam'd upon my glad eyes like a star.
"Brave heart," I said, "for such a fragile form!
She made them guide her homeward through the storm!"
Such pangs of joy I never felt before.
"You've come!" I shouted, and rush'd through the door.

Yes, she had come,—and gone again. She lay
With all her young life crush'd and wrench'd away,—
Lay, the heart-ruins of our home among,
Not far from where I kill'd her with my tongue.
The rain-drops glitter'd 'mid her hair's long strands,
The forest thorns had torn her feet and hands,

And 'midst the tears—brave tears—that one could trace
Upon the pale but sweetly resolute face,
I once again the mournful words could read,
"I've tried to do my best,—I have, indeed."

And now I'm mostly done; my story's o'er;
Part of it never breathed the air before.
'Tisn't over-usual, it must be allow'd,
To volunteer heart-story to a crowd,
And scatter 'mongst them confidential tears,
But you'll protect an old man with his years;
And wheresoe'er this story's voice can reach,
This is the sermon I would have it preach:

Boys flying kites haul in their white-wing'd birds:
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
"Careful with fire," is good advice we know;
"Careful with words," is ten times doubly so.
Thoughts unexpress'd may sometimes fall back dead,
But God Himself can't kill them once they're said!

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THE MONSTER CANNON

BY VICTOR HUGO

They heard a noise unlike anything usually heard. The cry and the crash came from the interior of the vessel.

One of the carronades of the battery, a twenty-four pounder, had become detached.

This, perhaps, is the most formidable of ocean events.

Nothing more terrible can happen to a war vessel, at sea and under full sail.

A cannon which breaks its moorings becomes abruptly some indescribable, supernatural beast. It is a machine which transforms itself into a monster. This mass runs on its wheels, like billiard-balls, inclines with the rolling, plunges with the pitching, goes, comes, stops, seems to meditate, resumes its course, shoots from one end of the ship to the other like an arrow, whirls, steals away, evades, prances, strikes, breaks, kills, exterminates. It is a ram which capriciously assails a wall. Add this—the ram is of iron, the wall is of wood. This furious bulk has the leaps of a panther, the weight of the elephant, the agility of the mouse, the pertinacity of the ax, the unexpectedness of the surge, the rapidity of lightning, the silence of the sepulcher. It weighs ten thousand pounds, and it rebounds like a child's ball. Its whirlings are suddenly cut at right angles. What is to be done? How shall an end be put to its movements? A tempest ceases, a cyclone passes, a wind goes down, a broken mast is replaced, a leak is stopped, a fire put out,—but what shall be done with this enormous brute of bronze? How try to secure it? You can reason with a dog, paralyze a bull, fascinate a serpent, terrify a tiger, and soften the noble heart of a lion; no resource with such a monster as a loose cannon. You cannot kill it: it is dead, and at the same time it lives with a sinister life which comes from the Infinite. It is moved by the ship, which is moved by the sea, which is moved by the wind. This exterminator is a plaything. The horrible cannon struggles, advances, retreats, strikes to the right, strikes to the left, flees, passes, disconcerts expectation, grinds every obstacle to powder, and crushes men like flies.

In a moment the whole of the crew were on the scene of the accident. A gunner had caused all the mischief by neglecting to secure the nut of the chain which composed the lashing, and by not properly blocking the four wheels, so that the play given to the sole and frame had torn it from the platform, and ended by breaking the breeching. As a heavy sea struck the port, the carronade, badly lashed, had slipped back, and, bursting its chain, had commenced flying hither and thither between decks.

The carronade, hurled by the pitching, made havoc in the group of men, crushing four at the first blow; then receding and brought back by the rolling, it cut a fifth unfortunate man in two, and dashed against the larboard side a piece of the battery which it dismounted. Thence came the cry of distress which had been heard. All the men rushed toward the ladder. The battery was emptied in the twinkling of an eye.

The captain and lieutenant, altho both intrepid men, had halted at the head of the ladder, and, dumb, pale, hesitating, looked down into the lower deck. Some one pushed them to one side with his elbow and descended.

It was an old man, a passenger.

Once at the foot of the ladder he stood still.

Hither and thither along the lower deck came the cannon. One might have thought it the living chariot of the Apocalypse.

The captain promptly regained his presence of mind, and caused to be thrown into the lower deck all that could allay and fetter the unbridled course of the cannon,—mattresses, hammocks, spare sails, rolls of cordage, bags of equipments, and bales of counterfeit assignats, of which the corvette had a full cargo.

But of what avail these rags? Nobody daring to go down and place them properly, in a few minutes they were lint.

There was just sea enough to make the accident as complete as possible. A tempest would have been desirable; it might have thrown the cannon upside down, and, once the four wheels were in the air, it could have been mastered. As it was, the havoc increased. There were chafings and even fractures in the masts, which, jointed into the frame of the keel, go through the floors of vessels and are like great round pillars. Under the convulsive blows of the cannon, the foremast had cracked, the mainmast itself was cut. The battery was disjointed. Ten pieces out of the thirty were *hors de combat;* the breaches in the sides multiplied, and the corvette commenced to take in water.

The old passenger who had gone down to the lower deck seemed a man of stone at the bottom of the ladder. He cast a severe look on the devastation. He did not stir. It seemed impossible to take a step in the battery.

They must perish, or cut short the disaster; something must be done, but what?

What a combatant that carronade was!

That frightful maniac must be stopped.

The lightning must be averted.

That thunderbolt must be conquered.

The captain said to the lieutenant:

"Do you believe in God, Chevalier?"

"Yes. No. Sometimes."

"In the tempest?"

"Yes. And in moments like these."

"In reality God only can rid us of this trouble."

All were hushed, leaving the carronade to do its horrible work.

Outside, the billows beating the vessel answered the blows of the cannon. It was like two hammers alternating.

All of a sudden, in that kind of unapproachable circuit wherein the escaped cannon bounded, a man appeared, with an iron bar in his hand. It was the author of the catastrophe, the chief gunner, guilty of negligence and the cause of the accident, the master of the carronade. Having done the evil, he wished to repair it. He had grasped a handspike in one hand, some guntackle with a slip-knot in the other, and jumped upon the lower deck.

Then a wild exploit commenced, a Titanic spectacle: the strife of the gun against the gunner, the combat of matter against mind, the duel of the lifeless and the living.

The man had posted himself in a corner, and with his bar and rope in his two fists, leaning against one of the riders, standing firmly on his legs which seemed like two pillars of steel, livid, calm, tragic, as tho rooted to the floor, he waited.

He was waiting for the cannon to pass near him.

The gunner knew his piece, and it seemed to him that it must know him. He had lived for some time with it. How many times he had thrust his hand into its jaws! It was his tamed monster. He commenced talking to it as he would to his dog.

"Come," said he; perhaps he loved it.

He seemed to wish that it would turn in his direction, but should it do so, he would be lost. How avoid its crushing weight? That was the question. All gazed on the scene with eyes of terror.

Not a breast breathed freely, except perhaps that of the old man who was alone below with the two combatants—an impassive second.

He himself ran the chance of being crushed by the piece, and yet he never stirred.

Beneath them the sea, an invisible power, directed the combat.

At the instant when the gunner accepted this terrible hand-to-hand encounter, a lull in the motion of the vessel brought the cannon to a standstill, as tho stupefied.

"Come then!" cried he. It seemed as if it heard him.

Suddenly it leapt at him; the man avoided the shock.

The struggle now commenced—such a struggle as had never before been heard of. The fragile opposing itself to the invulnerable. A creature of flesh and blood attacking a brazen monster. On one side was mind, on the other brute force. All this scene passed in a sort of twilight; it was like some miraculous event indistinctly seen.

A mind—strange as it may seem, the cannon appeared to possess one also—a mind filled with rage and hatred. This blind mass appeared to be endued with sight. The monster had the appearance of watching for the man. It, too, waited its opportunity; you could hardly help believing that it was filled with the spirit of cunning. It resembled some gigantic iron insect inspired with the will of a demon. At an instant this colossal grasshopper would strike the low ceiling of the deck, then it would fall back on its four wheels like a tiger upon his four paws, and, recovering itself, rush upon the man. He, adroit and skilful, supple as a snake, would evade these rushes rapid as flashes of lightning; but the blows which he avoided fell on the vessel, and continued the work of destruction.

And yet the man continued the fight. At times even it was the man that attacked the cannon. He crawled along the side of the vessel, his handspike and rope ready, and

the gun seemed to understand him, and fly as tho avoiding a snare. The man, formidable from his reasoning powers, pursued it.

But such a contest could not last long. The gun seemed to say to itself, "Come, I must finish this," and remained quiescent. All felt that the end was at hand. The cannon, as tho in doubt, seemed to have, or indeed had—for to all it appeared to be endued with reasoning powers—a ferocious premeditated design; it threw itself on the gunner.

He sprang on one side, and let it pass by him, crying out with a mocking laugh, "Try that again." The gun, as if furious, dashed to pieces a carronade on the port side, and then, as tho launched by the invisible sling that directed its movements, it rushed upon the man, who was standing at the starboard side.

The man evaded the attack.

Three more carronades yielded to the blows of the gun, then, as tho blinded, and unconscious of what it was doing, it turned away from the man, and, rolling from the stern to the bow, injured the stern, and knocked a hole in the planking of the prow. The gunner had taken refuge at the foot of the ladder near to the old man, who was looking on. The gun appeared to perceive this, and without taking the trouble to turn round, rushed backward upon the man with the rapidity of the blow of an ax.

The man, pinned against the side, seemed lost.

All the crew uttered a cry of terror.

But the old passenger, who up to this moment had seemed motionless, rushed forward with a celerity exceeding all the rapid rushes of the gun; he seized a bale of false assignats, and, at the risk of being crushed, succeeded in throwing it under the wheels of the carronade. This action, de-

cisive, tho full of peril, could not have been executed with more decision and promptitude by a man thoroughly trained to all the rules and regulations laid down in Durosel's work on the "Maneuvering of Great Guns at Sea."

The bale had the effect of a break,—a pebble may stop the descent of a mass of stone, a branch may turn the course of an avalanche. The carronade staggered. The gunner, taking advantage of this formidable assistance, plunged his handspike between the spokes of one of the hind wheels. The gun stopped. It rocked to and fro. The man, using the bar as a lever, shook it backward and forward. The enormous mass turned over with the clash of a falling bell, and the man, darting on it headlong, bathed in perspiration, passed the slip-knot round the neck of the bronze monster which he had succeeded in bringing to the ground.

It was all over. Man was the conqueror. The ant had defeated the mastodon,—the pigmy had made captive the thunder.

The sailors and the marines clapped their hands for joy.

The crew rushed forward with chains and cables, and in an instant the gun was safely secured again.

The gunner saluted the passenger.

"Sir," said he, "you have saved my life."

The old man, who had resumed his calm immobility, made no reply.

While the crew were hastily repairing the damage done to the lower deck, stopping the leaks, and getting the guns which had escaped damage into position again, the old passenger had ascended to the upper deck.

He was leaning against the mainmast. He had taken no notice of the operations that were going on in the vessel. The Chevalier had arranged the marines in two lines on

each side of the mainmast, and at a whistle from the boatswain, the crew, who were occupied in the rigging, took up their position on the yards. The Count advanced toward the old passenger; behind him walked a man with haggard features, panting for breath, his dress torn and disordered, and yet with a smile of satisfaction on his face.

It was the gunner who had at the right moment displayed his skill as a tamer of monsters, and who had vanquished the rebellious cannon. The count saluted in military fashion the old man clothed as a peasant, and said:

"General, here is the man."

The gunner stood upright in the attitude of attention, his eyes fixed upon the ground.

The Count continued:

"General, considering the act performed by this man, do you not think that we, his superiors, should take some notice of the matter?"

"I think we should," replied the old man.

"Will you be good enough to give your orders then?"

"It is for you to give them, you are the captain."

"But you are the general."

The old man cast a keen glance on the gunner.

"Come near," said he.

The gunner advanced a step.

The old man, turning to the Count, took from his breast the Cross of Saint Louis, and fastened it on the jacket of the gunner.

"Hurrah!" cried the sailors.

The marines presented arms.

Then the old passenger, pointing his finger at the astonished gunner, exclaimed:

"And now let them shoot this man!"

Applause gave way to surprise.

Then, in the midst of a sepulchral silence, the old man raised his voice and said, "An act of negligence has compromised the safety of the vessel. At this moment perhaps we are lost. To be at sea, is to be in the presence of the enemy. A vessel on a voyage is like an army ready to give battle. The storm may not be visible, but it is not far away. The sea is an ambush. All faults committed in the presence of the enemy are punishable with death. No fault is reparable. Courage will be recompensed, and neglect punished."

The words fell from his lips one after the other slowly and sternly with a sort of inexorable cadence, like the blows of an ax upon an oak.

Then the old man, looking at the marines, added,

"Do your duty."

The man on whose breast the Cross of Saint Louis shone bent his head.

At a sign from the Count the marines descended to the lower deck and brought up a hammock. The chaplain of the vessel, who since its departure had been at prayer in the officers' cabin, accompanied the two sailors; a sergeant detailed twelve privates from the marines and drew them up in a double-rank. The gunner without a word moved forward and placed himself between them. The chaplain with the crucifix raised in his hand took up his position near the prisoner.

The sergeant gave the word of command.

"March."

The firing party moved forward at a slow pace, followed by two sailors carrying the hammock.

There was a melancholy silence all over the ship. In

the distance the tempest moaned. A few moments afterward a volley crashed through the gloom, there was a bright flash, then all was darkness and silence, and something fell into the sea with a heavy splash.

TIME'S SILENT LESSON

Upon a cliff that frowned above the sea
I saw a white-haired man. His form was bowed
As by the weight of years; but in his eye
Glowed the pure fire of an immortal youth.
His thin and tremulous hand upheld a glass
Filled with bright sands of gold, and as he bent
Above the tide that ever surged below,
He let the glittering contents of his glass
Fall, one by one, into the mystic depths
Of that unfathomed sea. So far removed
The gulf wherein they fell, no echo came
Back to the listening ear. Once sunken there,
Those shining particles of rarest worth
Were lost forevermore.

The while I watched
This silent toiler at his silent task,
A rosy boy came bounding to the spot.
He paused awhile to note, with pleased surprise,
The ancient man; and then his tuneful voice
Rang out the music of his merry thoughts.
"Ho! father, ho! that's pleasant work of thine;
I'd like right well to let those treasures fall.
How bright they sparkle ere they sink from sight!

One, two, three, four. But ah! they go too slow.
Lend me the glass; I'll shake its glittering sands,
And then you'll see a dazzling shower of gold
Go merrily dancing down."

No answer came
To this sweet childish plea. The aged man
Paused not, nor turned an instant from his work,
But, like a faithful steward, who must keep
Exact account of what he meteth out,
His cautious hand to its appointed task
Kept steadiest movement still.

Now, like the dawn
That breaks in summer skies—so fair, so fresh,
So rosy sweet—came forth a youthful maid.
She smiled, and sudden sunshine seemed to flash
Its morning splendor o'er that rugged cliff;
She spake, and listening echo caught the tones,
And laughed them back so tunefully, that all
The summer air rippled with sweetest sound.
These were her words:

"O venerable man!
If thou wouldst be the friend of friendless souls;
If thou wouldst aid two fond and faithful hearts,
List to me now. My own true lover waits
The tender signal of the evening star,—
Waits for its sacred light to guide him here.
We dare not meet, save when night's friendly veil
Enfolds and hides us from the angry eyes
That frown upon our love. We have no day

Save in each other's smiles. Thy hand alone
Can speed the lagging moments on their way,
And bring the hour we consecrate to joy.
Then shake your glass, good father, shake the sands,
And send them flying faster on their course."

Untempted yet by that alluring voice,
Unsoftened by its sweet and tender plea,
The Ancient One, still faithful to his trust,
As all must be who have great deeds to do,
Toiled on, and on, with steadfast spirit still,
At his appointed task.

Another came,—
A pallid man, with eyes of lurid fire;
He clutched the outstretched hand that held the glass,
And in a hoarse, wild whisper, sternly said:
"Hold! dotard, hold! Waste not those precious sands.
My doom is fixed, and by to-morrow's sun
The avengers of the law will take my life.
Each sparkling grain you scatter in yon gulf
Is dearer to my soul than mines of gold.
I have brief space for penitence and prayer:
Keep, keep the golden moments till I make
My peace with Heaven. Look! Could I coin
These drops of anguish which bedew my brow,
And these hot tears to showers of priceless gems,
I'd give them all to have thee stay thy task!"

Still no reply, no token that he heard
These varied pleas, came from that stern old man.
Silent and calm, as when the stately march

Of untold ages first began their course,
He steadily measured every golden grain,
That he might render to the Eternal Mind
That ruled above a faithful record still
Of every precious treasure meted out
To the dark gulf below.

O human hearts!
So fickle and so thoughtless—glad to-day
To have the moments fly, to-morrow grieved
Te see them go so fleetly—heed, I pray,
The vision that I saw. Fret not Time's ear
With vain and weak appeals, but rather take
A lesson from his teaching. Do your work,
What'er in life it be, as he doth his,
With purpose firm, and with unfaltering zeal.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

BY LORD BYRON

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell:
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or a car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet;
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,

Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, "The foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Camerons' gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard,—and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame, rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,

The morn the marshaling in arms,—the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!

ODE ON SAINT CECILIA'S DAY

BY JOHN DRYDEN

From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony,
This universal frame began:
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead!
Then cold and hot and moist and dry
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion can not Music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.

Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion can not Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries: "Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!"

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion
For the fair disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees uprooted left their place
  Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher
When to her Organ vocal breath was given
An Angel heard, and straight appear'd—
  Mistaking Earth for Heaven!

Grand Chorus

As from the power of sacred lays
  The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
  To all the blest above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

WILLIAM TELL

BY WM. BAINE

"Place there the boy," the tyrant said; "fix me the apple on his head. Ha! rebel,—now! there is a fair mark for thy shaft: there try thy boasted archer-craft!" and hoarsely the dark Austrian laughed. With quivering brow the Switzer gazed; his cheek grew pale; his bold lips throbbed, as if would fail their laboring breath. "Ha! so you blench?" fierce Gesler cried; "I've conquered, slave, thy

soul of pride!" No word to that stern taunt replied,—all still as death. "And what the meed?" at length Tell asked. "Bold fool! when slaves like thee are tasked, it is my will! But that thine eye may keener be, and nerved to such nice archery, if thou succeed'st thou goest free. What! pause ye still? Give him a bow and arrow there,—one shaft, but one." Madness, despair, and tortured love, one moment swept the Switzer's face; then passed away each stormy trace, and high resolve reigned like a grace caught from above. "I take thy terms," he murmured low; grasped eagerly the proffered bow; the quiver searched; chose out an arrow keen and long, fit for a sinewy arm and strong; placed it upon the sounding thong, the tough yew arched. Deep stillness fell on all around; through that dense crowd was heard no sound of step or word. All watched with fixed and shuddering eye, to see that fearful arrow fly. The light wind died into a sigh, and scarcely stirred.

The gallant boy stood firm and mute: he saw the strong bow curved to shoot, yet never moved. He knew that pale fear ne'er unmanned the daring coolness of that hand: he knew it was the father scanned the boy he loved. Slow rose the shaft; it trembled—hung. "My only boy!" gasped on his tongue. He could not aim. "Ha!" cried the tyrant, "doth he quail? He shakes! His haughty brow is pale!" "Shoot!" cried a low voice, "canst thou fail? Shoot, in Heaven's name!" Again the drooping shaft he took, and cast to heaven one burning look, of all doubts reft. "Be firm, my boy!" was all he said. He drew the bow—the arrow fled; the apple left the stripling's head. " 'Tis cleft! 'tis cleft!" And cleft it was, and Tell was free. Quick the brave boy was at his knee, with flushing cheek; but ere his sire his child embraced, the baffled Austrian cried in

haste, "An arrow in thy belt is placed—what means it? Speak!" "To smite thee, tyrant, to the heart, had Heaven so willed it that my dart touched this, my boy!" "Treason! Rebellion! Chain the slave!" A hundred swords around him wave; and hate to Gesler's features gave infuriate joy. They chained the Switzer, arm and limb; they racked him till his eyes grew dim, and reeled his brain. Nor groan, nor pain-rung prayer gave he; but smiled, beneath his belt to see that shaft, whose point he swore should be not sped in vain. And that one arrow found its goal, red with revenge, in Gesler's soul, when Lucerne's lake heard him his felon soul out-moan; and Freedom's call abroad was blown, and Switzerland, a giant grown, her fetters brake. From hill to hill the summons flew, from lake to lake that tempest grew with wakening swell; till balked Oppression crouched in shame, and Austrian haughtiness grew tame, and Freedom's watchword was the name of—William Tell.

THE DIVER

BY SCHILLER

"Oh, where is the knight or the squire so bold
As to dive to the howling charybdis below?
I cast in the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And o'er it already the dark waters flow;
Whoever to me may the goblet bring
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king."

And the knights and the squires that gathered around
Stood silent, and fixed on the ocean their eyes:
They looked on the dismal and savage profound,

And the peril chilled back every thought of the prize.
And thrice spoke the monarch, "The cup to win,
Is there never a wight who will venture in?"

And all, as before, heard in silence the king,
Till a youth with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
'Mid the tremulous squires, stepped out from the ring,
Unbuckling his girdle, and doffing his mantle;
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder,
As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main,
And o'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled,
And the giant-mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

And lo! from the heart of that far-floating gloom
What gleams on the darkness so swanlike and white?
Lo! an arm and a neck, glancing up from the tomb!—
They battle—the Man's with the Element's might.
It is he! it is he! in his left hand behold,
As a sign, as a joy, shines the goblet of gold!

And he comes with the crowd in their clamor and glee;
And the goblet his daring has won from the water
He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee;
And the king from her maidens has beckoned his daughter
And he bade her the wine to his cup-bearer bring,
And thus spake the diver, "Long life to the king!

"Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,
The air and the sky that to mortals are given!
May the horror below nevermore find a voice,

Nor man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven,
Nevermore, nevermore, may he lift from the mirror,
The veil which is woven with night and with terror!

"Quick brightening like lightning, it tore me along,
Down, down, till the gush of a torrent at play
In the rocks of its wilderness caught me, and strong
As the wings of an eagle, it whirled me away.
Vain, vain were my struggles, the circle had won me;
Round and round, in its dance, the wild element spun me.

"And I called on my God, and my God heard my prayer,
In the strength of my need, in the gasp of my breath,
And showed me a crag that rose up from the lair,
And I clung to it, trembling, and baffled the death.
And, safe in the perils around me, behold,
On the spikes of the coral, the goblet of gold!

"Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now
A hundred-limbed creature caught sight of its prey,
And darted—O God! from the far flaming bough
Of the coral, I swept on the horrible way;
And it seized me—the wave with its wrath and its roar—
It seized me to save—King, the danger is o'er!"

On the youth gazed the monarch, and marveled; quoth he,
"Bold diver, the goblet I promised is thine;
And this ring will I give, a fresh guerdon to thee,
Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine,
If thou'lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again
To say what lies hid in the innermost main!"

Then out spake the daughter in tender emotion,
"Ah! father, my father, what more can there rest?
Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean;
He has served thee as none would, thyself hath confest.
If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,
Be your knights not, at least, put to shame by the squire!"

The king seized the goblet: he swung it on high,
And, whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide;
"But bring back that goblet again to my eye,
And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side;
And thine arms shall embrace as thy bride, I decree,
The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee."

In his heart, as he listened, there leapt the wild joy,
And the hope and the love through his eyes spoke in fire.
On that bloom, on that blush, gazed delighted the boy;
The maiden she faints at the feet of her sire.
Here the guerdon divine, there the danger beneath;
He resolves!—To the strife with the life and the death!

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell:
Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along!
Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell,
They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,
Rearing up to the cliff, roaring back as before;
But no wave ever brought the lost youth to the shore.

SCENE FROM "THE RIVALS"

BY SHERIDAN

MRS. MALAPROP *and* SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

Mrs. M. There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate simpleton, who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

Lydia. Madam, I thought you once——

Mrs. M. You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all: thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, from your memory.

Lydia. Ah, madam, our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

Mrs. M. But I say it is, miss! there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I've as much forgot your poor dear uncle, as if he had never existed: and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

Sir A. Why, sure, she won't pretend to remember what she's ordered not? ay, this comes of her reading.

Lydia. What crime, madam, have I committed, to be treated thus?

Mrs. M. Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it. But, tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

Lydia. Madam, I must tell you plainly that, had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs. M. What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion?—they don't become a young woman; and you ought to know, that as both always wear off, 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a blackamoor; and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made!—and when it pleased heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed. But suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

Lydia. Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs. M. Take yourself to your room;—you are fit company for nothing but your own ill humors.

Lydia. Willingly, ma'am;—I can not change for the worse. [*Exit.*

Mrs. M. There's a little intricate hussy for you!

Sir A. It is not to be wondered at, ma'am; all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, by heaven! I'd as soon have them taught the black art, as their alphabet!

Mrs. M. Nay, nay, Sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthropy.

Sir A. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library! —she had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes, with marble covers! From that moment, I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

Mrs. M. Those are vile places, indeed!

Sir A. Madam, a circulating library in a town is an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge! It blossoms through the year!—and depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs. M. Fie, fie, Sir Anthony, you surely speak laconically.

Sir A. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation, now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. M. Observe me, Sir Anthony—I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman. For instance—I would never let her meddle with Greek or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or Fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments; but, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts; and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries; —but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not misspell and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know; and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Sir A. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; tho, I must confess, that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But,

Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in debate—you say, you have no objection to my proposal?

Mrs. M. None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres; and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir A. Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, tho I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs. M. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

Sir A. Objection—let him object if he dare. No, no, Mrs. Malaprop; Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple: in his younger days 'twas—"Jack, do this,"—if he demurred, I knocked him down; and if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

Mrs. M. Ay, and the properest way, o' my conscience! nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity. Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations; and I hope you will represent *her* to the Captain as an object not altogether illegible.

Sir A. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently. Well, I must leave you; and let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl—take my advice, keep a tight hand; if she rejects this proposal clap her under lock and key; and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about.

ON THE EXPUNGING RESOLUTIONS

BY HENRY CLAY

Mr. President:—What patriotic purpose is to be accomplished by this Expunging resolution? What new honor or fresh laurels will it win for our common country? Is the power of the Senate so vast that it ought to be circumscribed, and that of the President so restricted that it ought to be extended? What power has the Senate? None, separately. It can only act jointly with the other House, or jointly with the Executive. And altho the theory of the Constitution supposes, when consulted by him, it may freely give an affirmative or negative response; according to the practise as it now exists, it has lost the faculty of pronouncing the negative monosyllable. When the Senate expresses its deliberate judgment, in the form of resolution, that resolution has no compulsory force, but appeals only to the dispassionate intelligence, the calm reason, and the sober judgment, of the community The Senate has no army, no navy, no patronage, no lucrative offices, no glittering honors to bestow. Around us there is no swarm of greedy expectants, rendering us homage, anticipating our wishes, and ready to execute our commands.

How is it with the President? Is he powerless? He is felt from one extremity to the other of this vast Republic. By means of principles which he has introduced, and innovations which he has made in our institutions, alas! but too much countenanced by Congress and a confiding people, he exercises, uncontrolled, the power of the State. In one hand he holds the purse, and in the other brandishes the sword of the country. Myriads of dependents and parti-

zans, scattered over the land, are ever ready to sing hosannas to him, and to laud to the skies whatever he does. He has swept over the government, during the last eight years, like a tropical tornado. Every department exhibits traces of the ravages of the storm. Take as one example the Bank of the United States. No institution could have been more popular with the people, with Congress, and with state legislatures. None ever better fulfilled the great purposes of its establishment. But it unfortunately incurred the displeasure of the President; he spoke, and the bank lies prostrate. And those who were loudest in its praise are now loudest in its condemnation. What object of his ambition is unsatisfied? When disabled from age any longer to hold the scepter of power, he designates his successor, and transmits it to his favorite! What more does he want? Must we blot, deface, and mutilate the records of the country, to punish the presumptuousness of expressing an opinion contrary to his own?

What patriotic purpose is to be accomplished by this Expunging resolution? Can you make that not to be which has been? Can you eradicate from memory and from history the fact that in March, 1834, a majority of the Senate of the United States passed the resolution which excites your enmity? Is it your vain and wicked object to arrogate to yourselves that power of annihilating the past which has been denied to Omnipotence itself? Do you intend to thrust your hands into our hearts, and to pluck out the deeply rooted convictions which are there? Or is it your design merely to stigmatize us? You cannot stigmatize us.

"Ne'er yet did base dishonor blur our name."

Standing securely upon our conscious rectitude, and bearing aloft the shield of the Constitution of our country,

your puny efforts are impotent; and we defy all your power. Put the majority of 1834 in one scale, and that by which this Expunging resolution is to be carried in the other, and let truth and justice, in heaven above and on earth below, and liberty and patriotism, decide the preponderance.

What patriotic purpose is to be accomplished by this Expunging resolution? Is it to appease the wrath and to heal the wounded pride of the Chief Magistrate? If he be really the hero that his friends represent him, he must despise all mean condescension, all groveling sycophancy, all self-degradation and self-abasement. He would reject, with scorn and contempt, as unworthy of his fame, your black scratches and your baby lines in the fair records of his country. Black lines! Black lines! Sir, I hope the Secretary of the Senate will preserve the pen with which he may inscribe them, and present it to that Senator of the majority whom he may select, as a proud trophy, to be transmitted to his descendants. And hereafter, when we shall lose the forms of our free institutions—all that now remain to us—some future American monarch, in gratitude to those by whose means he has been enabled, upon the ruins of civil liberty, to erect a throne, and to commemorate especially this Expunging resolution, may institute a new order of knighthood, and confer on it the appropriate name of "the Knights of the Black Lines."

But why should I detain the Senate, or needlessly waste my breath in fruitless exertions? The decree has gone forth. It is one of urgency, too. The deed is to be done —that foul deed which, like the blood, staining the hands of the guilty Macbeth, all ocean's waters will never wash out. Proceed, then, to the noble work which lies before

you, and, like other skilful executioners, do it quickly. And when you have perpetrated it, go home to the people, and tell them what glorious honors you have achieved for our common country. Tell them that you have extinguished one of the brightest and purest lights that ever burned at the altar of civil liberty. Tell them that you have silenced one of the noblest batteries that ever thundered in defense of the Constitution, and bravely spiked the cannon. Tell them that, henceforward, no matter what daring or outrageous act any President may perform, you have forever hermetically sealed the mouth of the Senate. Tell them that he may fearlessly assume what powers he pleases, snatch from its lawful custody the public purse, command a military detachment to enter the halls of the Capitol, overawe Congress, trample down the Constitution, and raze every bulwark of freedom; but that the Senate must stand mute, in silent submission, and not dare to raise its opposing voice. Tell them that it must wait until a House of Representatives, humbled and subdued like itself, and a majority of it composed of the partizans of the President, shall prefer articles of impeachment. Tell them, finally, that you have restored the glorious doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance. And, if the people do not pour out their indignation and imprecations, I have yet to learn the character of American freemen.

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS AT CAPUA

BY ELIJAH KELLOGG

Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad Empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that, ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sand, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men. My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal.

One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I know not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars.

That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war horse—the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling! To-day I killed a man in the arena; and, when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend! He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped and died—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph! I told the pretor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the pretor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said, "Let the carrion rot! There are no noble men but Romans."

And so, fellow gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs! O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay! thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe—to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he has tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours—and a dainty meal for him ye will be!

If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are men, follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and then do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O comrades! warriors! Thracians! If we must fight, let us fight for ourselves! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle.

ON THE USE OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT

BY JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

By the right of private judgment in matters of religious belief and practise, is ordinarily meant the prerogative considered to belong to each individual Christian, of ascertaining and deciding for himself from Scripture what is gospel truth and what is not. This is the principle maintained in theory, as a sort of sacred possession or palladium, by the Protestantism of this day. Romanism, as is equally

clear, takes the opposite extreme, and maintains that nothing is absolutely left to individual judgment; that is, that there is no subject in religious faith and conduct on which the church may not pronounce a decision such as to supersede the private judgment and compel the assent of every one of her members. The English church takes a middle course between these two. It considers that on certain definite subjects private judgment upon the text of Scripture has been superseded, not by the mere authoritative sentence of the church, but by its historical testimony delivered down from the apostles. To these subjects nothing more can be added, unless, indeed, new records of primitive Christianity or new uninterrupted traditions of its teaching were discoverable.

The Catholic doctrines, therefore, of the Trinity, incarnation, and others similar to these, are, as we maintain, the true interpretations of the notices contained in Scripture concerning those doctrines. But the mere Protestant considers that on these as well as on other subjects the sacred text is left to the good pleasure or the diligence of private men; while the Romanist, on the contrary, views it as in no degree subjected to individual judgment, except from the accident of the church having not yet pronounced on this or that point an authoritative and final decision.

Now these extreme theories and their practical results are quite intelligible; whatever be their faults, want of simplicity is not one of them. We see what they mean, how they work, what they result in. But the middle path adopted by the English church can not be so easily mastered by the mind: first, because it is a mean and has in consequence a complex nature, involving a combination of principles and depending on multiplied conditions; next, be-

cause it partakes of that indeterminateness which, as has been already observed, is to a certain extent a characteristic of English theology; lastly, because it has never been realized in its fulness in any religious community, and thereby brought home to the mind through the senses. What has never been fairly brought into operation lies open to various objections. It is open to the suspicion of not admitting of being so; that is, of being what is commonly understood by a mere theory of fancy. And besides, a mean system really is often nothing better than an assemblage of words and always looks such, before it is proved to be something more. For instance, if we knew only of the colors white and black, and heard a description of brown or gray, and were told that these were neither white nor black, but something like both, yet between them, we should be tempted to conceive our informant's words either self-contradictory or altogether unmeaning; as if it were plain that what was not white must be black, and what was not black must be white. This is daily instanced in the view taken by society at large of such persons—now, alas! a comparatively small remnant who follow the ancient doctrines and customs of our church, who hold to the creeds and sacraments, keep from novelties, are regular in their devotions, and are what is sometimes called, almost in reproach, "orthodox." Worldly men, seeing them only at a distance, will class them with the religionists of the day; the religionists of the day, with a like superficial glance at them, call them worldly and carnal. Why is this? Because neither party can fancy any medium between itself and its opposite, and each connects them with the other, because they are not its own.

Feeling, then, the disadvantages under which the Anglican doctrine of private judgment lies, and desirous to

give it something more of meaning and reality than it popularly possesses, I shall attempt to describe it, first in theory, and then as if reduced to practise.

1. Now, if man is in a state of trial, and his trial lies in the general exercise of the will, and the choice of religion is an exercise of will, and always implies an act of individual judgment, it follows that such acts are in the number of those by which he is tried, and for which he is to give an account hereafter. So far all parties must be agreed, that without private judgment there is no responsibility; and that in matter of fact a man's own mind, and nothing else, is the cause of his believing or not believing, and of his acting or not acting upon his belief. Even tho an infallible guidance be accorded, a man must have a choice of resisting it or not; he may resist it if he pleases, as Judas was traitor to his Master. Romanist, I consider, agrees with Protestant so far; the question in dispute being, what are the means which are to direct our choice, and what is the due manner of using them. This is the point to which I shall direct my attention.

The means which are given us to form our judgment by, exclusively of such as are supernatural, which do not enter into consideration, are various—partly internal, partly external. The internal means of judging are common sense, natural perception of right and wrong, the affections, the imagination, reason, and the like. The external are such as Scripture, the existing church, tradition, Catholicity, learning, antiquity, and the national faith. Popular Protestantism would deprive us of all these external means, except the text of holy Scripture; as if, I suppose, upon the antecedent notion that when God speaks by inspiration all other external means are superseded. But this is an arbi-

trary decision, contrary to facts; for unless inspiration made use of a universal language, learning at least must be necessary to ascertain the meaning of the particular language selected; and if one external aid be adopted, of course all antecedent objection to any other vanishes. This notion, then, tho commonly taken for granted, must be pronounced untenable, nay, inconsistent with itself; yet upon it the prevailing neglect of external assistances and the exaltation of private judgment mainly rest. Discarding this narrow view of the subject, let us rather accept all the means which are put within our reach, as intended to be used, as talents which must not be neglected; and, as so considering them, let us trace the order in which they address themselves to the minds of individuals.

Our parents and teachers are our first informants concerning the next world; and they elicit and cherish the innate sense of right and wrong which acts as a guide coordinately with them. By degrees they resign their place to the religious communion, or church, in which we find ourselves, while the inward habits of truth and holiness which the moral sense has begun to form, react upon that inward monitor, enlarge its range, and make its dictates articulate, decisive, and various. Meantime the Scriptures have been added as fresh informants, bearing witness to the church and to the moral sense, and interpreted by them both. Last of all, where there is time and opportunity for research into times past and present, Christian antiquity and Christendom as it at present exists, become additional informants, giving substance and shape to much that before existed in our minds but in outline and shadow.

Such are the means by which God conveys to Christians the knowledge of His will and providence; but not all of

them to all men. To some He vouchsafes all, to all some; but, according to the gifts given them, does He make it their duty to use them religiously. He employs these gifts as His instruments in teaching, trying, converting, advancing the mind, as the sacraments are His imperceptible means of changing the soul. To the greater part of the world He has given but three of them—conscience, reason, and national religion; to a great part of Christendom He gives no external guidance but through the church; to others only the Scriptures; to others both church and Scriptures. Few are able to add the knowledge of Christian antiquity; the first centuries of Christianity enjoyed the light of Catholicity, an informant which is now partially withdrawn from us. The least portion of these separate means of knowledge is sufficient for a man's living religiously; but the more of them he has, the more of course he has to answer for; nor can he escape his responsibility, as most men attempt in one way or other, by hiding his talent in a napkin.

Most men, I say, try to dispense with one or other of these divine informants and for this reason: because it is difficult to combine them. The lights they furnish, coming from various quarters, cast separate shadows and partially intercept each other; and it is pleasanter to walk without doubt and without shade, than to have to choose what is best and safest. The Romanist would simplify matters by removing reason, Scripture, and antiquity, and depending mainly upon church authority; the Calvinist relies on reason, Scripture, and criticism, to the disparagement of the moral sense, the church, tradition, and antiquity; the Latitudinarian relies on reason, with Scripture in subordination; the mystic on the feelings and affections, or what is commonly called the heart; the politician takes the na-

tional faith as sufficient and cares for little else; the man of the world acts by common sense, which is the oracle of the careless; the popular religionist considers the authorized version of Scripture to be all in all.

But the true Catholic Christian is he who takes what God has given him, be it greater or less, despises not the lesser because he has received the greater, yet puts it not before the greater, but uses all duly and to God's glory.

I just now said that it was difficult to combine these several means of gaining divine truth, and that their respective informations do not altogether agree. I mean that at first sight they do not agree, or in particular cases; for abstractedly, of course, what comes from God must be one and the same in whatever way it comes: if it seems to differ from itself, this arises from our weakness. Even our senses seem at first to contradict each other, and an infant may have difficulty in knowing how to avail himself of them, yet in time he learns to do so, and unconsciously makes allowance for their apparent discordance; and it would be utter folly on account of their differences, whatever they are, to discard the use of them. In like manner, conscience and reason sometimes seem at variance, and then we either call what appears to be reason sophistry, or what appears to be conscience weakness or superstition. Or, the moral sense and Scripture seem to speak a distinct language, as in their respective judgments concerning David; or Scripture and antiquity, as regards Christ's command to us to wash each other's feet; or Scripture and reason, as regards miracles or the doctrines of the Trinity and Incarnation; or antiquity and the existing church, as regards immersion in baptism; or the national religion and antiquity, as regards the church's power of jurisdiction; or antiquity and

the law of nature, as regards the usage of celibacy; or antiquity and scholarship, as at times perhaps in the interpretation of Scripture.

This being the state of the case, I make the following remarks, which, being for the sake of illustration, are to be taken but as general ones, without dwelling on extreme cases or exceptions:

That Scripture, antiquity, and Catholicity can not really contradict one another.

That when the moral sense or reason seems to be on one side, and Scripture on the other, we must follow Scripture, except Scripture anywhere contained contradictions in terms, or prescribed undeniable crimes, which it never does.

That when the sense of Scripture, as interpreted by reason, is contrary to the sense given to it by Catholic antiquity, we ought to side with the latter.

That when antiquity runs counter to the present church in important matters, we must follow antiquity; when in unimportant matters, we must follow the present church.

That when the present church speaks contrary to our private notions, and antiquity is silent, or its decisions unknown to us, it is pious to sacrifice our own opinion to that of the church.

That if, in spite of our efforts to agree with the church, we still differ from it, antiquity being silent, we must avoid causing any disturbance, recollecting that the church, and not individuals, "has authority in controversies of faith."

I am not now concerned to prove all this, but am illustrating the theory of private judgment, as I conceive the English church maintains it. And now let us consider it in practise.

2. It is popularly conceived that to maintain the right

of private judgment is to hold that no one has an enlightened faith who has not, as a point of duty, discussed the grounds of it and made up his mind for himself. But to put forward such doctrine as this rightly pertains to infidels and skeptics only; and if great names may be quoted in its favor, and it is often assumed to be the true Protestant doctrine, this is surely because its advocates do not weigh the force of their own words. Every one must begin religion by faith, not by reasoning; he must take for granted what he is taught and what he can not prove; and it is better for himself that he should do so, even if the teaching he receives contains a mixture of error. If he would possess a reverent mind, he must begin by obeying; if he would cherish a generous and devoted spirit, he must begin by venturing something on uncertain information; if he would deserve the praise of modesty and humility, he must repress his busy intellect, and forbear to scrutinize. This is a sufficient explanation, were there no other, for the subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, which is in this place exacted of those who come hither for education. Were there any serious objections lying against those articles, the case would be different; were there immorality or infidelity inculcated in them, or even imputed to them, we should have a warrant for drawing back; but even those who do not agree with them will not say this of them. Putting aside then the consideration that they contain in them chief portions of the ancient creeds, and are the form in which so many pious men in times past have expressed their own faith, even the circumstance of their constituting the religion under which we are born is a reason for our implicitly submitting ourselves to them in the first instance. As the mind expands, whether by education or years, a number of

additional informants will meet it, and it will naturally, or rather it ought, according to its opportunities, to exercise itself upon all of these, by way of finding out God's perfect truth. The Christian will study Scripture and antiquity as well as the doctrine of his own church, and may perhaps, in some points of detail, differ from it; but, even if eventually he differs, he will not therefore put himself forward, wrangle, protest, or separate from the church. Further, he may go on to examine the basis of the authority of Scripture or of the church; and if so, he will do it, not, as is sometimes irreverently said, "impartially" and "candidly"—which means skeptically and arrogantly, as if he were the center of the universe, and all things might be summoned before him and put to task at his pleasure—but with a generous confidence in what he has been taught; nay, not recognizing, as will often happen, the process of inquiry which is going on within him. Many a man supposes that his investigation ought to be attended with a consciousness of his making it; as if it were scarcely pleasing to God unless he all along reflects upon it, tells the world of it, boasts of it as a right, and sanctifies it as a principle. He says to himself and others, "I am examining, I am scrutinizing, I am judging, I am free to choose or reject, I am exercising the right of private judgment." What a strange satisfaction! Does it increase the worth of our affections to reflect upon them as we feel them? Would our mourning for a friend become more valuable by our saying, "I am weeping; I am overcome and agonized for the second or third time; I am resolved to weep?" What a strange infatuation, to boast of our having to make up our minds! What! is it a great thing to be without an opinion? is it a satisfaction to have the truth to find? Who would boast

that he was without worldly means and had to get them as he could? Is heavenly treasure less precious than earthly? Is it anything inspiring or consolatory to consider, as such persons do, that Almighty God has left them entirely to their own efforts, has failed to anticipate their wants, has let them lose in ignorance at least a considerable part of their short life and their tenderest and most malleable years? Is it a hardship or a yoke, on the contrary, to be told that what is, in the order of Providence, put before them to believe, whether absolutely true or not, is in such sense from Him; that it will improve their hearts to obey it, and convey to them many truths which they otherwise would not know, and prepare them perchance for the communication of higher and clearer views? Yet such is a commonly received doctrine of this day; against which, I would plainly maintain, not the Roman doctrine of infallibility—which even if true would be of application only to a portion of mankind, for few comparatively hear of Rome—but generally that under whatever system a man finds himself he is bound to accept it as if infallible, and to act upon it in a confiding spirit till he finds a better, or in course of time has cause to suspect it.

To this it may be replied by the Romanist that, granting we succeed in persuading men in the first instance to exercise this unsuspicious faith in what is set before them in the course of Providence, yet if the right of free judgment upon the text of Scripture is allowed at last, it will be sure whenever it is allowed, to carry them off into various discordant opinions; that individuals will fancy they have found out a more Scriptural system even than that of the church Catholic itself, should they happen to have been born and educated in her pale. But I am not willing to

grant this of the holy Scriptures, tho Romanists are accustomed to assume it. There have been writers of their communion, indeed, who have used the most disparaging terms of the inspired volume, as if it were so mere a letter that it might be molded into any meaning which the reader chose to put upon it. Some of their expressions and statements have been noticed by our divines; such as, that "the Scriptures are worth no more than Æsop's fables within the church's authority"; or that "they are like a nose of wax which admits of being pulled and molded one way and another."

In contradiction to these expressions it surely may be maintained, not only that the Scriptures have but one direct and unchangeable sense, but that it is such as in all greater matters to make a forcible appeal to the mind, when fairly put before it, and to impress it with a conviction of its being the true one. Little of systematic knowledge as Scripture may impart to ordinary readers, still what it does convey may surely tend in one direction and not in another. What it imparts may look toward the system of the church and of antiquity, not oppose it. Whether it does so or not, is a question of fact which must be determined as facts are determined; but here let us dwell for a moment on the mere idea which I have suggested. There is no reason why the Romanist should startle at the notion. Why is it more incongruous to suppose that our minds are so constituted as to be sure to a certain point of the true meaning of words than of the correctness of an argument? Yet Romanists do argue. If it is possible to be sure of the soundness of an argument, there is perchance no antecedent reason to hinder our being as sure that a text has a certain sense. Men, it is granted, continually misinterpret Scripture; so

are they as continually using bad arguments; and, as the latter circumstance does not destroy the mind's innate power of reasoning, so neither does the former show it is destitute of its innate power of interpreting. Nay, the Romanists themselves continually argue with individuals from Scripture, even in proof of this very doctrine of the church's infallibility, which would be out of place unless the passages appealed to bore their own meaning with them. What I would urge is this: The Romanists of course confess that the real sense of Scripture is not adverse to any doctrine taught by the church; all I would maintain in addition is, that it is also the natural sense, as separable from false interpretations by the sound-judging, as a good argument is from a bad one. And as so believing, we think no harm can come from putting the Scripture into the hands of the laity, allowing them, if they will, to verify by it, as far as it extends, the doctrines they have been already taught.

They will answer that all this is negatived by experience, even tho it be abstractedly possible; since, in fact, the general reading of the Bible has brought into our country and church all kinds of heresies and extravagances. Certainly it has; but it has not been introduced under those limitations and provisions, which I have mentioned as necessary attendants on it, according to the scheme designed by Providence. If Scripture reading has been the cause of schism, this has been because individuals have given themselves to it to the disparagement of God's other gifts; because they have refused to throw themselves into the external system which has been provided for them; because they have attempted to reason before they acted, and to prove before

they would be taught. If it has been the cause of schism in our country, it is because the Anglican Church has never had the opportunity of supplying adequately that assistance which is its divinely provided complement; because her voice has been feeble, her motions impeded, and the means withheld from her of impressing upon the population her own doctrine; because the Reformation was set up in disunion, and theories more Protestant than hers have, from the first, spoken with her, and blended with, and sometimes drowned her voice. If Scripture reading has, in England, been the cause of schism, it is because we are deprived of the power of excommunicating, which, in the revealed scheme, is the formal antagonist and curb of private judgment. But take a church, nurtured and trained on this model, claiming the obedience of its members in the first instance, tho laying itself open afterward to their judgment, according to their respective capabilities for judging, claiming that they should make a generous and unsuspicious trial of it before they objected to it, and able to appeal confidently for its doctrines to the writings of antiquity—a church which taught the truth boldly and in system, and which separated from itself or silenced those which opposed it, and I believe individual members would be very little perplexed, and if men were still found to resist its doctrine they would not be, as now, misguided persons, with some good feelings and right views, but such as one should be glad to be rid of. One chief cause of sects among us is, that the church's voice is not heard clearly and forcibly; she does not exercise her own right of interpreting Scripture; she does not arbitrate, decide, condemn; she does not answer the call which human nature makes upon her. That all her members would in that case perfectly

agree with each other, or with herself, I am far from supposing; but they would differ chiefly in such matters as would not forfeit their membership nor lead them to protest against the received doctrine. If, even as it is, the great body of dissenters from the church during the last centuries remained more or less constant to the creeds, except in the article which was compromised in their dissent, surely much more fully and firmly would her members then abide in the fundamentals of faith, tho Scripture was ever so freely put into their hands. We see it so at this day. For on which side is the most lack at this moment—in the laity in believing, or the church in teaching? Are not the laity everywhere willing to treat their pastors with becoming respect; nay, so follow their guidance as to take up their particular views, according as they may be of a Catholic or private character in this or that place? Is there any doubt at all that the laity would think alike if the clergy did? And is there any doubt that the clergy would think alike, as far as the formal expression of their faith went, if they had their views cleared by a theological education and molded by a knowledge of antiquity? We have no need to grudge our people the religious use of private judgment; we need not distrust their affection; we have but to blame our own waverings and differences.

The free reading of Scripture, I say, when the other parts of the divine system are duly fulfilled, would lead at most to diversities of opinion only in the adjuncts and details of faith, not in fundamentals. Men differ from each other at present, first, from the influence of the false theories of private judgment which are among us and which mislead them; next, from the want of external guidance. They are enjoined, as a matter of duty, to examine and

decide for themselves, and the church but faintly protests against this proceeding or supersedes the need of it. Truth has a force which error cannot counterfeit; and the church, speaking out that truth as committed to her, would cause a corresponding vibration in Holy Scripture such as no other notes, however loudly sounded, can draw from it. If, after all, persons arose, as they would arise, disputing against the fundamentals, or separating on minor points, let them go their way; "they went out from us, because they were not of us." They would commonly be "men of corrupt minds, reprobate concerning the faith"; I do not say there never could be any other, but for such extraordinary cases no system can provide. If there were better men who, tho educated in the truth, ultimately opposed it openly, they as well as others would be put out of the church for their error's sake and for their contumacy; and God, who alone sees the hearts of men and how mysteriously good and evil are mingled together in this world, would provide in His own inscrutable way for anomalies which His revealed system did not meet.

I consider, then, on the whole that however difficult it may be in theory to determine when we must go by our own view of Scripture, when by the decision of the church, yet in practise there would be little or no difficulty at all. Without claiming infallibility, the church may claim the confidence and obedience of her members; Scripture may be read without tending to schism; minor differences allowed without disagreement in fundamentals; and the proud and self-willed disputant discarded without the perplexed inquirer suffering. If there is schism among us, it is not that Scripture speaks variously, but that the church

of the day speaks not at all; not that private judgment is rebellious, but that the church's judgment is withheld.

I do really believe that, with more of primitive simplicity and of rational freedom, and far more of Gospel truth than in Romanism, there would be found in the rule of private judgment, as I have described it, as much certainty as the doctrine of infallibility can give; for ample provision would be made both for the comfort of the individual and for the peace and unity of the body, which are the two objects for which Romanism professes to consult. The claim of infallibility is but an expedient for impressing strongly upon the mind the necessity of hearing and of obeying the church. When scrutinized carefully it will be found to contribute nothing whatever toward satisfying the reason, as was observed in another connection; since it is as difficult to prove and bring home to the mind that the church is infallible, as that the doctrines it teaches are true. Nothing, then, is gained in the way of conviction, only of impression—and, again, of expedition, it being less trouble to accept one doctrine on which all the others are to depend than a number. Now, this impressiveness and practical perspicuity in teaching, as far as these objects are lawful and salutary, may, I say, be gained without this claim; they may be gained in God's way, without unwarranted additions to the means of influence which He has ordained, without a tenet, fictitious in itself and, as falsehood ever will be, deplorable in many ways in its results.

PART OF LECTURE ON "EMERSON"

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD

I have given up to envious time as much of Emerson as time can fairly expect ever to obtain. We have not in Emerson a great poet, a great writer, a great philosophy maker. His relation to us is not that of one of those personages; yet it is a relation of, I think, even superior importance. His relation to us is more like that of the Roman emperor, Marcus Aurelius. Marcus Aurelius is not a great writer, a great philosophy maker; he is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. Emerson is the same. He is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. All the points in thinking which are necessary for this purpose he takes; but he does not combine them into a system, or present them as a regular philosophy. Combined in a system by a man with the requisite talent for this kind of thing, they would be less useful than as Emerson gives them to us; and the man with the talent so to systematize them would be less impressive than Emerson. They do very well as they now stand—like "boulders," as he says—in "paragraphs incompressible, each sentence an infinitely repellent particle." In such sentences his main points recur again and again, and become fixed in the memory.

We all know them. First and foremost, character. Character is everything. "That which all things tend to educe —which freedom, cultivation, intercourse, revolutions, go to form and deliver—is character." Character and self-reliance. "Trust thyself! every heart vibrates to that iron

string." And yet we have our being in a not ourselves. "There is a power above and behind us, and we are the channels of its communications." But our lives must be pitched higher. "Life must be lived on a higher plane; we must go up to a higher platform, to which we are always invited to ascend; there the whole scene changes." The good we need is forever close to us, tho we attain it not. "On the brink of the waters of life and truth, we are miserably dying." This good is close to us, moreover, in our daily life, and in the familiar, homely places. "The unremitting retention of simple and high sentiments in obscure duties—that is the maxim for us. Let us be poised and wise, and our own to-day. Let us treat the men and women well—treat them as if they were real; perhaps they are. Men live in their fancy, like drunkards whose hands are too soft and tremulous for successful labor. I settle myself ever firmer in the creed, that we should not postpone and refer and wish, but do broad justice where we are, by whomsoever we deal with; accepting our actual companions and circumstances, however humble or odious, as the mystic officials to whom the universe has delegated its whole pleasure for us. Massachusetts, Connecticut River, and Boston Bay you think paltry places, and the ear loves names of foreign and classic topography. But here we are; and if we will tarry a little we may come to learn that here is best. See to it only that thyself is here." Furthermore, the good is close to us all. "I resist the skepticism of our education and of our educated men. I do not believe that the differences of opinion and character in men are organic. I do not recognize, besides the class of the good and the wise, a permanent class of skeptics, or a class of conservatives, or of malignants, or of materialists. I do

not believe in the classes. Every man has a call of the power to do something unique." Exclusiveness is deadly. "The exclusive in social life does not see that he excludes himself from enjoyment in the attempt to appropriate it. The exclusionist in religion does not see that he shuts the door of heaven on himself in striving to shut out others. Treat men as pawns and ninepins, and you shall suffer as well as they. If you leave out their heart you shall lose your own. The selfish man suffers more from his selfishness than he from whom that selfishness withholds some important benefit." A sound nature will be inclined to refuse ease and self-indulgence. "To live with some rigor of temperance, or some extreme of generosity, seems to be an asceticism which common good nature would appoint to those who are at ease and in plenty, in sign that they feel a brotherhood with the great multitude of suffering men." Compensation, finally, is the great law of life; it is everywhere, it is sure, and there is no escape from it. This is that "law alive and beautiful, which works over our heads and under our feet. Pitiless, it avails itself of our success when we obey it, and of our ruin when we contravene it. We are all secret believers in it. It rewards action after their nature. The reward of a thing well done is to have done it. The thief steals from himself, the swindler swindles himself. You must pay at last your own debt."

This is tonic indeed! And let no one object that it is too general; that more practical, positive direction is what we want; that Emerson's optimism, self-reliance, and indifference to favorable conditions for our life and growth have in them something of danger. "Trust thyself"; "What attracts my attention shall have it"; "Tho thou shouldst walk the world over thou shalt not be able to find

a condition inopportune or ignoble"; "What we call vulgar society is that society whose poetry is not yet written, but which you shall presently make as enviable and renowned as any." With maxims like these, we surely, it may be said, run some risk of being made too well satisfied with our own actual self and state, however crude and imperfect they may be. "Trust thyself?" It may be said that the common American or Englishman is more than enough disposed already to trust himself. I often reply, when our sectarians are praised for following conscience: Our people are very good in following their conscience; where they are not so good is in ascertaining whether their conscience tells them right. "What attracts my attention shall have it?" Well, that is our people's plea when they run after the Salvation Army, and desire Messrs. Moody and Sankey. "Thou shalt not be able to find a condition inopportune or ignoble?" But think of the turn of the good people of our race for producing a life of hideousness and immense *ennui;* think of that specimen of your own New England life which Mr. Howells gives us in one of his charming stories which I was reading lately; think of the life of that rugged New England farm in "The Lady of the Aroostook"; think of Deacon Blood, and Aunt Maria, and the straight-backed chairs with black horsehair seats, and Ezra Perkins with perfect self-reliance depositing his travelers in the snow! I can truly say that in the little which I have seen of the life of New England, I am more struck with what has been achieved than with the crudeness and failure. But no doubt there is still a great deal of crudeness also. Your own novelists say there is, and I suppose they say true. In the new England, as in the old, our people have to learn, I suppose, not that their modes of

life are beautiful and excellent already; they have rather to learn that they must transform them.

To adopt this line of objection to Emerson's deliverances would, however, be unjust. In the first place, Emerson's points are in themselves true, if understood in a certain high sense; they are true and fruitful. And the right work to be done, at the hour when he appeared, was to affirm them generally and absolutely. Only thus could he break through the hard and fast barrier of narrow, fixed ideas, which he found confronting him, and win an entrance for new ideas. Had he attempted developments which may now strike us as expedient, he would have excited fierce antagonism, and probably effected little or nothing. The time might come for doing other work later, but the work which Emerson did was the right work to be done then.

In the second place, strong as was Emerson's optimism, and unconquerable as was his belief in a good result to emerge from all which he saw going on around him, no misanthropical satirist ever saw shortcomings and absurdities more clearly than he did, or exposed them more courageously. When he sees "the meanness," as he calls it, "of American politics," he congratulates Washington on being "long already happily dead"; on being "wrapt in his shroud and forever safe." With how firm a touch he delineates the faults of your two great political parties of forty years ago! The Democrats, he says, "have not at heart the ends which give to the name of democracy what hope and virtue are in it. The spirit of our American radicalism is destructive and aimless; it is not loving; it has no ulterior and divine ends, but is destructive only out of hatred and selfishness. On the other side, the conservative party, composed of the most moderate, able, and cultivated

part of the population, is timid, and merely defensive of property. It vindicates no right, it aspires to no real good, it brands no crime, it proposes no generous policy. From neither party, when in power, has the world any benefit to expect in science, art, or humanity, at all commensurate with the resources of the nation." Then with what subtle tho kindly irony he follows the gradual withdrawal in New England, in the last half century, of tender consciences from the social organizations—the bent for experiments such as that of Brook Farm and the like,—follows it in all its "dissidence of dissent and Protestantism of the Protestant religion!" He even loves to rally the New Englander on his philanthropical activity, and to find his beneficence and its institutions a bore! "Your miscellaneous popular charities, the education at college of fools, the building of meeting-houses to the vain end to which many of these now stand, alms to sots, and the thousandfold relief societies—tho I confess with shame that I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, yet it is a wicked dollar, which by and by I shall have the manhood to withhold." "Our Sunday-schools and churches and pauper societies are yokes to the neck. We pain ourselves to please nobody. There are natural ways of arriving at the same ends at which these aim, but do not arrive." "Nature does not like our benevolence or our learning much better than she likes our frauds and wars. When we come out of the caucus, or the bank, or the Abolition convention, or the temperance meeting, or the transcendental club, into the fields and woods, she says to us: 'So hot, my little sir?'"

Yes, truly, his insight is admirable; his truth is precious. Yet the secret of his effect is not even in these; it is in his

temper. It is in the hopeful, serene, beautiful temper wherewith these, in Emerson, are indissolubly joined; in which they work, and have their being. He says himself: "We judge of a man's wisdom by his hope, knowing that the perception of the inexhaustibleness of nature is an immortal youth." If this be so, how wise is Emerson! for never had man such a sense of the inexhaustibleness of nature, and such hope. It was the ground of his being; it never failed him. Even when he is sadly avowing the imperfection of his literary power and resources, lamenting his fumbling fingers and stammering tongue, he adds: "Yet, as I tell you, I am very easy in my mind and never dream of suicide. My whole philosophy, which is very real, teaches acquiescence and optimism. Sure I am that the right word will be spoken, tho I cut out my tongue." In his old age, with friends dying and life failing, his tone of cheerful, forward-looking hope is still the same. "A multitude of young men are growing up here of high promise, and I compare gladly the social poverty of my youth with the power on which these draw." His abiding word for us, the word by which being dead he yet speaks to us, is this: "That which befits us, embosomed in beauty and wonder as we are, is cheerfulness and courage, and the endeavor to realize our aspirations. Shall not the heart, which has received so much, trust the power by which it lives?"

One can scarcely overrate the importance of thus holding fast to happiness and hope. It gives to Emerson's work an invaluable virtue. As Wordsworth's poetry is, in my judgment, the most important work done in verse, in our language, during the present century, so Emerson's "Essays" are, I think, the most important work done in prose. His work is more important than Carlyle's. Let

us be just to Carlyle, provoking tho he often is. Not only has he that genius of his which makes Emerson say truly of his letters, that "they savor always of eternity." More than this may be said of him. The scope and upshot of his teaching are true; "his guiding genius," to quote Emerson again, is really "his moral sense, his perception of the sole importance of truth and justice." But consider Carlyle's temper, as we have been considering Emerson's! Take his own account of it! "Perhaps London is the proper place for me after all, seeing all places are improper: who knows? Meanwhile, I lead a most dyspeptic, solitary, self-shrouded life; consuming, if possible in silence, my considerable daily allotment of pain; glad when any strength is left in me for writing, which is the only use I can see in myself—too rare a case of late. The ground of my existence is black as death—too black, when all void, too; but at times there paint themselves on it pictures of gold, and rainbow, and lightning—all the brighter for the black ground, I suppose. Withal, I am very much of a fool."—No, not a fool, but turbid and morbid, wilful and perverse. "We judge of a man's wisdom by his hope."

Carlyle's perverse attitude toward happiness cuts him off from hope. He fiercely attacks the desire for happiness; his grand point in "Sartor," his secret in which the soul may find rest, is that one shall cease to desire happiness; that one should learn to say to one's self: "What if thou wert born and predestined not to be happy, but to be unhappy!" He is wrong; Saint Augustine is the better philosopher, who says: "Act we must in pursuance of what gives us most delight." Epictetus and Augustine can be severe moralists enough; but both of them know and frankly say that the desire for happiness is the root and

ground of man's being. Tell him and show him that he places his happiness wrong, that he seeks for delight where delight will never be really found; then you illumine and further him. But you only confuse him by telling him to cease to desire happiness: and you will not tell him this unless you are already confused yourself.

Carlyle preached the dignity of labor, the necessity of righteousness, the love of veracity, the hatred of shams. He is said by many people to be a great teacher, a great helper for us, because he does so. But what is the due and eternal result of labor, righteousness, veracity? Happiness. And how are we drawn to them by one who, instead of making us feel that with them is happiness, tells us that perhaps we were predestined not to be happy but to be unhappy?

You will find, in especial, many earnest preachers of our popular religion to be fervent in their praise and admiration of Carlyle. His insistence on labor, righteousness, and veracity, pleases them; his contempt for happiness pleases them, too. I read the other day a tract against smoking, altho I do not happen to be a smoker myself. "Smoking," said the tract, "is liked because it gives agreeable sensations. Now it is a positive objection to a thing that it gives agreeable sensations. An earnest man will expressly avoid what gives agreeable sensations." Shortly afterward I was inspecting a school, and I found the children reading a piece of poetry on the common theme that we are here to-day and gone to-morrow. I shall soon be gone, the speaker in this poem was made to say,—

> "And I shall be glad to go,
> For the world at best is a dreary place,
> And my life is getting low."

How usual a language of popular religion that is, on our side of the Atlantic at any rate! But then our popular religion, in disparaging happiness here below, knows very well what it is after. It has its eye on a happiness in a future life above the clouds, in the New Jerusalem, to be won by disliking and rejecting happiness here on earth. And so long as this ideal stands fast, it is very well. But for very many it now stands fast no longer; for Carlyle, at any rate, it had failed and vanished. Happiness in labor, righteousness, and veracity, in the life of the spirit,—here was a gospel still for Carlyle to preach, and to help others by preaching. But he baffled them and himself by preferring the paradox that we are not born for happiness at all.

Happiness in labor, righteousness, and veracity; in all the life of the spirit; happiness and eternal hope—that was Emerson's gospel. I hear it said that Emerson was too sanguine; that the actual generation in America is not turning out so well as he expected. Very likely he was too sanguine as to the near future; in this country it is difficult not to be too sanguine. Very possibly the present generation may prove unworthy of his high hopes; even several generations succeeding this may prove unworthy of them. But by his conviction that in the life of the spirit is happiness, and by his hope that this life of the spirit will come more and more to be sanely understood, and to prevail, and to work for happiness,—by this conviction and hope Emerson was great, and he will surely prove in the end to have been right in them. In this country it is difficult, as I said, not to be sanguine. Very many of your writers are over-sanguine, and on the wrong grounds. But you have two men who in what they have written show

their sanguineness in a line where courage and hope are just; where they are also infinitely important, but where they are not easy. The two men are Franklin and Emerson. These two are, I think, the most distinctively and honorably American of your writers; they are the most original and the most valuable. Wise men everywhere know that we must keep up our courage and hope; they know that hope is, as Wordsworth well says,—

> "The paramount duty which Heaven lays,
> For its own honor, on man's suffering heart."

But the very word "duty" points to an effort and a struggle to maintain our hope unbroken. Franklin and Emerson maintained theirs with a convincing ease, an inspiring joy. Franklin's confidence in the happiness with which industry, honesty, and economy will crown the life of this work-day world, is such that he runs over with felicity. With a like felicity does Emerson run over, when he contemplates the happiness eternally attached to the true life in the spirit. You can not prize him too much, nor heed him too diligently. He has lessons for both the branches of our race. I figure him to my mind as visible upon earth still; as still standing here by Boston Bay, or at his own Concord, in his habit as he lived, but of heightened stature and shining feature, with one hand stretched out toward the east, to our laden and laboring England; the other toward the ever-growing west, to his own dearly-loved America—"great, intelligent, sensual, avaricious America." To us he shows for guidance his lucid freedom, his cheerfulness and hope; to you his dignity, delicacy, serenity, elevation.

THE "CROSS OF GOLD" SPEECH

BY WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Convention:—I would be presumptuous, indeed, to present myself against the distinguished gentlemen to whom you have listened if this were a mere measuring of abilities; but this is not a contest between persons. The humblest citizen in all the land, when clad in the armor of a righteous cause, is stronger than all the hosts of error. I come to speak to you in defense of a cause as holy as the cause of liberty—the cause of humanity.

When this debate is concluded, a motion will be made to lay upon the table the resolution offered in commendation of the Administration, and also the resolution offered in condemnation of the Administration. We object to bringing this question down to the level of persons. The individual is but an atom—he is born, he acts, he dies; but principles are eternal, and this has been a contest over a principle.

Never before in the history of this country has there been witnessed such a contest as that through which we have just passed. Never before in the history of American politics has a great issue been fought out as this issue has been, by the voters of a great party. On the fourth of March, 1895, a few Democrats, most of them members of Congress, issued an address to the Democrats of the nation, asserting that the money question was the paramount issue of the hour, declaring that a majority of the Democratic party had the right to control the action of the party on

this paramount issue; and concluding with the request that the believers in the free coinage of silver in the Democratic party should organize, take charge of, and control the policy of the Democratic party. Three months later, at Memphis, an organization was perfected, and the silver Democrats went forth openly and courageously proclaiming their belief, and declaring that, if successful, they would crystallize into a platform the declaration which they had made. Then began the conflict. With a zeal approaching the zeal which inspired the Crusaders who followed Peter the Hermit, our silver Democrats went forth from victory unto victory until they are now assembled, not to discuss, not to debate, but to enter up the judgment already rendered by the plain people of this country. In this contest brother has been arrayed against brother, father against son. The warmest ties of love, acquaintance, and association have been disregarded; old leaders have been cast aside when they have refused to give expression to the sentiments of those whom they would lead, and new leaders have sprung up to give direction to this cause of truth. Thus has the contest been waged; and we have assembled here under as binding and solemn instructions as were ever imposed upon representatives of the people.

We do not come as individuals. As individuals we might have been glad to compliment the gentleman from New York [Senator Hill] but we know that the people for whom we speak would never be willing to put him in a position where he could thwart the will of the Democratic party. I say it was not a question of persons; it was a question of principle, and it is not with gladness, my friends, that we find ourselves brought into conflict with those who are now arrayed on the other side.

The gentleman who preceded me [ex-Governor Russell] spoke of the State of Massachusetts; let me assure him that not one present in all this Convention entertains the least hostility to the people of the State of Massachusetts, but we stand here representing people who are the equals, before the law, of the greatest citizens in the State of Massachusetts. When you [turning to the gold delegates] come before us and tell us that we are about to disturb your business interests, we reply that you have disturbed our business interests by your course.

We say to you that you have made the definition of a business man too limited in its application. The man who is employed for wages is as much a business man as his employer; the attorney in a country town is as much a business man as the corporation counsel in a great metropolis; the merchant at the crossroads store is as much a business man as the merchant of New York; the farmer who goes forth in the morning and toils all day, who begins in spring and toils all summer, and who by the application of brain and muscle to the natural resources of the country creates wealth, is as much a business man as the man who goes upon the Board of Trade and bets upon the price of grain; the miners who go down a thousand feet into the earth, or climb two thousand feet upon the cliffs, and bring forth from their hiding-places the precious metals to be poured into the channels of trade, are as much business men as the few financial magnates who, in a back room, corner the money of the world. We come to speak of this broader class of business men.

Ah, my friends, we say not one word against those who live upon the Atlantic Coast; but the hardy pioneers who have braved all the dangers of the wilderness, who have

made the desert to blossom as the rose—the pioneers away out there [pointing to the West], who rear their children near to Nature's heart, where they can mingle their voices with the voices of the birds—out there where they have erected schoolhouses for the education of their young, churches where they praise their Creator, and cemeteries where rest the ashes of their dead—these people, we say, are as deserving of the consideration of our party as any people in this country. It is for these that we speak. We do not come as aggressors. Our war is not a war of conquest; we are fighting in the defense of our homes, our families, and posterity. We have petitioned, and our petitions have been scorned; we have entreated, and our entreaties have been disregarded; we have begged, and they have mocked when our calamity came. We beg no longer; we entreat no more; we petition no more. We defy them!

The gentleman from Wisconsin has said that he fears a Robespierre. My friends, in this land of the free you need not fear that a tyrant will spring up from among the people. What we need is an Andrew Jackson, to stand, as Jackson stood, against the encroachments of organized wealth.

They tell us that this platform was made to catch votes. We reply to them that changing conditions make new issues; that the principles upon which Democracy rests are as everlasting as the hills, but that they must be applied to new conditions as they arise. Conditions have arisen, and we are here to meet those conditions. They tell us that the income tax ought not to be brought in here; that it is a new idea. They criticize us for our criticism of the Supreme Court of the United States. My friends, we have not criticized; we have simply called attention to what you

already know. If you want criticisms, read the dissenting opinions of the court. There you will find criticisms. They say that we passed an unconstitutional law; we deny it. The income tax law was not unconstitutional when it was passed; it was not unconstitutional when it went before the Supreme Court for the first time; it did not become unconstitutional until one of the judges changed his mind, and we cannot be expected to know when a judge will change his mind. The income tax is just. It simply intends to put the burdens of government justly upon the backs of the people. I am in favor of an income tax. When I find a man who is not willing to bear his share of the burdens of the government which protects him, I find a man who is unworthy to enjoy the blessings of a government like ours.

They say that we are opposing national bank currency; it is true. If you will read what Thomas Benton said, you will find he said that, in searching history, he could find but one parallel to Andrew Jackson; that was Cicero, who destroyed the conspiracy of Catiline and saved Rome. Benton said that Cicero only did for Rome what Jackson did for us when he destroyed the bank conspiracy and saved America. We say in our platform that we believe that the right to coin and issue money is a function of government. We believe it. We believe that it is a part of sovereignty, and can no more with safety be delegated to private individuals than we could afford to delegate to private individuals the power to make penal statutes or levy taxes. Mr. Jefferson, who was once regarded as good Democratic authority, seems to have differed in opinion from the gentleman who has addressed us on the part of the minority. Those who are opposed to this proposition

tell us that the issue of paper money is a function of the bank, and that the government ought to go out of the banking business. I stand with Jefferson rather than with them, and tell them, as he did, that the issue of money is a function of government, and that the banks ought to go out of the governing business.

They complain about the plank which declares against life tenure in office. They have tried to strain it to mean that which it does not mean. What we oppose by that plank is the life tenure which is being built up in Washington, and which excludes from participation in official benefits the humbler members of society.

Let me call your attention to two or three important things. The gentleman from New York says that he will propose an amendment to the platform providing that the proposed change in our monetary system shall not affect contracts already made. Let me remind you that there is no intention of affecting those contracts which, according to present laws, are made payable in gold; but if he means to say that we cannot change our monetary system without protecting those who have loaned money before the change was made, I desire to ask him where, in law or in morals, he can find justification for not protecting the debtors when the act of 1873 was passed, if he now insists that we must protect the creditors.

He says he will also propose an amendment which will provide for the suspension of free coinage if we fail to maintain the parity within a year. We reply that when we advocate a policy which we believe will be successful, we are not compelled to raise a doubt as to our own sincerity by suggesting what we shall do if we fail. I ask him, if he would apply his logic to us, why he does not apply it

to himself. He says he wants this country to try to secure an international agreement. Why does he not tell us what he is going to do if he fails to secure an international agreement? There is more reason for him to do that than there is for us to provide against the failure to maintain the parity. Our opponents have tried for twenty years to secure an international agreement, and those are waiting for it most patiently who do not want it at all.

And now, my friends, let me come to the paramount issue. If they ask us why it is that we say more on the money question than we say upon the tariff question, I reply that, if protection has slain its thousands, the gold standard has slain its tens of thousands. If they ask us why we do not embody in our platform all the things that we believe in, we reply that when we have restored the money of the Constitution all other necessary reforms will be possible; but that until this is done there is no other reform that can be accomplished.

Why is it that within three months such a change has come over the country? Three months ago when it was confidently asserted that those who believe in the gold standard would frame our platform and nominate our candidates, even the advocates of the gold standard did not think that we could elect a President. And they had good reason for their doubt, because there is scarcely a State here to-day asking for the gold standard which is not in the absolute control of the Republican party. But note the change. Mr. McKinley was nominated at St. Louis upon a platform which declared for the maintenance of the gold standard until it can be changed into bimetallism by international agreement. Mr. McKinley was the most popular man among the Republicans, and three months ago every-

body in the Republican party prophesied his election. How is it to-day? Why, the man who was once pleased to think that he looked like Napoleon—that man shudders to-day when he remembers that he was nominated on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. Not only that, but as he listens he can hear with ever-increasing distinctness the sound of the waves as they beat upon the lonely shores of St. Helena.

Why this change? Ah, my friends, is not the reason for the change evident to any one who will look at the matter? No private character, however pure, no personal popularity, however great, can protect from the avenging wrath of an indignant people a man who will declare that he is in favor of fastening the gold standard upon this country, or who is willing to surrender the right of self-government and place the legislative control of our affairs in the hands of foreign potentates and powers.

We go forth confident that we shall win. Why? Because upon the paramount issue of this campaign there is not a spot of ground upon which the enemy will dare to challenge battle. If they tell us that the gold standard is a good thing, we shall point to their platform and tell them that their platform pledges the party to get rid of the gold standard and substitute bimetallism. If the gold standard is a good thing, why try to get rid of it? I call your attention to the fact that some of the very people who are in this Convention to-day and who tell us that we ought to declare in favor of international bimetallism—thereby declaring that the gold standard is wrong and that the principle of bimetallism is better—these very people four months ago were open and avowed advocates of the gold standard, and were then telling us that we could not legislate two metals

together, even with the aid of all the world. If the gold standard is a good thing, we ought to declare in favor of its retention and not in favor of abandoning it; and if the gold standard is a bad thing why should we wait until other nations are willing to help us to let go? Here is the line of battle, and we care not upon which issue they force the fight; we are prepared to meet them on either issue or on both. If they tell us that the gold standard is the standard of civilization, we reply to them that this, the most enlightened of all the nations of the earth, has never declared for a gold standard and that both the great parties this year are declaring against it. If the gold standard is the standard of civilization, why, my friends, should we not have it? If they come to meet us on that issue we can present the history of our nation. More than that; we can tell them that they will search the pages of history in vain to find a single instance where the common people of any land have ever declared themselves in favor of the gold standard. They can find where the holders of fixed investments have declared for a gold standard, but not where the masses have. Mr. Carlisle said in 1878 that this was a struggle between "the idle holders of idle capital" and "the struggling masses, who produce the wealth and pay the taxes of the country"; and, my friends, the question we are to decide is: Upon which side will the Democratic party fight; upon the side of "the idle holders of idle capital" or upon the side of "the struggling masses"? That is the question which the party must answer first, and then it must be answered by each individual hereafter. The sympathies of the Democratic party, as shown by the platform, are on the side of the struggling masses, who have ever been the foundation of the Democratic party. There are two ideas

of government. There are those who believe that, if you will only legislate to make the well-to-do prosperous, their prosperity will leak through on those below. The Democratic idea, however, has been that if you legislate to make the masses prosperous, their prosperity will find its way up through every class which rests upon them.

You come to us and tell us that the great cities are in favor of the gold standard; we reply that the great cities rest upon our broad and fertile prairies. Burn down your cities and leave our farms, and your cities will spring up again as if by magic; but destroy our farms, and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in the country.

My friends, we declare that this nation is able to legislate for its own people on every question, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation on earth; and upon that issue we expect to carry every State in the Union. I shall not slander the inhabitants of the fair State of Massachusetts nor the inhabitants of the State of New York by saying that, when they are confronted with the proposition, they will declare that this nation is not able to attend to its own business. It is the issue of 1776 over again. Our ancestors, when but three millions in number, had the courage to declare their political independence of every other nation; shall we, their descendants, when we have grown to seventy millions, declare that we are less independent than our forefathers?

No, my friends, that will never be the verdict of our people. Therefore, we care not upon what lines the battle is fought. If they say bimetallism is good, but that we can not have it until other nations help us, we reply that, instead of having a gold standard because England has, we will restore bimetallism, and then let England have bimetal-

lism because the United States has it. If they dare to come out in the open field and defend the gold standard as a good thing, we will fight them to the uttermost. Having behind us the producing masses of this nation and the world, supported by the commercial interests, the laboring interests and the toilers everywhere, we will answer their demand for a gold standard by saying to them: You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold.

OWYHEE JOE'S STORY

BY ROUNSEVILLE WILDMAN

It was the beginning of the end. The last tie of the mighty Union Pacific was the first tie in the march of civilization into the great "West."

With the thunder of iron wheels and the reverberant screech of the whistle, the Indian, the buffalo, the desperado fled; the overland coach became a memory, and the cowboy changed his buckskin for New York shoddy. Later, as the gigantic Pacific system stretched out its arms to the north and south and absorbed the alkali bottoms of Wyoming, the sage brush plains of Idaho, the pine forests of Oregon, even the lava beds of northern California, the pioneers of '49 and the miners of '63 became a curiosity; and the men who had subdued the wilderness from the back of an untamed mustang, were styled "mossbacks" by the "tourist coach" emigrants and relegated to the background.

Yet it is only a little more than a decade, since thirty leather-springed, steel-ribbed overland stages were, and had

been for years, the one connecting link between the hardy miners and pioneers of southern Idaho and "home." Their very sight recalls Indian fights, highway robberies and dare-devil flights. In them lives the essence of the fast dying "Wild West." Their day is past; their past is but a tale; their present is forgotten.

I asked Owyhee Joe about them once. Joe had been a famous driver. Wild stories are told of his daring trips up from Winnemucca or out from Boise with a coach well loaded with gold-dust, prospectors, and government mail. His achievements live in the memory and on the tongues of the oldest inhabitants, and grow in luster as the years pass.

It was a hot, sultry afternoon; Joe was sitting in my office, and I felt free to lounge back in my chair and listen to his stirring account of an Indian fight he had been in near Kuna, when, unaided, he had driven off ten Bannocks and saved the gold bricks in the boxes of the Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express. I smiled patronizingly when he had concluded. "And how about the time when you were relieved of your bags without even an 'if you please?'" A shade of annoyance and chagrin passed over his bronzed face, and he shifted uneasily in his chair.

"It was a hotter day nor this out there on the mesa, when that young chap stepped out from behind a little clump of greasewood, and as'd me perlite ernuff to throw up my hands. No argument in the face of that thar shootin' iron, Mr. Editor. He took over four thousand clean dust and made for Salt Lake on the back of my bes' leader. Never hearn tell how we caught him? No? Wall, ye see, I took my wheel hoss and made for Boise. Found Bill McConnell, governor and senator since the same, Colonel Robbins, Jim

Agnew, an' Hank Fisher. We made a bee-line 'cross country to head him off. Changed hosses three times. We struck his trail, found whar his hoss had broke down an' he'd stolen another. That stolen hoss meant a necktie party. Sabe?

"In twenty-four hours we came in sight of him. Hoss played out. Game up. Nothin' but sand and sage brush for miles, except one lone tree. Kinder placed there by Providence, McConnell said. Thar thet young feller set—one leg over the horn of his saddle. Fine looker. Stood six in his stockings. I knew him the minute I sot eyes on him. He knew me, but never twigged. Bill McConnell war ahead, and he opened the meetin' without singin'.

" 'Good-morning, stranger.'

" 'Good-morning.'

" 'Seen anything of a man about your size, straddle of a sorrel mare looking a heap like the one you ride?'

" 'No, I haven't.'

" 'That's a purty good mare o' yourn.'

" 'Yes, she was worth a cool five hundred dollars, but she's a little winded now; say, mister, I'll give you five hundred dollars clear for that one o' yourn and stop the deal.' He was making a good bluff. Hoss stealin' in them days was death on the spot. He knew we war on him. His offer would well pay for the broken-down hoss, and he war a-bankin' that his money would pull him through. But, yer see, he didn't know McConnell. Mac had been cap'n of the vigilants back in '63, up in ther Basin, and had a name ter keep white. He just smiled at the man's innocence.

" 'That's a straight blind o' yourn, pard, an' it stands us to come in, but we're thar an' hold you over. You look a leetle mite played out, as well as yer mare. If you'll jest

get down an' jine our little party, it'll stretch yer legs, an' mebbe ye need stretchin' all over.'

"He got a little white under the gills, but slid down without a word. We followed suit, and Agnew threw over his head a noose, an' passin' the other end over a limb of that lone old tree, nodded that things war ready.

"That young fellow was game ter the last. Never moved a muscle. Seemed kinder like a shame. McConnell went up to him and said:

" 'Now, pard, is everything all right? Does it fit your neck accordin' to Hoyle?'

" 'All right.'

" 'Have you anything to say why this 'ere little picnic shouldn't proceed?'

" 'Nothin'.'

" 'Have ye got any word ter leave to yer friends? If ye have, make it short, fur we're goin' to break camp inside er ten minutes.'.

"That young feller took his eyes off a bit of sage brush fur the first time and looked us straight in the eyes. His eyes war blue. I took notice of that, an' his face was clean and kind of pure-lookin'. He didn't seem to be takin' much interest in what war goin' on 'round him. Kinder had a far-away, talkin'-ter-the-angels look. Made me feel as tho I didn't count nohow. Kept thinkin' of something I learnt in Sunday-school in Missouri when I warn't bigger nor that basket o' papers. Then he came to, an' drawin' a crumpled letter from his pocket, spoke with a kinder tremble in his voice:

" 'Perhaps you are a better scholar nor I be. If you'll jest read that an' be kind enuf to answer it, I'll tell yer what ter say.'

"McConnell had already passed the coil of rope to Jim Agnew and he had drawn it taut. He took the letter, an', as we hung around kinder curious like, he opened it an' read out loud:

"'ETOWAH, GA., January 18, 1874.

"'MY DEAR SON JAMES:—For long weary months I have waited for news from you, since your last dear letter to your old mother. God bless you, James, and answer my prayers that this letter may reach you, thanking you for your ever-thoughtful care for me in my old age. But once more to look in your dear face and feel that my baby boy was near me, would cheer my old heart more than to possess all the gold in Idaho. When are you coming home? You promised me that in the spring you would come back to me. May the good God watch over and prosper you, and return my dear boy to my old arms before I die. From your loving MOTHER.'

"McConnell had had a good eddication back in Michigan, and he commenced in a strong, clear voice, but afore the closing words war out, it war all we could do ter hear his voice. Yes, sir, an' my eyes got weaker nor a sick heifer's. Fact! The rope slackened until it fell from the hands of Jim Agnew, and as the breath of the mornin' came a-rushin' through the leaves of that old tree, and long shafts o' sunlight kinder prospected down through the opening boughs, someway, my old throat caved in like an' I went ter thinkin' o' long, sunny days on the banks of the Missouri, of my old dorg, an' uv a little sister with eyes jest like this feller's, an' of my old mammy, an' how she taught me to pray. Couldn't help it, but borrowin' a hoss an' robbin' a stage didn't seem a big enough thing to string that boy up fur, an' break his old mother's heart. Guess McConnell war thinkin' o' the same way, fur he kind of reverently like

folded up that soiled bit o' paper and handed it to its owner, an' without a word slipped the noose from his neck, an' then in tones as gentle as a mother's asked:

"'War ye goin' home, stranger?'

"'Yes!'

"'Good-by!'

"The boy didn't dare to trust his voice in thanks. I knew how he felt, but he drew from his belt a small bag o' twenties an' offered it to Mac.

"'Hoss!'

"'No, take her, an' good-by.'

"He mounted the mare, while we sot an' watched him out o' sight, an' then like a pack o' starved coyotes, turned and silently sneaked fur Boise.

"Court war adjourned, verdic' set aside."

THE YACHT CLUB SPEECH

Mr. Chairman—a—a—a—Mr. Commodore—beg pardon—I assure you that until this moment I had not the remotest expectation that I should be called upon to reply to this toast. [Pause, turns round, pulls MS. out of pocket and looks at it.] Therefore I must beg of you, Mr. Captain—a—a—Mr. Commatain—a—a—Mr.—Mr. Cappadore—that you will pardon the confused nature of these remarks, being as they must necessarily be altogether impromptu and extempore. [Pause, turns round and looks at MS.] But Mr. Bos'an—a—a—Mr. Bosadore—I feel—I feel even in these few confused expromptu and intempore—intomptu and exprempore—extemptu and imprempore—exprompore remarks—I feel that I can say in the words of the poet, words

of the poet—poet—I feel that I can say in the words of the poet—of the poet—poet, and in these few confused remarks—in the words of the poet—[turns round, looks at MS.]—I feel that I can say in the words of the poet that I feel my heart swell within me. Now Mr. Capasun, Mr. Commasun, why does my heart swell within me—in the few confused—why does my heart swell within me—swell within me—swell within me—what makes my heart swell within me—why does it swell—swell within me? [Turns round and looks at MS.] Why Mr. Cappadore—look at George Washington—what did he do?—in the few confused———[Strikes dramatic attitude with swelled chest and outstretched arm, preparing for burst of eloquence which will not come.] He—huh—he—huh—he—huh—[turns round and looks at MS.]—he took his stand upon the ship of state—he stood upon the main top gallant jiboomsail and reefed the quivering sail—and when the storms were waging rildly round to wreck his fragile bark, through all the howling tempest he guided her in safety into the harbor of perdition—a—a—a—into the haven of safety. And what did he do then? What he do then? What he do then? He—he—he—[looks at MS.]—there he stood. And then his grateful countrymen gathered round him—they gathered round George Washington—they placed him on the summit of the cipadel—their capadol—they held him up before the eyes of the assembled world—around his brow they placed a never-dying wreath—and then in thunder tones which all the world might hear———[Flourishes MS. before his face, notices it and sits down in great confusion.]

THE TWO PICTURES

It was a bright and lovely summer's morn,
Fair bloomed the flowers, the birds sang softly sweet,
The air was redolent with perfumed balm,
While nature scattered, with unsparing hand,
Her loveliest graces over hill and dale.
An artist, weary of his narrow room
Within the city's pent and heated walls,
Had wandered long amid the ripening fields,
Until, remembering his neglected themes,
He thought to turn his truant steps toward home.
These led him through a rustic, winding lane,
Lined with green hedge-rows, spangled close with flowers,
And overarched by trees of noblest growth.
But when at last he reached the farther end
Of this sweet labyrinth, he there beheld
A vision of such pure, pathetic grace,
That weariness and haste were both obscured.
It was a child—a young and lovely child
With eyes of heavenly hue, bright golden hair,
And dimpled hand clasped in a morning prayer,
Kneeling beside its youthful mother's knee.
Upon that baby brow of spotless snow,
No single trace of guilt, or pain, or woe,
No line of bitter grief or dark despair,
Of envy, hatred, malice, worldly care,
Had ever yet been written. With bated breath,
And hand uplifted as in warning, swift,
The artist seized his pencil, and there traced
In soft and tender lines that image fair:

Then, when 'twas finished, wrote beneath one word,
A word of holiest import—Innocence.

Years fled and brought with them a subtle change,
Scattering Time's snow upon the artist's brow,
But leaving there the laurel wreath of fame,
While all men spake in words of praise his name;
For he had traced full many a noble work
Upon the canvas that had touched men's souls,
And drawn them from the baser things of earth,
Toward the light and purity of heaven.
One day, in tossing o'er his folio's leaves,
He chanced upon the picture of the child,
Which he had sketched that bright morn long before,
And then forgotten. Now, as he paused to gaze,
A ray of inspiration seemed to dart
Straight from those eyes to his. He took the sketch,
Placed it before his easel, and with care
That seemed but pleasure, painted a fair theme.
Touching and still retouching each bright lineament,
Until all seemed to glow with life divine—
'Twas innocence personified. But still
The artist could not pause. He needs must have
A meet companion for his fairest theme;
And so he sought the wretched haunts of sin,
Through miry courts of misery and guilt,
Seeking a face which at the last was found.
Within a prison cell there crouched a man—
Nay, rather say a fiend—with countenance seamed
And marred by all the horrid lines of sin;
Each mark of degradation might be traced,
And every scene of horror he had known,

And every wicked deed that he had done,
Were visibly written on his lineaments;
Even the last, worst deed of all, that left him here,
A parricide within a murderer's cell.

Here then the artist found him; and with hand
Made skilful by its oft-repeated toil,
Transferred unto his canvas that vile face,
And also wrote beneath it just one word,
A word of darkest import—it was Vice.
Then with some inspiration not his own,
Thinking, perchance, to touch that guilty heart,
And wake it to repentance e'er too late,
The artist told the tale of that bright morn,
Placed the two pictured faces side by side,
And brought the wretch before them. With a shriek
That echoed through those vaulted corridors,
Like to the cries that issue from the lips
Of souls forever doomed to woe,
Prostrate upon the stony floor he fell,
And hid his face and groaned aloud in anguish.
"I was that child once—I, yes, even I—
In the gracious years forever fled,
That innocent and happy little child!
These very hands were raised to God in prayer,
That now are reddened with a mother's blood.
Great Heaven! can such things be? Almighty power,
Send forth Thy dart and strike me where I lie!"
He rose, laid hold upon the artist's arm
And grasped it with demoniac power,
The while he cried: "Go forth, I say, go forth
And tell my history to the tempted youth.

I looked upon the wine when it was red,
I heeded not my mother's piteous prayers,
I heeded not the warnings of my friends,
But tasted of the wine when it was red,
Until it left a demon in my heart
That led me onward, step by step, to this,
This horrible place, from which my body goes
Unto the gallows, and my soul to hell!"
He ceased at last. The artist turned and fled;
But even as he went, unto his ears
Were borne the awful echoes of despair,
Which the lost wretch flung on the empty air,
Cursing the demon that had brought him there.

GOD

BY G. R. DERZHAVIN

O Thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide:
Unchanged through time's all devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with *Thyself* alone:
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
Being whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure:—none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,

Tho kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark:
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence:—Lord! on Thee
Eternity had its foundation:—all
Sprung forth from Thee:—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin:—all life, all beauty Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious! Great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds sprung forth from Thee:
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright—

Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost:—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am *I* then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Tho multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance; weighed
Against Thy greatness, is a cipher brought
Against infinity! Oh, what am I then? Nought!

Nought! yet the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom, too;
Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Nought! yet I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager toward Thy presence; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
I am, O God! and surely *Thou* must be!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a god!
Whence came I here? and how so marvelously
Constructed and conceived? unknown! this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created *me!* Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plentitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!
Tho worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lonely thoughts can soar;
Thus seek Thy presence, Being wise and good!
Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

THE LITTLE STOWAWAY

" 'Bout three years ago, afore I got this berth as I'm in now, I was second engineer aboard a Liverpool steamer bound for New York. There'd been a lot of extra cargo sent down just at the last minute, and we'd had no end of a job stowin' it away, and that ran us late o' startin'; so that, altogether, you may think, the cap'n warn't in the sweetest temper in the world, nor the mate neither. On the mornin' of the third day out from Liverpool, the chief

engineer cum down to me in a precious hurry, and says he: 'Tom, what d'ye think? Blest if we ain't found a stowaway!'

"I didn't wait to hear no more, but up on deck like a skyrocket; and there I did see a sight, and no mistake. Every man-Jack o' the crew, and what few passengers we had aboard, was all in a ring on the fo'c'stle, and in the middle was the fust mate, lookin' as black as thunder. Right in front of him, lookin' a reg'lar mite among them big fellers, was a little bit o' a lad not ten year old—ragged as a scarecrow, but with bright, curly hair, and a bonnie little face o' his own, if it hadn't been so woful thin and pale. The mate was a great hulkin' black-bearded feller with a look that 'ud ha' frightened a horse, and a voice fit to make one jump through a keyhole; but the young un warn't a bit afeard—he stood straight up, and looked him full in the face with them bright, clear eyes o' his'n, for all the world as if he was Prince Halferd himself. You might ha' heerd a pin drop, as the mate spoke.

" 'Well, you young whelp,' says he, 'what's brought you here?'

" 'It was my stepfather as done it,' says the boy, in a weak little voice, but as steady as could be. 'Father's dead, and mother's married again, and my new father says as how he won't have no brats about eatin' up his wages; and he stowed me away when nobody warn't lookin', and guv me some grub to keep me goin' for a day or two till I got to sea. He says I'm to go to Aunt Jane, at Halifax; and here's her address.'

"We all believed every word on't, even without the paper he held out. But the mate says: 'Look here, my lad; that's

all very fine, but it won't do here—some o' these men o' mine are in the secret, and I mean to have it out of 'em. Now, you just point out the man as stowed you away and fed you, this very minute; if you don't, it'll be the worse for you!'

"The boy looked up in his bright, fearless way (it did my heart good to look at him, the brave little chap!) and says, quietly, 'I've told you the truth; I ain't got no more to say.'

"The mate says nothin', but looks at him for a minute as if he'd see clean through him; and then he sings out to the crew loud enough to raise the dead: 'Reeve a rope to the yard; smart now!'

" 'Now, my lad, you see that 'ere rope? Well, I'll give you ten minutes to confess; and if you don't tell the truth afore the time's up, I'll hang you like a dog!'

"The crew all stared at one another as if they couldn't believe their ears (I didn't believe mine, I can tell ye), and then a low growl went among 'em, like a wild beast awakin' out of a nap.

" 'Silence there!' shouts the mate, in a voice like the roar of a nor'easter. 'Stan' by to run for'ard!' as he held the noose ready to put it round the boy's neck. The little fellow never flinched a bit; but there was some among the sailors (big strong chaps as could ha' felled an ox) as shook like leaves in the wind. I clutched hold o' a handspike, and held it behind my back, all ready.

" 'Tom,' whispers the chief engineer to me, 'd'ye think he really means to do it?'

" 'I don't know,' says I, through my teeth; 'but if he does, he shall go first, if I swings for it!'

"I've been in many an ugly scrape in my time, but I never felt 'arf as bad as I did then. Every minute seemed as long as a dozen; and the tick o' the mate's watch, reg'lar, pricked my ears like a pin.

" 'Eight minutes,' says the mate, his great, deep voice breakin' in upon the silence like the toll o' a funeral bell. 'If you've got anything to confess, my lad, you'd best out with it, for ye're time's nearly up.'

" 'I've told you the truth,' answers the boy, very pale, but as firm as ever. 'May I say my prayers, please?'

"The mate nodded; and down goes the poor little chap on his knees and puts up his poor little hands to pray. I couldn't make out what he said, but I'll be bound God heard it every word. Then he ups on his feet again, and puts his hands behind him, and says to the mate quite quietly: 'I'm ready.'

"And then, sir, the mate's hard, grim face broke up all to once, like I've seed the ice in the Baltic. He snatched up the boy in his arms, and kissed him, and burst out a-cryin' like a child; and I think there warn't one of us as didn't do the same. I know I did for one.

" 'God bless you, my boy!' says he, smoothin' the child's hair with his great hard hand. 'You're a true Englishman, every inch of you; you wouldn't tell a lie to save yer life! Well, if so be as yer father's cast yer off, I'll be yer father from this day forth; and if I ever forget you, then may God forget me!'

"And he kep' his word, too. When we got to Halifax, he found out the little un's aunt, and gev' her a lump o' money to make him comfortable; and now he goes to see the youngster every voyage, as reg'lar as can be; and to see the pair on 'em together—the little chap so fond of him, and

not bearin' him a bit o' grudge—it's 'bout as pretty a sight as ever I seed. And now, sir, axin' yer parding, it's time for me to be goin' below; so I'll just wish yer good-night."

ARNOLD WINKELREID

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY

"Make way for Liberty!"—he cried;
Made way for liberty, and died!

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent with projected spears.
Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their fatherland;
Peasants whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke:
Marshaled once more at Freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall.

And now the work of life and death
Hung in the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within;
The battle trembled to begin;
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for assault was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;

That line 't were suicide to meet
And perish at their tyrants' feet.
And could they rest within their graves,
To leave their homes the haunts of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread
With clanking chains, above their head?

It must not be: this day, this hour,
Annihilates the invaders' power.
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly; she cannot yield;
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast;
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as 't were a secret known
That one should turn the scale alone:
While each unto himself was he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one, indeed;
Behold him—Arnold Winkelreid:
There sounds not to the trump of Fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked, he stood among the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And, by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm;
And, by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike and how.

But 't was no sooner thought than done—
The field was in a moment won!
"Make way for liberty!" he cried:
Then ran with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried;
Their keen points met from side to side,
He bowed among them like a tree,
And thus made way for Liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly—
"Make way for Liberty!" they cry;
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic scattered all:
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus Death made way for Liberty.

ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK

The sun had set, and in the distant West
The last red streaks had faded; night and rest
Fell on the earth; stilled was the cannon's roar;
And many a soldier slept! to wake no more.
'Twas early Spring—a calm and lovely night—
The moon had flooded all the earth with light.

On either side the Rappahannock lay
The armies; resting till the break of day
Should call them to renew the fight. So near
Together were the camps that each could hear
The other's sentry call. And now appear
The blazing bivouac fires on every hill,
And save the tramp of pickets all is still.
Between those silent hills in beauty flows
The Rappahannock. How its bosom glows!
How all its sparkling waves reflect the light
And add new glories to the starlit night.
But hark! From Northern hill there steal along
The strains of martial music mixed with song:
"Star Spangled Banner, may'st thou ever wave,
Over the land we shed our blood to save!"
And still they sing those words: "Our cause is just.
We'll triumph in the end; in God we trust;
Star Spangled Banner, wave, forever wave,
Over a land united, free and brave!"
Scarce had this died away when all along
The river rose another glorious song:
A thousand lusty throats the chorus sing:
With "Rally Round the Flag," the hilltops ring.
And well they sang. Each heart was filled with joy.
From first in rank to little drummer-boy.
Then loud huzzas and wildest cheers were given,
That seemed to cleave the air and reach to heaven.
The Union songs, the loud and heartfelt cheers
Fall in the Southern camp on listening ears.
While talking at their scanty evening meal
They pause and grasp their trusty blades of steel.
Fearless they stand and ready for the fray;

Such sounds can startle them, but not dismay.
Alas! Those strains of music which of yore
Could rouse their hearts, are felt by them no more.
When the last echo of the song had died
And all was silent on the Northern side,
There came from Southern hill, with gentle swell,
The air of "Dixie" which was loved so well
By every man that wore the coat of gray,
And is revered and cherished to this day.
"In Dixie's Land" they swore to live and die,
That was their watchword, that their battle-cry.
Then rose on high the wild Confederate yell,
Resounding over every hill and dell.
Cheer after cheer went up that starry night
From men as brave as ever saw the light.
Now all is still. Each side has played its part.
How simple songs will fire a soldier's heart.
But hark! O'er Rappahannock's stream there floats
Another tune; but ah! how sweet the notes.
Not such as lash men's passions into foam,
But—richest gem of song—'Tis "Home, Sweet Home!"
Played by the band, it reached the very soul,
And down the veteran's cheeks the tear-drop stole.
On either side the stream, from North and South,
Men who would march up to the cannon's mouth,
Wept now like children. Tender hearts and true
Were beating 'neath those coats of gray and blue.
The sentry stopped and rested on his gun,
While back to home his thoughts unhindered run.
He thought of loving wife and children there
Deprived of husband's and of father's care.
And stripling lads, scarce strong enough to bear

The weight of saber or of knapsack, tried
To stop their tears with foolish, boyish pride.
They might as well have sought to stop the tide!
Through both those hostile camps the music stole
And stirred each soldier to his inmost soul.
From North and South, in sympathy, there rose
A shout tremendous; forgetting they were foes,
Both armies joined and shouted with one voice
That seemed to make the very heavens rejoice.

Sweet music's power. One chord doth make us wild.
But change the strain, we weep as little child.
Touch yet another, men charge the battery-gun,
And by those martial strains a victory's won!
But there's one strain that friends and foes will win,
One magic touch that makes the whole world kin:
No heart so cold, but will, tho far it roam,
Respond with tender thrill to "Home, Sweet Home!"

DEATH OF LITTLE JO

BY CHARLES DICKENS

"Well, Jo, what is the matter? Don't be frightened."

"I thought," says Jo, who has started and is looking round,—"I thought I was in Tom-all-Alone's agin. Ain't there nobody here but you, Mr. Woodcot?"

"Nobody."

"And I ain't took back to Tom-all-Alone's, am I, sir?"

"No."

Jo closes his eyes, muttering, "I am wery thankful."

After watching him closely, a little while, Allan puts his mouth very near his ear, and says to him in a low, distinct voice:

"Jo, did you ever know a prayer?"

"Never know'd nothink, sir."

"Not so much as one short prayer?"

"No, sir. Nothink at all. Mr. Chadbands he wos a-prayin' wunst at Mr. Sangsby's and I heerd him, but he sounded as if he wos a-speakin' to hisself and not to me. He prayed a lot, but I couldn't make out nothink on it. Different times there wos other gen'l'men come down to Tom-all-Alone's a-prayin', but they all mostly sed as the t'other wuns prayed wrong, and all mostly sounded to be a-talkin' to theirselves or a-passin' blame on the t'others, and not a-talkin' to us. We never know'd nothink. I never know'd what it wos all about."

It takes him a long time to say this; and few but an experienced and attentive listener could hear, or hearing, understand him. After a short relapse into sleep or stupor, he makes, of a sudden, a strong effort to get out of bed.

"Stay, Jo, stay! What now?"

"It's time for me to go to that there buryin'-ground, sir," he returns with a wild look.

"Lie down and tell me. What burying-ground, Jo?"

"Where they laid him as was wery good to me; wery good to me indeed, he wos. It's time for me to go down to that there buryin'-ground, sir, and ask to be put along with him. I wants to go there and be buried. He used fur to say to me, 'I am as poor as you to-day, Jo,' he ses. I wants to tell him that I am as poor as him, now, and have come there to be laid along with him."

"By and by, Jo; by and by."

"Ah! P'r'aps they wouldn't do it if I wos to go myself. But will you promise to have me took there, sir, and laid along with him?"

"I will, indeed."

"Thankee, sir! thankee, sir! They'll have to get the key of the gate afore they can take me in, for it's allus locked. And there's a step there, as I used fur to clean with my broom. It's turned wery dark, sir. Is there any light a-comin'?"

"It is coming fast, Jo."

Fast. The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end.

"Jo, my poor fellow!"

"I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm a-gropin'—a-gropin'—let me catch hold of your hand."

"Jo, can you say what I say?"

"I'll say anythink as you say, sir, for I knows it's good."

"Our Father."

"Our Father!—Yes, that's wery good, sir."

"Which art in heaven!"

"Art in heaven!—Is the light a-comin', sir?"

"It is close at hand. Hallowed be Thy name."

"Hallowed be—Thy—name!"

The light is come upon the dark, benighted way—dead!

Dead! your majesty—dead! my lords and gentlemen—dead! right reverends and wrong reverends of every order—dead! men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts—and dying thus around us every day.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM

BY JANE TAYLOR

An old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this, the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation; when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice protested their innocence.

But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke: "I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the very point of *striking*.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands.

"Very good!" replied the pendulum, "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness!—you, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face, and amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backward and forward, year after year, as I do."

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?" "For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and, altho there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and, if you wish, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of only the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some of you, above there, can give me the exact sum."

The minute-hand, being *quick* at figures, presently replied: "Eighty-six thousand, four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum; "well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue one; and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; and so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden inaction. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; which, altho it may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to *do*. Would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times in its usual pace.

"Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire

if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?" "Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of *millions.*" "Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect, that tho you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum.

"Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a red beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up, as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

THE MASQUERADE

BY JOHN G. SAXE

Count Felix was a man of worth
By Fashion's strictest definition;
For he had money, manners, birth,
And that most slippery thing on earth
Which social critics call position.

And yet the Count was seldom gay;
The rich and noble have their crosses;
And he—as he was wont to say—
Had seen some trouble in his day,
And met with several serious losses.

Among the rest, he lost his wife,
A very model of a woman,
With every needed virtue rife
To lead a spouse a happy life—
Such wives (in France) are not uncommon.

The lady died, and left him sad
And lone, to mourn the best of spouses;
She left him also—let me add—
One girl, and all the wealth she had,
The rent of half a dozen houses.

I cannot tarry to discuss
The weeping husband's desolation;
Upon her tomb he wrote it thus:—
"FELIX infelicissimus!"
In very touching ostentation.

At length when many years had fled,
  And Father Time, the great physician,
Had healed his sorrow for the dead,
Count Felix took it in his head
  To change his wearisome condition.

And yet the Count might well despond
  Of tying soon the silken tether;
Wise, witty, handsome, faithful, fond,
And twenty—not a year beyond—
  Are charming—when they come together.

But more than that, the man required
  A wife, to share his whims and fancies,
Admire alone what he admired,
Desire, of course, what he desired,
  And show it in her very glances.

Long, long, the would-be-wooer tried
  To find his precious ultimatum—
All earthly charms in one fair bride.
But still in vain he sought and sighed.
  He couldn't manage to get at 'em.

The Count's high hopes began to fade
  His plans were not at all advancing;
When lo, one day, his valet made
Some mention of a Masquerade.
  "I'll go," said he, "and see the dancing."

Count Felix found the crowd immense,
And had he been a censor morum,
He might have said without offense,
Got up regardless of expense,
And some—regardless of decorum.

And one among the motley brood
He saw, who shunned the wanton dances,
A sort of demi-nun, who stood
In ringlets flashing from a hood,
And seemed to seek our hero's glances.

The Count delighted with her air,
Drew near, the better to behold her;
Her form was slight, her skin was fair,
And maidenhood you well might swear.
Breathed from the dimples in her shoulder.

He spoke; she answered with a grace
That showed the girl no vulgar heiress.
And if the features one may trace
In voices, hers betrayed a face,
The finest to be found in Paris.

And then such wit; in repartee
She shone without the least endeavor—
A beauty and a belle esprit,
A scholar, too, was plain to see.
Whoever saw a girl so clever?

Her taste he ventured to explore
In books, the graver and the lighter,
And mentioned authors by the score.
Mon dieu! In every sort of lore,
She always chose his favorite writer.

She loved the poets; but confessed
Racine beat all the others hollow;
At least, she thought his style the best.
Racine! his literary taste.
Racine! his maximus appollo.

Whatever topic he might name,
Their minds were strangely sympathetic.
Of courtship, marriage, fortune, fame,
Their views and feelings were the same.
Parbleu! he cried. It looks prophetic.

"Come let us seek an ampler space;
This heated room, I can't abide it.
That mask I'm sure is out of place,
And hides the fairest sweetest face."
Said she, "I wear the mask to hide it."

The answer was extremely pat,
And gave the Count a deal of pleasure.
"C'est vrai. I did not think of that.
Come let us go where we can chat
And eat (I'm hungry) at our leisure."

"I'm hungry, too," she said, and went
Without the least attempt to cozen;
Like ladies who refuse, relent,
Debate, oppose, and then consent
To eat enough for half a dozen.

And so they sat them down to dine,
Solus cum sola, gay and merry.
The Count enquires the kind of wine
To which his charmer may incline.
Ah! Quelle merveille! She answers sherry!

What will she eat? She takes the carte,
And notes the viands that she wishes;
"Pardon Monsieur! what makes you start?"
As if she knew his tastes by heart,
The lady named his favorite dishes!

Was e'er such sympathy before?
The Count was really half demented;
He kissed her hand, and roundly swore
He loved her perfectly!—nay, more,—
He'd wed her—if the gods consented!

"Monsieur is very kind," she said,
"His love so lavishly bestowing
On one who never thought to wed,—
And least of all,"—she raised her head—
" 'Tis late, Sir Knight, I must be going!"

Count Felix sighed, and as he drew
Her shawl about her, at his leisure,
"What street?" he asked; "my cab is due."
"No!—no!" she said, "I go with you!
That is—if it may be your pleasure."

Of course, there's little need to say
The Count delighted in her capture;
Away he drove,—and all the way
He murmured, "QUELLE FELICITE!"
In very ecstasy of rapture.

Arrived at home—just where a fount
Shot forth a jet of lucent water—
He helped the lady to dismount;
She drops her mask—and lo!—the Count—
Sees—Dieu de ciel!—his only daughter!

"Good night!" she said,—"I'm very well,
Altho you thought my health was fading;
Be good—and I will never tell—
('Twas funny tho) of what befell
When you and I went masquerading!"

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

BY FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
Its full glory, reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood hath washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between our loved home and the war's desolation;
Blessed with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "IN GOD IS OUR TRUST";
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.